

# DRUMMER

ISSUE 105

SCOTSMAN  
IN LEATHER

STEFFAN LIVARNO

WARRIOR

YOU'RE SOMEBODY  
ELSE NOW

BREAKING XXIV

SANDMUTOPIA UNIVERSITY

TECHTALK

ROPE

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## THE BARBARIANS

THE MEN AND THE MOVIE!



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# DRUMMER

ISSUE 105 JUNE 1987

"If a man does not keep pace with his companions, perhaps it is because he hears a different drummer. Let him step to the music he hears, however measured or far away."

Henry David Thoreau

## DRUMMER

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Photo courtesy Cannon Productions.

**Back cover:** The Barbarian Brothers get  
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Photo courtesy Cannon Productions.

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# OFF THE TOP

by FLEDERMAUS

## DRUMMER 103

I have been writing on gay S/M for eighteen years and publishing gay S/M for eight years. Nothing I have published in all this time has generated the volume of response that has come from the "Sophie Tucker" letter ("Heavy Criticism," p.12) in *Drummer* 103 and my response to it. Thanks to all of you.

## DUNGEONMASTER ARTICLES NEEDED

With the publication in April of *DungeonMaster* 32, we have finally reached a full cycle with our three quarterlies. Mach 12 is on the newsstands as you read this and FQ 8 is well underway. *DungeonMaster* 33 will be next in line. Over the years, DM has been well supplied with technical articles, but recently (probably because of the long periods between publication) the flow has slowed to a trickle. DM how-to articles and "think" pieces are needed. Submit!

## MR. DRUMMER '86

Mr. *Drummer* 1986 Mike Murray will grace the covers of Mach 12 and *Drummer* 106 and totally different photo spreads of him will appear in each of these magazines. Another cooperative effort of *Drummer* and Zeus has produced many beautiful photos of this HOT man as a cop, a jock, a punk, a prisoner . . . he sweats so beautifully for the camera, your tongue will itch! Zeus and *Drummer* will also soon have photo sets available, watch for details.



**INFERNO XV:** Fledermaus (center) with Doug Marshall (left) and Henry Romanowski at Inferno last September. Marshall is author of the article on the run that appears in Mach 12. (Photo by Zeus)

## INFERNO XV

The first special publication from Desmodus, Inc. was the *Inferno XV Run Book*—the official program of the event. Our second, scheduled for publication in early June, will be a photo feature on Inferno XV, published in cooperation with the men of Zeus. Similar to the Zeus books on Inferno XI and Inferno XII, this one will be full of the hot men and action of S/M's hottest event. Mach 12 will feature many Inferno XV photos selected from Zeus' reject pile. If these are the rejects, imagine how hot the book itself is!

## MR. DRUMMER '87

Don't miss the 1987 Mr. *Drummer* finals in San Francisco June 26, or the fantastic party this city throws as a gay pride celebration that same weekend. In addition to the contestants many of leatherdom's hottest models will grace the stage at Club DVB and

show off for you. Don't be late—you miss the opening number we have planned and you'll kick yourself! See Leather Bulletin Board for details.

## DRUMMEDIA

*Drummer* has, in the past, used primarily staff members and special columnists for media coverage. We want to open this up to a wider range of opinion and particularly welcome brief reviews (1-2 pages, typed double-spaced) of videos, movies, books, audio tapes, etc., that will be of interest to *Drummer* readers.

For the best in video reviews, I urge all of you to latch onto *Studflix*, published bimonthly and edited by long-time *Drummer* former editor, John Rowberry, assisted by another well-known *Drummer* contributor, Aaron Travis. These two can be trusted to point out the kinds of things that will particularly turn on—or turn off—a *Drummer* reader. I particularly recom-

mend Rowberry's article on "Derek Jarman and Saint Sebastian and Michaelangelo Caravaggio" in the February issue. (Jarman's video, *Sebastian*, is now available from Sandmuppetopia Supply Co.).

Aaron Travis' *Studflix* column, "Hunkwatch," is about nongay, nonporn movies and videos, and is great. But I still think we need something more like Alan Eagles' "Movie Mayhem" series in early *Drummers*. And *Drummer* will be bringing it to you. Cavelo has agreed to do the series and certainly has the knowledge and resources to do it. The Return of Movie Mayhem, or Son of Movie Mayhem, or Movie Mayhem II will premiere in *Drummer* 107. Watch for it—coming soon to a newsstand near you—or better yet, subscribe and have it come to your mailbox. (P.S.—Alan Eagles will also be writing for us again. His incredibly hot and heavy story "The Cop Crucifixion Derby" series will begin in Mach 13.)

## LEATHER/SM IN THE VANILLA PRESS

The May 1987 *Honcho* has an article by Charles Linebarger entitled "Journey into the World of Leather." Several leathermen are interviewed and both the questions and answers are intelligent and well presented. *Drummer's* Frank O'Rourke is one of those interviewed. This is a good place for his fans to learn more of the background of this reclusive writer.

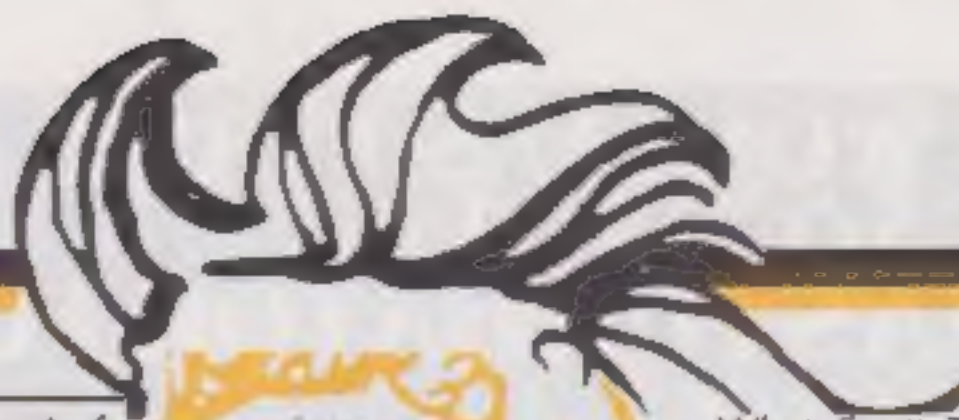
**CAUTION:** Every decision a person makes, including the decision to get out of bed in the morning, has some degree of risk associated with it. We strongly believe that each competent adult must set for themselves the level of risk he or she is willing to accept. Some avoid crossing streets in heavy traffic—others stunt-ride motorcycles without a helmet. However, to intelligently confront and accept risk, a person must understand the dangers. While *Drummer* hopes to educate its readers on a wide

variety of topics, its main purpose is to entertain! Works of fiction presented in this magazine are just that—fiction! They are not in any way intended to suggest or describe activities that anyone should—or often could—actually do. They are meant for entertainment only. In other than fictional pieces, we will emphasize safe sex with respect to contagious diseases and safe and sane behavior with respect to all activities and will try to point out all activities which deviate from generally recog-

nized safe-sex and safe-and-sane play activities. However, Desmodus, Inc., its officers and stockholders, the editors and staff of *Drummer*, columnists, authors, artists and other contributors to this publication and other organs of Desmodus, Inc. cannot be held responsible for accidents, injuries or other misfortunes that result from proper or improper application of information imparted or ideas generated by materials in *Drummer*, or from other Desmodus, Inc. products.



SEND YOUR LETTERS TO DRUMMER MALECALL  
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## VICIOUSLY VERBAL

Are listening? I hope so, but rather doubt it, for I am telling it like it is! I have been a subscriber for both *Drummer* and *DungeonMaster* since their inception, but am certainly not happy with *Drummer* since your takeover; several things bother me:

1) The old slick paper vs. uncoated stock. I do not agree with you that the cheap uncoated stock is best. I see no problems with photo reproduction on slick paper. However, if you must use the cheaper paper, why not use it entirely throughout the magazine? Then there would not be so much contrast.

2) Lack of pictures; too many printed "story" pages. Issue 102 was better in this respect but still has an abundance of the story pages.

3) No color pictures. Why is it that most gay mags are able to have color pics all throughout and *Drummer* has only color covers? And many of these others sell for \$3.95 or less, while *Drummer* costs \$4.95.

4) Use of old material. Use of old, outdated material from other sources which I have already seen and have, such as David Sparrow, Robert Opel, etc. When I pay five bucks for a magazine, I expect new material!

As for the video *Unfriendly Persuasion* . . . pretty heavy stuff! I could not help but wonder how long you, a big fat slob, would last if the "shoe" were on the "other foot." I dare say one or two heavy jabs into your solar plexus would put you out of action for good! You had better go on a diet!

Another thing I've always considered totally wrong—your use of telephone hand generators for shocking your slaves. This telephone ringing current is 20 cycle 90 volt + and could be fatal if used incorrectly. Relaxacisor units are a different thing, for the voltage runs only a few volts with low amperage. But I still maintain that the person receiving the electricity (the slave) should always control the output of the unit. The Top has no way of knowing how much power the bottom is getting, and even the amount of power varies as the point of contact dries out, etc. I know this is contrary to your way of thinking, but safety should override all other factors.

I hope you will consider the above as constructive criticism, for that is its intent.

Sailor Sid  
Ft. Lauderdale, FL

Ed: Why do you doubt I listen? On what do you base that slur? I am not the former

publisher. As for your points:

1) As you can see, we decided to go to all nonslick paper. This new paper is of considerably better grade than newsprint and costs considerably more. And I think we're getting a hell of a lot better look with it.

2) The percentage of "picture" to "story" pages has not changed since before I took over the magazine and will not. I consider *Drummer* to be, and to have always been, a magazine where the printed word is at least as important as the illustrations, if not more important. This is in direct contrast to many other gay cock-shot mags who feel they could fill the space between photos with reprints of the phone book and still sell their magazines.

3) The answer is very simple. They sell thousands more copies than we do. They sell vanilla—purchased by thousands of mainstream gays and by women. We sell to a much smaller and specialized audience, and are rejected by many distributors and booksellers as "too heavy." The cost of the *Drummer* cover is one third of the total printing cost! (For *FQ* it is one half!)

4) Again, I wonder how you can criticize ME for this. The only old material I have used is in conjunction with historical articles. At least 90% of our readers are younger than you! Many of them have never seen this material. I will not ignore our past and will continue to spotlight the best of it in occasional retrospective pieces.

5) *Unfriendly Persuasion*: I agree with everything you said, including that I should go on a diet. My question to you is, "How is that relevant?" I imagine a few heavy blows to your shriveled-up old torso would lay you out too—so. . . ?

6) Re: hand-crank generators. As you point out, we disagree. However, I feel that every man must determine the level of risk he will accept. He can do this only if he is well informed. A great difference in electricity safety is where on the body the leads are connected. A hand-crank generator on the balls is a hell of a lot safer than a Relaxacisor in the armpits.

—Fledermaus

## INTERNATIONAL MR. LEATHER

I wanted to write and tell you that I think what Scott Tucker is doing is great. It's about time that the gay world, really the whole world, see that men and women who use leather as part of their lives do care about others and aren't just out for a good time.

What Scott Tucker and Patrick Toner are doing for others does mean a lot to many of us. They both are hot men to lust after and both have a lot more to offer and give. I like and enjoy seeing this in an International Mr. Leather.

For all of us, please keep up the good work. Let us know if we can help.

T.A.  
Phoenix, AZ

## NO STEREOTYPES

Unlike some of the saps who have written letters to you, I think that the shot of Andy and Tony in the tuxedos was great. Hasn't anyone out there ever had a scene where they've used a bottom as a dresser (and undresser) to get them ready for a night on the town? Leather and rubber aren't the only kinds of clothing fetishes that make mouths water. Nylon socks and garters, boxer shorts, even suits and tuxedos can all be incorporated into the Master/slave fantasy. I'm always amazed at the fact that guys into kinky sex and lifestyles can also be so rigid when it comes to anything that falls outside the parameters of what they think the scene should encompass. If anything, I would hope that *Drummer* and its affiliates would help break down some of the stereotypes of the big dick, top-to-toe leatheman and start taking into consideration the fact that there are also small cocks, big guys, little guys and guys who just don't fit into the stereotypes but who are hot and deserving of being written about, read about and seen in *Drummer*.

I also want to say that Aaron Travis' "Kudzu" was one beautiful piece of writing. Yes, it is possible to create one-handed reading that also goes beyond the usual "I made it with the delivery boy" level and talks about feelings, and ideas. If that kind of article is what you had in mind when you talk about changes, well, I'm all for change.

Michael Agreve  
Brooklyn, NY

Ed: Quite a compliment, considering the source. Michael Agreve's creative fiction has graced the pages of *Drummer* and *Mach* in the past, and future issues will also contain his work.

—JET

## KITCHEN-SINK VARIETY?

I am both amused and wince at your disclaimer on the bottom of the contents page. Your stories: your fiction if you like, is of the kitchen-sink variety. Yet you know someone out there is going to try some of these outrageous ideas. In any case, instead of padding *Drummer* with so much fiction I would like to see more



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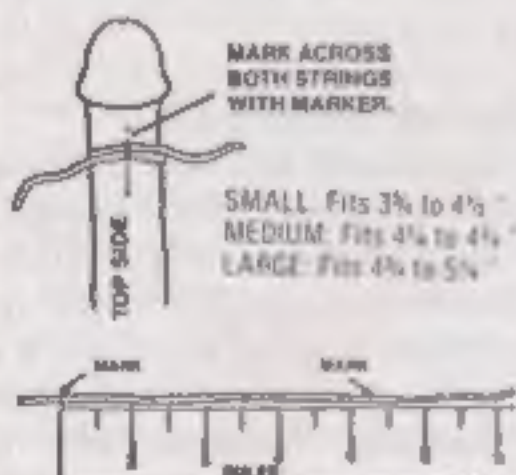
M.R., Seattle

"I like the great variety of movements. Because the speed and stroke length are constantly irregular, the sensations are like being sucked off or fucked."

E.C., New York

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features on:

1) Interviews with various leathermen on their introduction to the leather world. That's an exciting time in a man's life and every man has his own stories—better than fiction!

2) Defining S/M. Funny that after 100 plus issues, it's never been done.

3) How about a feature on all the rock groups getting into leather? Some of them are hotter than most of the men at the bars. Not to mention "heavy metal."

4) Somehow you don't do much on informing your readers on safe sex and AIDS information. In light of all the piss and scat ads, it's the least you could do. (Ever try eating, and reading your Dear Sir ads? It'll make you upchuck your Fritos!)

Leather life is misunderstood by the general public because there has been too much emphasis placed on scat, fisting, hot wax and such and not enough on the basic hypermasculine, muscled, hot leathermen and the respectful image most of them live.

R.S.

Dover, DE

Ed.: I hardly consider the fiction "padding." It is an important part of the mix that is Drummer. However, we are trying to put in a lot more nonfiction: how-to articles, lifestyle articles, etc. Soon we hope to have a regular feature on leather/SM relationships and a series of true "coming out in leather" pieces.

I'm responsible for the contents of only the last six issues of Drummer. I had virtually nothing to do with the first 98. Defining S/M is one of the most difficult — and controversial, topics I've attempted. My article on the subject was the feature in DungeonMaster 4 and it was followed by Rick Leather's classic "Two Nations—One Territory S/M vs Leather" in DM 5.

—AFD

## DADDY SEARCH

Part of being a daddy is to hold, to comfort, to console. Any "daddy" who is so scared of KS/AIDS that he runs from a "good-looking 27-year-old boy" (M.P.—New York, Malecall, Drummer 103) isn't a "daddy," but rather an uninformed, uneducated, immature boy in need of a daddy to inform, educate and nurture him.

M.P.'s letter struck home because two months ago a boy I approached in Los Angeles hottest leather bar made the same revelation to me. I guess I knew it had to happen one day. Maybe I had mentally prepared myself for that eventuality.

Although we haven't done a lot of playing (yet), we have spent a lot of very enjoyable time together. Breakfast, dinner, concerts, doing the bars. He knows I wield a nasty strap and that if he gets out of line I'll use it. So far he's been so well behaved that I've had no excuse (sigh). When we do play it will be with the precautions of



safe sex by mutual choice. But there is so much more to a daddy/son relationship that isn't sexual, that the limited requirements for safety are a very small price to pay for a wonderful, warm, caring relationship.

I wish that every boy I know, had the integrity, the honesty, the togetherness, the warmth, and the short-haired boyish good looks of my new friend.

I write this to second JET's rejoinder: "The leather community has always been known for 'taking care of its own'; don't let fear change that proud statement." If a man is going to be a daddy, then he's got to have the balls of his convictions and not run scared like a little puppy with his tail between his legs.

M.P. asked "even if I can't find a daddy . . . to have safe sex with, I could use a big, mature shoulder to cry on sometimes. Or a daddy just to hold me and be affectionate with. Is that asking for too much, Sir?" This man's answer, boy, is a loud resounding NO! Any man who thinks otherwise isn't a daddy and doesn't deserve any boy's time or affection, nor the title "daddy."

J.R.

Altadena, CA

Ed.: We have received a lot of mail for and about M.P. which has been forwarded to him. He is doing well, politically and socially active, and still searching for that "special daddy."

There are a great many "boys" out there who are lonely, bitter and disappointed with what life has brought them. Many only need the experience, knowledge and understanding of a "daddy" to make it through the pain. Have the courage to share your strength, it will only make you stronger.

—JET

## EYE OF THE BEHOLDER

I am sorry that someone wrote expressing dislike for fat people. Well, I agree, to say the least, *Unfriendly Persuasion* was a disappointment because of you. If I were you I would find a way to reduce and become appealing to the eye if you want to be in pictures. Here in California the leather crowd likes muscles squirming, suffering torture, etc., but in your side of the country where you lived before coming to muscle country, people are built nondescript. It's accepted, but not in California where people pump iron and like a good bod to play with.

Sorry, but I am not buying this film because of you. Your Master/slave series of videos are gross because of your ugly models. The only one any good is *Rope That Works* with a good-looking black man being tied and worked on. The rest of your tapes are revolting.

J.S.

City Unknown

Ed.: As I said in *Drummer 103*, if you don't like to look at fat, don't look. I have to

admit I don't like to look at it either. My objection to that letter was the use of feminine pronouns and the reference to the fact that I didn't look like a "real Master."

However, I do have a few comments on your letter also. Your references to the "side of the country where I lived" are regional chauvinism—and bullshit.

More importantly I MUST point out that I had absolutely nothing whatever to do with any *Slave and Master* film EXCEPT *Rope That Works*. This I wrote, casted and appeared in. By the way, your racial chauvinism is off, too. There were NO black men in *Rope That Works*! —AFD

## ABSOLUTELY THE LAST WORD

I got my copy of *Unfriendly Persuasion* in the same mail with *Drummer 103*. While the photography and/or tape quality left something to be desired, generally I liked it, and I couldn't see what H.M. was so aggravated about in his letter. If you don't like the "doctor," there is plenty of additional flesh to ogle. Personally, I thought Fledermaus did OK as the mad M.D. (loved it when he watered the slave with the plants).

And I won't hear a word against Sophie Tucker. I bet she would have made a great Top!

E.A.

Nashville, TN

## ANIMAL TRAINING

High praise to you and your magazine for your in-depth and very sincere response to my letter (issue 103, Off The Top). It shows me that you and your staff do care . . . I appreciate your candor in tackling a number of sensitive issues I raised, and am glad that you didn't think my particular scene was "sick or perverted."

It was hard enough to come out years ago, and deal with being gay. It was harder still to accept the S/M traits within me . . . at least there were people who were supportive . . . but when you deal with my desire of being some guy's animal in a mental and physical bondage scene, well it was over two years before I wasn't afraid to talk about it, and even then very cautiously, to potential Masters. Even then the issue was handled very delicately for fear it might be misconstrued as bestiality.

Honestly, how can you tell someone you'd really like to be their pet animal, without facing a great deal of ridicule. Even now a snide remark is passed once in a while in the bars about what I'm into, but I can handle it. I had even contemplated going to a shrink (gay) to talk about it . . . but I just wasn't comfortable with the thought of getting "locked up" for real.

I'm sorry though that you think I was "attacking" Mr. Townsend in his advice to one man a number of issues ago. I disagreed with his advice, but attack? NO! I

have too much respect for him. If it wasn't for his handbook, I would never have had enough guts to face my S/M inclinations.

Finally the issue on Texas was the best in a long time. Between the art work and the stories, well I'm just gonna wear the print right off the fuckin' pages.

J.D.

Milwaukee, WI

## WINDY CITY BONDAGE CLUB

Is there a bondage club in Chicago like the NYBC of New York? I would like to meet men with my interests in the Chicago area and attend a leather party that is safe.

C.B.

Chicago, IL

Ed.: The Windy City Bondage Club is a new and popular Chicago club operating in much the same manner as the San Francisco and New York Bondage Clubs. They have held their first few parties at the Chicago Hellfire Clubhouse and are now working out permanent arrangements. Write WCBC, PO Box 268767, Chicago, IL 60626-8767. Happy knots! —AFD

## TEXAS COVERAGE

Your Texas issue, *Drummer 103* was terrific. You couldn't have selected a better cover man than Dan Acker of Ft. Worth.

In the Leatherman's Guide to Texas on page 49 under Tramps, you were good enough to mention the Men of Dungeons (M.O.D.), of which I am a member. For some reason we were described as a social club, when in fact we are the only true S/M club in Dallas.

Our members and out of town associates were disappointed at the scant mention of our club.

R.B.

Dallas, TX

## MEN OF DUNGEONS

I was shocked that in *Drummer 103* there was no mention of M.O.D. (Men of Dungeons), the strongest S/M club in Dallas and the South, composed of men dedicated to the true art of S/M. Monthly events are given and I have attended all of these sizzling dungeon parties.

Also no mention was made of the Corral, the only true leather bar in Ft. Worth, home of the Cowtown Leathermen.

S.C.

Dallas, TX

Ed.: We are sorry that Men of Dungeons was omitted from Jim Moss's survey of the Texas leather scene. It certainly is a valid part of it, and should have been included. The Disciples of DeSade party was covered extensively because Mr. Moss was invited to it while he was in Dallas. I do know that Doc and Jim Moss met. I heard a lot about their lengthy encounter. Sorry for his, and our, oversight. —AFD



## AD PERCENTAGE

Over the past couple of years I've taken to answering classified ads, locally and nationally. I have also run an ad myself. I have pursued this route of contact because I feel I can more effectively and efficiently reach men with whom I'd be most compatible. I had high expectations of the men who were using *Drummer* ads for the same reasons. Here are my results, my successes and my gripes: After doing a tally of all the ads I've answered, 65% of those ads yielded me some sort of response—"thanks" or "no thanks." Only 1% of my letters were returned to me as "undeliverable." That leaves about 34% of my letters, which always included my hand-written comments, a good quality photograph and a return address on the envelope, having yielded me no acknowledgement. The money I spent on paper, envelopes, photos and stamps might just as well have been tossed in the trash. I understand that some advertisers are simply inundated with responses. Great for them. However, a little common courtesy dictates some sort of acknowledgement to a sincere ad reply.

My values tell me that even those advertisers who have been deluged with responses (obviously from writing very "hot" ads), should accept the responsibility (financially . . . a meager 14 cent post card at the minimum) of acknowledging another man's effort. Human dignity and civility transcends any/all "roles" put forth to entice contact.

Through some of my contacts, I have been lied to and "jerked-off." More significantly, through some of my contacts, I feel I have established sincere bonds of comradeship and lifelong friendships. I still look to "the ads" as means to cut through the bullshit and games often encountered in more traditional modes (bars, clubs, etc.) of meeting. As I require of myself, I encourage all personal advertisers to treat their fellow man with a little respect: A sincere response deserves a reply.

J.D.  
Seattle, WA

*Ed.: I'm glad to hear of your success. I also think the ads are the best way of meeting someone for a special activity. And I agree that all advertisers should answer all letters. However, don't gripe about the expense wasted on those who don't. It is still a lot cheaper than a bar and you get a MUCH better return on your investment.*

—AFD

## DOWN FOR THE COUNT

Your Drum boxing story in *Drummer* 100 was the hottest ever done and all the incentive I needed to buy the first issue of *Drummer* I've purchased in a long time. I've always gotten off on the idea of two guys working each other over in a ring until one goes down, the crowd goes

crazy and winner takes all. What made the strip even better was the accurate way Bill Ward showed fighters working out of a stance, throwing punches and clinching. I hope you will continue using boxing as a theme in your work.

D.V.  
Washington, DC

## DRUMMER AUTHORITY

I have been an avid, loyal *Drummer* reader for some nine years now; moreover, I have frequently published fiction in its pages and served for a time as assistant editor and (briefly, uncredited) as editor of this wonderful magazine. While that gives me no special claim to authority on *Drummer*, it does, I think, indicate more familiarity with the magazine than a mere flipping through it occasionally at the bookstore.

That said, I am writing to congratulate you on issue 103 of *Drummer*. The "Leatherman's Guide to Texas," the incredible rod-pumping fiction (especially Blade's "Western Sandwich, 1949"), the make-my-wet-dreams-come-true "Tough Customer" photos by my old cohort Jim Moss, and the most sophisticated art direction that I've ever seen in *Drummer*—these all combine to make issue 103, without question and bar none, the best and hottest issue of *Drummer*—or any other man's magazine—that I have seen in . . . well, in nine years or more. My heartiest congratulations! And my thanks—you've made *Drummer* worth buying again.

Hank Trout  
San Francisco, CA

## BEING JACKED AROUND

On page 93 of *Drummer* 101 the S.F. Jacks' address was listed for those interested in subscribing to their newsletter. I wrote, but the address was incorrect. Can you give us the correct address?

S.C.  
Marysville, CA

*Ed.: The S.F. Jacks are still very much in business with a new playroom and interesting theme parties. We apologize for the typo in reporting their address. The correct mailing address is: S.F. Jacks, 2336 Market St., Suite 127, San Francisco, CA 94114.*

—JET

## MEN, NOT BOYS

As an individual among many who are denied the opportunity to purchase male-oriented publications in my community, I rarely get to purchase *Drummer*. But, I still manage to get a copy now and then.

I purchased issue 101 in Manhattan and was thrilled that you had given us a cover of one of my all-time favorites—Mickey Squires. He's truly a hot man, whether portrayed as Top or bottom. Thanks for some real men, not boys.

G.S.  
Charlottesville, VA

*Ed.: You can always subscribe. Then you don't have to worry about finding *Drummer* (or *DungeonMaster* or *Mach* or *FQ*) on the newsstand. Worried about it arriving at the house? Get a PO box. Worried about friends at the post office wondering why you have a box? Get a box in a nearby city. And remember all our titles are now available via first class mail.*

—AFD

## BETCHA CAN'T READ JUST ONE

A comment about *Drummer* "Made in Desmodus." Once you have read an issue, you just can't stop it and need more. A proof of quality don't you think, Sir?

B.A.  
Albany, NY

## COMMUNITY SERVICE

I am writing to thank *Drummer* for providing space for Frank O'Rourke's commentary in the Leather Bulletin Board—it is a true community service. I was finally able to contact a local group as a result of information published there: local gay media had not mentioned it in the group's two year history.

I would say, on the other hand, that I don't see a need for European Leather Notes to be as long as—or longer than—U.S./Canadian notices. It would seem that those who travel to Europe probably have their own sources for much of that information.

R.K.  
Washington, DC

*Ed.: Thanks for your vote to keep the Leather Bulletin Board, but you seem to have missed something obvious. Reread your letter. *Drummer* is an international magazine. Just as you have found a club of interest that, as you said, "local gay media had not mentioned, so do many Americans find out about European clubs and bars. And what about those in Europe who are looking for clubs there that "local gay media had not mentioned"? Those in the leather community who travel, to Europe or to the USA, have their source of information . . . *Drummer*!*

—JET

## FALL FESTIVAL ASSOCIATION?!

In response to your article in Leather Bulletin Board, *Drummer* 101; I would like to inform you and your readers who are interested in the art of fisting that the F.F.A. (Fist Fuckers of America), has not "gone by the board." Although our New York and Philadelphia chapters have chosen to disband because of the current health crisis, please advise your readers that the F.F.A./C.A.C., serving the Washington DC and Baltimore area and F.F.A. Miami are alive and going strong.

F.F.A./C.A.C. can be reached through P.O. Box 461, Washington DC 20044 and F.F.A. Miami through P.O. Box 500, Fort Lauderdale, Florida 33302.

L.L.  
Washington, DC



# THE BARBARIANS



## THE MEN AND THE MOVIE!

PHOTOGRAPH BY THE BARBARIANS MOVIE

**T**he time is long ago, somewhere between the Stone Age and civilization, in a world raw and unspoiled, a series of plains and valleys and towering, snow-covered mountains.

The Ragnicks — a happy band of itinerant artists and entertainers — live in harmony under Queen Canary. The Ragnicks have exchanged all their gold for a single magic ruby which guarantees the tribe nothing less than the joy of life itself.

Enter the evil tyrant, Kadar, who lusts after the ruby and all that it will bestow. With superior forces at his command, Kadar attacks and overwhelms the Ragnicks. Canary is cunning enough to hide the ruby but is captured, as are the young twins Gore and Kutcheck. They are brought in chains to the village of Talchet.

In order to secure the tyrant's promise not to kill the twins, Canary submits to the humiliation of entering Kadar's harem as one of the slaves. She knows that the twins, once matured, are the only hope of the Ragnick tribe.

Kadar's scheming spouse, the evil sorceress China, decides on

her own plan. Instead of killing the twins, she orders that they be put to work—separately—in "the pit," under the supervision of the sadistic Dirtmaster. After each is convinced the other is lost forever, the twins will be matched in a battle to the death.

Years pass—and China's plan nearly works. The fully grown twins, trained as gladiators, are in vicious combat with each other, ready to strike the final blow. But Gore's mask becomes unfastened and Kutcheck recognizes him. Reunited at last, the two manage a daring escape from Talchet and set out to find the Ragnick survivors.

They succeed, but are nearly lynched by their former tribesmen who fail to recognize them. The twins are seemingly doomed until one of the crowd recognizes the "Sign of the Road," an unmistakable tattoo that distinguishes the Ragnicks from other tribes.

Led by the beautiful and courageous Ismene, they journey to the Pail of Blood—a rowdy tavern, filled with bloodthirsty types, where the trio hopes to procure arms for their impending battles.

Several more pulse-quicken- ing encounters await the fear-

less trio before they can break into Kadar's harem, obtain an important map from Canary, vanquish the hideous "rock ghosts" at the Tomb of the Ancient Kings, traverse the swamps, slay the dragon, and finally recover the magic ruby that will at last restore peace and harmony to the land of the Ragnicks.

In this, the new Golan-Globus Production of a Ruggero Deodato Film soon to be released by The Cannon Group titled THE BARBARIANS, the stars are two mountains of muscle, with the power of a team of oxen. They put their fists through rocks. They wear animal skins and loin-cloths and use the bones of their enemies for toothpicks. They make The Terminator look like Alistair Cooke. Gentlemen ... the Barbarian Brothers.

Actually, their names are Peter and David Paul, and they aren't quite as savage as all that. Still, their new film THE BARBARIANS, is an awesome tour de force for their impressive physiques and super-human displays of strength.

THE BARBARIANS is a fantasy-adventure saga about the exploits of two gladiators, twin















# ROUGH STUFF

by SCOTT TUCKER



## ONE YEAR LATER

Soon I will be turning over my title to the next winner of the International Mr. Leather contest, and he will walk the ramp into an audience of leatherfolk, wearing a leather sash and carrying a bouquet of black leather roses. Those black roses seem especially beautiful and significant to me. I think of them as the flowers of pride and mystery brought up from the underworld, from the garden on the dark side.

I feel lucky and grateful to have won and held this title for the past year. The year has been a rollercoaster of ups and downs, of great generosity and goodwill extended to me by leatherfolk from coast to coast, and of petty intrigue and gossip. I've met men whose beauty left me gasping, staring and humble, the kind of creatures who belong to the angelic orders. And I've sat by the bedsides of men stricken with AIDS, admiring their courage and good humor, and even their ability to grieve and rage.

Leatherfolk are not much different from other folk at their worst, but leatherfolk at our best are very special people. Early in the AIDS epidemic, we received blame from certain straights and gays alike for being lepers without conscience. A very interesting short-circuit occurred in the thinking of people who are hostile to leather and SM. They suspected that leatherfolk are willing to explore the shadowy side of sexuality, which is true. But they concluded that the dark side is always and essentially diabolical and dangerous, which is false. And if a virus seemed to come from nowhere and was killing gay men off, then it was easy to claim that leatherfolk were the sexual culprits.

How easy and convenient it is to forget that lots of gay people besides leatherfolk were fucking like bunny rabbits all through the '70s. And fucking without rubbers is still the single most common way of

transmitting the AIDS virus among gays, from all the scientific evidence that has so far been gathered. Wearing leather is hardly a good reason for us to shoulder more than our fair share of the responsibility for the epidemic. Who in the whole gay community — including leatherfolk — knew that we would soon face a sexually transmitted disease which could not be cured with a single prescription over the drug counter?

Over the course of the past year, as I've traveled from city to city and been hosted by leatherfolk and biker clubs, I've been asked to make numerous fund-raising pitches for local AIDS groups. At this point in the AIDS epidemic, fund raising is a responsibility which every IML winner inherits and should fulfill to the best of his abilities. It has become a tradition, and a good one. Whenever I've been given the chance to help raise money I have also taken the opportunity to speak my mind on the sexual counterrevolution which is going on in this country. My view is that leatherfolk can play an active and conscious role in keeping sexual diversity alive and well, and that we should reject any suggestions that we should retreat into guilty closets.

Our behavior has sometimes been greedy, and we haven't always been responsible when dealing with sex, drugs and alcohol. But in this we are far from being unique. Our society went through an unfinished sexual revolution, and people do get a bit wild during times of deep and rapid change. This should not lead us to conclude that AIDS is the price Divine Justice is making us pay for having overindulged in worldly pleasure. Especially now, as we deal with death, disease, and the moralism of preachers and politicians . . . especially now the sexual revolution must continue.

The far right is in a real bind. The hard-liners simply raise the

volume of their sermons, and have attacked Surgeon General Koop for promoting early and general sex education as one way of curbing the AIDS epidemic. A curious phenomenon! Koop himself is hardly a progressive: he is, in fact, a Fundamentalist who agrees with the Pope that abstinence is the only road for youth to follow. Unlike the Pope, however, Koop has sufficient humanity and realism to urge the use of condoms to those sinners who will wander from the straight and narrow path.

Largely, I'd say, by continuing the good work and the good play we already engage in holding safe-sex parties, and holding public demonstrations of safe-sex techniques, including safe ways of practicing bondage and SM. When special blame for AIDS is directed our way by either straights or gays, we should let this roll off our backs like water off a duck's tail. We are willing to take responsibility and have proven this well and often. But we are not willing to engage in non-consensual sadomasochism with guilt-trippers.

I've been impressed this year by the great number of leatherfolk who have taken some kind of personal responsibility to respond to AIDS. Each of us has particular skills and abilities. Some of us have the special toughness and tenderness necessary to become AIDS buddies, willing to shop, clean and remain loyal when even friend, lovers and families abandon the ill. Some of us have organizing or publicity skills; some of us keep AIDS hospices running on shoestring budgets, or know how to make folks reach deep in their pockets at fund raisers. Leatherfolk do much more than our share, and we have every right to be proud. Shame

In the midst of death and disease, we keep our sense of play and pageantry. Leather contests are, first and foremost, celebrations of community, and leather titleholders should

never forget that. It's only fair to give back to the community something of what we've been given. If I were to give individual thanks to all of the many people who have been generous to me this year, I'd end up writing a full issue of *Drummer*. But a few people really deserve to be named and praised. Chuck Renslow and Dom (Etienne) Orejudos created the IML contest, and gave me the chance to travel and meet leatherfolk round the country. I have a special affection for the other two winners this year, Peter Gallo and JimEd Thompson. Both JimEd and his lover, Chris Burns, are two leathermen whose intelligence, daredevilry and sense of theatre I admire. Last year's winner, Patrick Toner, is a dynamic fund raiser and a credit to the community. Vern Stewart, tour guide and social secretary of leatherdom, earned my gratitude with his support and good humor. Steve Maidhof, Steve Desdier, Artie Haber, Al Santora and many others were generous hosts. We have our share of fools and evil spirits in the leather community, but they are greatly outnumbered by folks who are thinkers, fighters, organizers and lovers.

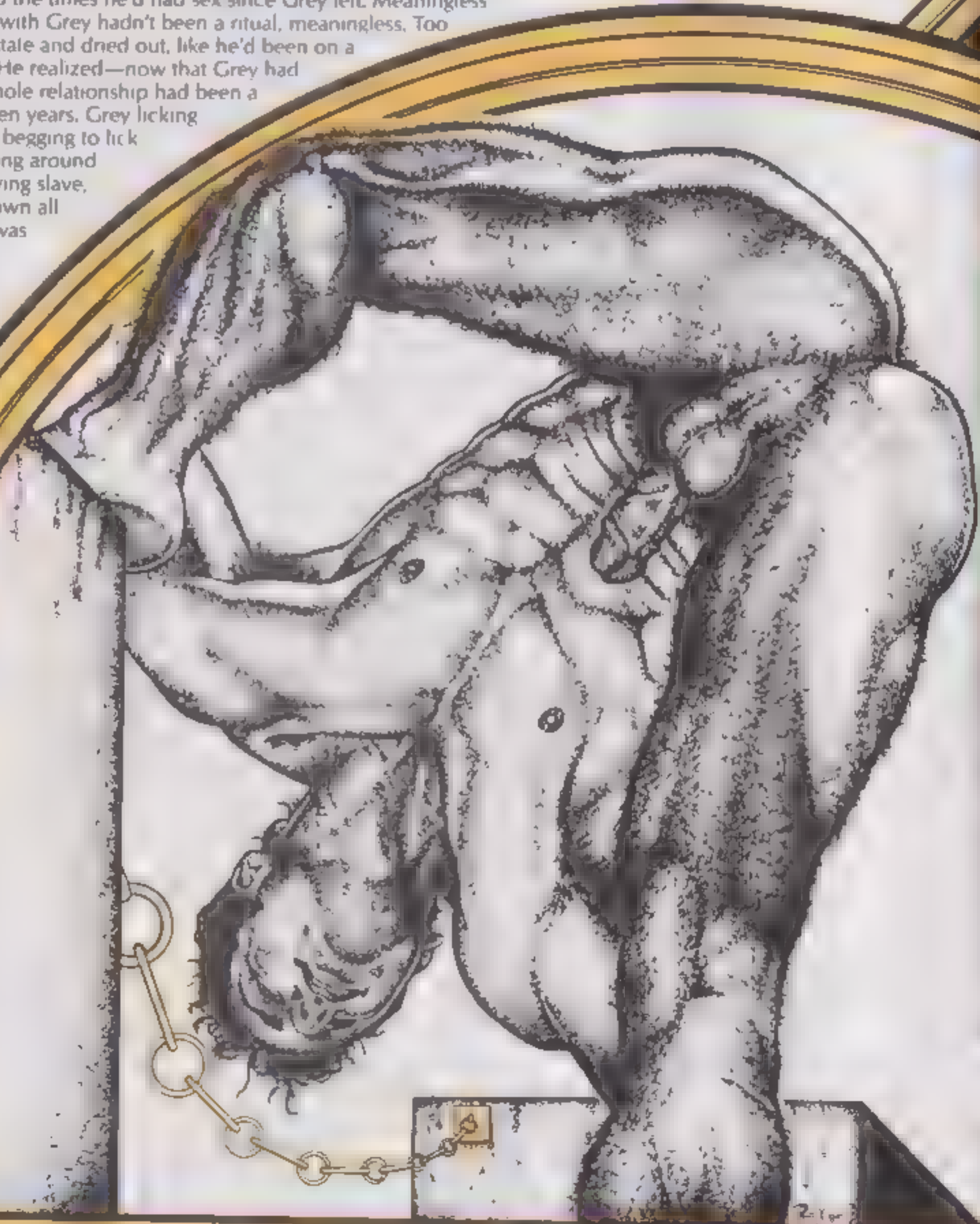
Just before waking this morning, I dreamed that I was wandering in a dimly lit maze, and I knew I was looking for the Minotaur, the creature with a man's body and the head of a bull. But this was no reenactment of the old Greek myth, because I was unarmed and unwary. I made the twists and turns with confidence, and was dressed in nothing but a studded leather jock. And when I finally came face to face with the Minotaur, that powerful creature simply took my hand. No sex? No, no sex, though I woke with a happy sexual electricity and a hard-on. The past year has been a good challenge for me, and I thank all the many men and women who took my hand and led me a little further in the maze. □



# YOU'RE SOMEBODY

**P**aul was very tense that night. He could see it in the bathroom mirror in the tight lines around his eyes, in the sloppy job he was doing trimming his mustache. He spared the scotch he had on the sink. Was he going out for sex tonight? He could count on one hand the times he'd had sex since Grey left. Meaningless sex. Rituals. Not that sex with Grey hadn't been a ritual, meaningless. Too

much even to discuss. Paul felt stale and dried out, like he'd been on a trip for a long time to nowhere. He realized—now that Grey had been gone a year—that their whole relationship had been a play. They had acted in it for seven years. Grey licking his boots, begging to get fucked, begging to lick his balls and suck his dick, running around the apartment in a jockstrap playing slave, calling him "Sir." But he had known all along that the role Grey played was make-believe slave. There was a make-believe slave/master relationship, and he had been as silly as Grey. Maybe sillier. Now the play was over. The curtain had fallen. He wasn't sorry. But he was just very lonely. Paul laughed at himself. He was already getting a buzz from the scotch, and he wasn't even out the door. What was he going to find out there?





# NOBODY ELSE NOW

by T.G.E. Paisner

Someone capable of bringing him back to life to be he  
bomber jacket. He loved the feel of leather against his skin.

the distant past, there was some other meaning. He couldn't really remember what that was now. He thought it looked very sexy. He followed his ritual down to the details. Keys on the left, a tiny hint of a blue handkerchief in the left back pocket too. He looked in the hall mirror as he left. Tall, in his late thirties, black hair and a moustache, his body muscular from years of working out. "Not bad," he thought. "Too bad I'm beginning to look like some jaded New York faggot — too tired, too bored, too cynical, too many times around the merry-go-round."

Outside it was cold and dark. He walked down the nearly deserted streets from his house to the bar on West Street, seeing only other men dressed much as he, headed in the same direction. When he got to the bar, it was only a little after midnight, but the place was already crowded. Since so many bars had closed, this one had grown more popular. Right inside the door he could see that everywhere everything





was as always. That was comforting. Dark with red spotlights here and there aimed at the floor. Men in their leathers, some in Levi's. Lots of young beauties wearing skintight T-shirts and jeans. The music was loud, the smoke thick. Cigars added a blue haze to the air. The air was heavy with sex. Silent men posed, talking to no one. Waiting for . . . ?

He'd been here ten thousand times, he thought. He knew people. He'd seen some people year after year and had never had any reason to say a word to them. It was a bar of much attitude, too. On the one hand he liked the place because everyone wasn't beautiful, young, five minutes away from being discovered. People were every age and every shape. But he disliked the place because he could never tell who was real or who was playing what game. That problem he had—and he knew it—because he didn't know how real he himself was or what game he was playing.

He ordered a beer then went into the big room to stand. He saw someone he knew, an old acquaintance he felt comfortable with. He went over and talked a few minutes, getting relaxed, then he went off to stand by himself. A young man in a tight white thermal top stared at him. "What would I do with him?" Paul thought. "More Grey. Fuck him, I guess. Play at making like a master." He was on his way to getting drunk. He wondered if later he was going to stagger home and just pass out, a limp cock in his hand. He'd done that more times than he could count.

Then he noticed a man staring at him, a man with dark blond hair, wearing Levi's and a Levi jacket, tall, with a moustache and longish hair. He looked like a man who worked with his hands, somebody you'd see on a road crew. He wasn't handsome. He was sexy looking. Rough skin. Uncouth. Strong. Powerful. Like he could beat you up with his dick. Paul started to play the "who will walk over first," game but he saw almost immediately that the man wasn't interested in games. He just stopped paying attention. So Paul went over and stood next to him. He acknowledged Paul's presence, but didn't say anything at first. Then, after a while, he asked abruptly in a lazy Texas accent, "You standing there 'cause you see something you like?"

Paul surprised himself with his answer, "I'm standing next to you because I see you and I like you."

The man just looked at him a minute, maybe appraising him. His skin was weathered like he worked outdoors. He must have been Paul's age or older. He had on cowboy boots. "And if you got me, what do you think you'd do with me?" He grinned when he said it, but he could see how Paul was dressed. "Testing, one, two, three," Paul thought.

Paul thought of all the things he might have done with Grey—or at least told him he was going to do under these circumstances—tie him up, make him lick his boots, clamp his tits, torture his balls, force dick down his throat. Fuck him. Dildo him. Maybe fist him.

And it seemed silly and inappropriate to say any of that to this man. This man gave him the feeling that he was a big pond that Paul could jump into and swim around in.

Suddenly Paul wanted to let his guard down. What the hell? He said, "With you, I'd do anything you want to do."

Fair enough," the man said, sticking out his hand. "My name's Earl." His grip was very strong. "I'm from Hearne, Texas, outside Fort Worth. You want to come up to my dump on West Forty-eighth Street or you go somewhere better to go."

So they left. They walked fast because it was so cold and windy, even though it was only early November. Earl sort of lumbered along. If he was cold he didn't show it. Paul asked Earl what he did. "Me? I'm a steel worker. I'm one of those guys you see walking girders fifty stories up." He looked sideways to see how Paul would react and sort of chuckled. "Hell, I guess you'd call me a hardworking drifter. I've worked in damned near every city in the U.S. Houston and Miami are my favorites. No work there now. Won't work in Chicago or Detroit at all." Earl stopped on the sidewalk like he'd just thought of something. "But I like New York. It's like living in twenty cities all at once. Plenty of work."

Then Earl asked about Paul. It interested him that Paul had a

powerful job in a large corporation. Finally, when he figured out what Paul was talking about, he said, "You're a corporate treasurer. You guys in those big companies always have a side," he chuckled. "You run the show all night." Paul looked at him. He said nothing.

They arrived at the townhouse where Paul lived. He occupied the two bottom floors and rented the top two to other gay men. Paul took Earl to the back on the first floor where there was a small room that he and Grey had fixed up for their little play. It had a tile floor with a drain. It had enemas tubes, chains on the black walls, hooks in the ceiling, and a leather-covered table in the middle with cuffs at the corners for hands and feet. It had tit clamps and strips of leather hanging on the walls, even a whip, used only once—briefly. On the way, Earl did not comment on the richness and style of the apartment.

Nor did he comment on the room when they arrived there. The first thing he said to Paul was, "Get out of those leathers. They don't mean much to me." Paul looked at him, started to open his mouth. "Well, they mean a lot to me," he didn't say, when he realized they didn't mean anything to him either. Then he did as he was told.

Earl leaned against the table watching while Paul pulled off his clothes and threw them in a corner. When he was naked, Earl said, "Come stand here in front of me." When Paul did—feeling like a kid being inspected—Earl put his hands on his head, and he felt his neck. The skin on his hands was rough and calloused, but his feel was gentle. He felt Paul's shoulders and the muscles of his arms and of his chest. Then he felt Paul's back and kneaded his buttocks. He ran his finger around his sphincter and finally he cupped and then pulled on his balls and cock. By now Paul's cock was raging hard. A sort of calm had come over his body. He felt as if someone was making love to him. Or that he was something valuable that someone had just acquired and wanted to become familiar with.

"Your body feels nice," Earl said. "You take care of it. You've got good muscles, but baby's skin. Now, take off my shirt and feel my body like I felt yours." So Paul did as he was told, and he felt the strength of Earl's neck, that his chest seemed deep and wrapped in ropelike muscles, that his arms were powerful. Everything about Earl seemed weathered, like the sun and wind had worn him. He seemed to Paul like a big old tree that had grown up in a stormy place.

"Now kneel down in front of me," Earl said. "Take off my boots and socks and pull off my pants. Then feel that part of my body too." So Paul did as he was told and he knelt in front of Earl and pulled off his boots and socks. He found himself kissing Earl's feet. What was going on here? Confusion whirled through his mind. Whatever happened to being a top? Fuck it!

Let it happen, he thought. Then he reached up and unbuttoned Earl's Levi's. When he pulled them down, the most beautiful cock sprang toward his face. It was about eight inches long, uncut, perfectly formed, with a large vein going up one side. Earl had huge balls that hung down, one much lower than the other. Paul wanted to suck that cock. He hadn't sucked Grey even once after the first year.

Paul had such a need to touch Earl. He was excited. He felt Earl's thighs, his calves, he kneaded his butt, he cupped his balls in his hands, he pulled the skin back on the head of the cock. He kissed the head. He started to put it into his mouth when Earl said, "I don't want to play games in this room tonight. I want to get to know you. Let's lay in bed. I want you to do everything to me that I do to you. I'm going to teach you what I'm like. I want to teach you what you want." Just like that.

So they went into the bedroom and lay on the bed, each one's head at the other's feet. Earl told Paul to do as he did. "Now lick my feet clean." So Paul followed Earl and began to lick the top of one of his feet, licking from the ankle to the toes. The foot smelled slightly sweaty. Then he licked the sides and the arch, and then the bottom. Then he took each toe into his mouth and sucked on it like a baby cock and ran his tongue between each one. Paul felt his skin tingle whenever Earl's tongue touched it.



Then they started on the ankles, and the calves, and the knees and then the thighs. When Earl's tongue touched Paul's balls, he thought he would shoot on the spot. But he followed Earl's lead. He licked all over his balls. He pulled them up to lick under them. He sucked on the base of Earl's cock between his thighs. He licked the beginnings of Earl's ass, which smelled only slightly of sweat. Then Earl licked Paul's cock and kissed it. Paul did the same. Never did Earl put the cock in his mouth. He moved to Paul's stomach and chest, and Paul followed him, until they were head to head, and they kissed. Earl did not kiss Paul, he consumed him. Paul felt that he was being eaten alive. Again and again it went through his mind, "What is going on here?"

Then Earl told Paul to roll over. He straddled him. He kissed the back of his neck, licked his back, bit the muscles of his back and butt, then put his tongue into Paul's sphincter. Then Earl fell on his stomach and let Paul do the same to him. Not for one second was Earl not in control.

Paul thought, "How does he know this?" He felt on fire. He felt electric. As he licked Earl's neck and back and butt, and the back of his balls and his sphincter, he wanted to devour him. The lust he felt set his skin on fire.

Earl stood up then and said, "Kneel right here in front of me. Now swallow my balls. I want to feel my balls in your throat. I want my balls to be between you and air." So Paul licked Earl's balls until they were slick with spit and swallowed them one at a time. His mouth felt full, and first he swallowed one ball so that it lodged in his throat, while the other ball was in his mouth.

Earl grabbed the back of his head and pulled his wide-open mouth tight against the base of his dick. "Swallow, baby," he said. "Keep swallowing." As Paul swallowed and swallowed, he felt his throat open wider. He could feel Earl's ball sliding deep in his throat. He could feel the other ball on top of it. He was so amazed. He couldn't breathe. It didn't matter. Earl squeezed Paul's head between his powerful thighs. "Swallow, baby," he said. Paul could feel the cartilage of his throat moving over Earl's balls. He became desperate for air, but Earl knew that. At almost the last moment before he blacked out, Earl pushed his balls out of Paul's throat. He let Paul catch his breath, then grabbed his head with both his hands and plunged his dick into Paul's mouth. Paul caught his breath. But the whole dick would not fit. It was too big. Earl held his head tight for a long time, putting great pressure against the back of his throat. Then he began slowly to fuck Paul's throat. He pulled out just enough for Paul to suck in some air, but only a little, so that he still felt a need for air, then he pushed his dick back in.

"Suck me," Earl whispered, "Suck me hard. Make love to my dick with those throat muscles." And each time he pulled out to let Paul get air, he pushed in a little deeper, and finally Paul's throat was pierced. It opened again. Paul could feel Earl's pubic hair against his nose. He could feel the head of his dick in his upper chest. He could feel the head of the dick moving over each ring in his throat. He felt impaled on this man's dick; his mouth and throat were opened as wide as they had ever been. He wanted to stay that way forever. Something primordial in him was now alive.

When Paul thought he would pass out, Earl would let him suck in air, then he would push the dick in again. Finally, Earl said, "I need to cum. So he pulled Paul's head back, let Paul breathe, then pushed his dick down Paul's throat. He groaned. He held Paul's head tight against his abdomen. Paul could feel Earl's dick pump and pump. Then Earl pulled the head of his dick out so that the head was in Paul's mouth. "I want you to taste my cum," he said as he came into Paul's mouth. The taste was salty, thick.

Then Earl laid on the bed on his back. He hung his head over the side. "Now fuck my throat, Paul," he said. "You just earned it."

The way Earl was lying opened his throat to Paul's dick, but his dick was still too big. Once or twice Earl reached back and grabbed Paul by the butt and pushed Paul's body away, because Paul did not know when Earl needed air. Then Paul came. He screamed. He had not cum like that since he was a teenager.

That first night was dreamlike. They rested a while, then Earl began to play with Paul's sphincter, massaging around it, then inside it, stretching it with his fingers, but never using lubrication or spit. Then he put on a condom, knelt over Paul and told Paul to lick it, because that was all the lubrication he was going to get, and then, holding Paul's legs in the air, he began to press the head of his dick against Paul's ass. Paul had not been fucked in years. His sphincter resisted. Then it seemed to tear. Ring of fire! The head of Earl's dick was inside. Paul's head swam. He broke into a sweat. He grabbed Earl's thighs to have something to hold onto.

Earl sensed how much pain Paul could take. When Paul thought he would cry out, Earl knew to stop the pressure. Then he would stroke slowly until Paul's ass felt better. As soon as it did, he would penetrate deeper. Paul felt his whole insides filled with Earl. Not just Earl's dick, but Earl was totally inside him. He was full, he was alive.

They had sex most of the night. Whatever Earl did to Paul, he allowed Paul to do to him. There was never any doubt who was in charge. All games ended at the beginning. But that first night, and any night thereafter, whenever Earl did something new sexually to Paul, he allowed Paul to do the same to him. "That way you know I know what I'm doing. You know how what I'm doing to you feels," in his own peculiar way, Earl practiced safe sex. He just didn't believe that anyone could get diseases into the body through the mouth, as long as his mouth was healthy. "Too much crap goes in there," he said. "The mouth has got to have a million defenses. Only the gums got to be healthy."

So Earl came into Paul's life. He brought his clothes one night to use Paul's washing machine and he left most of them there. Paul put them in a drawer and made closet space. Actually, after that first night, Earl spent every night with Paul, but it was nearly two months before he brought his suitcase and remaining things to Paul's house and moved in.

Paul knew that Earl was a drifter. He could always get work on big construction jobs because a good steel man was hard to find. He earned a lot of money. He gave a lot to Paul for room and board. He had a passbook to a bank in Dallas. It had an extraordinarily large sum of money in it. He would buy bank checks and send them with the passbook to Dallas. "Someday I'll settle down," Earl said. "I'll buy a place where I can work the earth. Grow very special things. Someday I'll show you what I mean."

Earl was like the earth. He was always there. He was like a foundation on which everything stood. He didn't pretend anything. He didn't play at anything. He was a natural man. He wasn't California natural, he was sort of junk-food natural. He was a man who did his own thing, who didn't own a thing, who didn't owe a thing. He went to work. He came home. He got drunk now and then. He liked his dinner ready when he got home because he was very hungry, but he could whip up potatoes, onions and franks. Nothing else was around or if Paul was working late.

Earl did not discuss with Paul if his move was permanent. When Paul asked, "Are you happy now?" he always said, "I'm happy now. So why should things change?" But when they'd have a fight, Paul would wonder if Earl would be there the next time he came home. He always was. Paul began to feel better again. His work improved. He started thinking about the future again. Somehow, though, Earl was not his future and he wasn't in his future. Paul could never imagine plans with Earl in them. It was like it was too much to ask for. Earl was the most permanent thing in the world, but the most temporary.

Earl was very demanding sexually. He was the master and that was never questioned. He never hit Paul, no matter how Paul behaved. He did not tie him up. He was never cruel even when he caused Paul pain. Sometimes he chewed on Paul's nipples till they were raw. Several times he put a glove on his hand, and he put his hand into Paul's sphincter. He did not fistfuck him, he did not go in far enough. He stopped when his knuckles began to slide by the sphincter, but instead of sliding by, he held it open. And he held his hand there till Paul could no longer stand the



pain. Then he pulled his hand out and fucked him. Never had a fuck felt like that.

Earl did not expect Paul to be a slave or call him "Sir," or pretend anything. "Let's just do what we want to do. This whole thing is just between you and me anyway," he said. But when he walked in the front door after work and he wanted throat, he expected Paul to kneel down, wherever he was or whatever he was doing to get his throat fucked. Earl woke up with a hard-on almost every morning. He might go piss in the toilet, but more than likely he would have Paul drink his piss. Then he'd throw Paul's legs in the air and fuck him with only Paul's spit lubricating the condom. Several times, when Paul was dressed in his suit and ready to go to work, and Earl was not working because of snow or high winds, Earl made Paul undress at the last minute and fucked him. "I want your ass to feel my dick today," Earl said.

Earl got sex from Paul every day, sometimes two or three times, his throat, his ass, sometimes his dick. Often when they watched TV, Earl would sit naked and Paul would just lick and suck on his cock and balls and legs and feet. Earl stroked his head when he did. "Like a pet," Paul would think. He liked to savor those moments when he was sitting at the head of a table in a business meeting, on the forty-second floor making everyone sweat with his demands.

There were other moments he savored at those meetings, too. Sometimes he and Earl had showered together or came back from the gym after a good workout and steam, Earl liked to lie on his stomach on the bed with his knees on the floor. Paul would kneel behind him and service his ass, licking, sucking, pulling at each hair around his sphincter, pushing his tongue in as deep as it would go. Then Earl would roll over, hold Paul's head and fuck his throat, or he would push him back on the floor and fuck him. He never used lubricant, but always a condom. Only once in a while did he let Paul suck him off.

Paul thought over and over, "How does this man know what pleases me? He knows better than I do."

Once in a while, too, Earl would say to Paul, "Do my throat like I do yours. And he would kneel down, and Paul would push his dick down his throat and fuck him. Other times he told Paul to fuck his ass.

Winter was over and spring came. Paul was alive again. Earl had been with him for almost six months. Even the things Paul thought would never interest him again, interested him. The house had a large yard and Paul was surprised what Earl knew about yards and the interest he took in it. He often came home after work, fucked Paul in the throat, then went outside and worked in the yard for an hour or two. He knew what to grow where and how to make it grow well. Never had the back of the house been more beautiful. Earl was the earth. Things grew for him.

At first, Paul's friends had been disdainful of Earl. "I mean, it's one thing to get a good fuck," a particularly bitchy one had said, "But to move him in? That's going too far." But after a while, as people came to understand him, Earl became part of everything they did.

One week late in the fall, Paul noticed that Earl did not go into the back yard even one day. When Paul asked, Earl said, "I'm so fucking tired all the time. All I want to do is sleep. I'm dragging ass around on the job all day, too."

Over the next three weeks, Earl began getting fevers. "Something's going on here," he told Paul. "I don't like it, but maybe it will go away. My insides feel tight. Like my body's dealing with something big." But the problem didn't go away. Instead the fevers got steadily worse and finally went to 104 degrees. Earl would take aspirin and then get terrible night sweats. He began to lose weight, even though he ate as much as before. He was short of breath and had a dry cough. At that point they went to the doctor. They both suspected.

The doctor took one look at Earl and said, "How long have you been sick?"

"The last five, six weeks."

"Are you sure?"

"I can vouch for that," Paul had said.

"No symptoms before that?" They both shook their heads. "That's quick. You must be very strong." He paused. "You've got to go into the hospital," the doctor said. "I think you've got pneumocistis. That's the pneumonia of AIDS. I'll have my nurse call the hospital now. You've got to go now."

They sat there a minute. Paul looked at Earl's face but he could read nothing. He was stunned. Then Earl said, "Well, let's get with it, then." So they left and walked the few blocks to the hospital. Earl was deep in thought. Paul said nothing. Earl knew what to expect from him.

They didn't have time to react. They didn't have time to think. They just did what they were told. Earl was admitted easily. From his room they took him for X-rays. They took him for a broncoscopy. The doctor was there in a few hours. Paul was waiting, too. "Yes, it's pneumocistis. This pneumonia has a very particular configuration, and everything was confirmed in the blood tests and the broncoscopy." So, just like that, like lightning, Earl had AIDS. With Earl in the hospital, Paul curled up at night alone in his bed. He was terrified. He cried.

Two weeks went by. The world wasn't real anymore. It was a Fellini movie. The doctors put Earl on one drug. He had a violent reaction to it almost instantaneously and his body turned bright red and purple. They waited a few days then put him on another. It made him violently sick. They tried a third. He seemed to stabilize, even to get a little better. But his breathing was harder.

Paul was there every day. He came immediately after work bearing armloads of anything he thought Earl might eat or want. He felt closer to Earl than he thought possible, and Earl became almost incredibly casual and affectionate with him. Paul felt that he was sharing the most profound experience there could be between two people.

One night Earl wanted to talk seriously. He spoke in almost a whisper, like he didn't want anyone to hear. "I can feel this thing inside me," he said. "And it's very powerful. I've been sick before, and I've always been able to feel how strong the thing I had was. I've always known I was going to be all right. This thing's different. It's sneaky. It's like a devil. It shows up in strange places. All of a sudden pains shoot through my guts. I get throbbing aches in my head. My fingers turn numb one minute, my arms ice cold the next. I can tell you it's much more powerful than I am." He said it almost casually. "This thing wants to kill me and it's going to."

Paul said nothing. He stroked Earl's head. He could feel the fever. "They give me this Tylenol to keep the fever down," Earl said. "But the Tylenol causes me to sweat like crazy. I don't take the Tylenol. The fever feels better than the sweats. They bitch, but what can they do?"

Earl continued, "When I make up my mind, you have to help me. I never told a man I loved him before, but I'm telling you now. I love you and I want you to always know that. You're the first person who made me peaceful inside. You made me want to stay in one place with you and that was the biggest thing ever for me. Just remember what I ask you to do. I'm asking because I'm sharing my biggest event with you. Remember that."

For a long time that night Paul sat on Earl's bed. He hugged him. He held him. He comforted him. Then it was time for him to go. "Don't jerk off at all for a couple of days, okay?" Earl said. Paul grinned as he went out the door. He stopped and shivered. He began to understand.

It was after two A.M. three nights later when the phone rang. There had been no more mention of their conversation. "I want you to come to the hospital now," Earl said. "They came in and gave me an oxygen tube right after you left tonight. I won't have that. I need you to help me. I don't want to do this thing alone. Stupid, too. I don't want anyone to know what really happened just you and me."

So Paul followed Earl's instructions. He dressed all in dark



clothing. He wore a black hooded sweatshirt. He wore running shoes so that he made no noise. He went to the hospital and sneaked by the guard who was mostly sleeping, and walked up the nine stories to Earl's floor. He opened the hallway door a crack, blinked at the brightness, and waited until no one was in the hall, then he sneaked into Earl's room. All the lights were out except for a red button on a panel behind the bed that gave the room an eerie glow. Outside the window, the city stretched as far as you could see in every direction. Earl opened his eyes when he heard Paul enter the room. "Do you love me, Paul?" he whispered.

Paul answered in a whisper. "Of course I love you."

"I love you too," Earl said. "Thanks for coming to help me."

"Tell me what to do," Paul said.

Earl reached over and played with Paul's fly. He was weak, but he got the top buttons open. "Open your fly," he said quietly.

So Paul opened his fly and Earl began to play with his cock. "Anything a man knows how to do well, he likes himself. Feel how hot my mouth feels around your dick." And he put Paul's dick in his mouth. Earl's mouth was a fiery furnace. Despite himself, despite the bubbling of the oxygen line, despite his fear of what was happening, Paul's cock grew hard as a rock.

Earl said, "I'm going to lay on my back so that my head hangs over the edge of the bed. I want you to fuck my throat. I want you to fuck my throat till you cum, and hold your dick there until it gets soft. I don't want you to pay any attention to me while you do it. I want you to close your eyes. I don't want you to pull out even once for me to breathe. I want you to cum completely down my throat. Don't get cum in my mouth. After you've cum, help me up on the bed and sneak out of here."

Nothing was real. The night. The quiet. The unblinking red light, the city outside and below the window, Earl burning with fever. Paul looked around. He was all right. Earl gave him that.

"And after this?" Paul asked.

"Be proud," Earl said. "You'll have a friend like I have someday. You're somebody else now."

So Earl turned in the bed so that he was lying on his back but his head was hanging over the side. He held both of Paul's hands and squeezed them. "Remember that I love you," he said, as Paul pushed his dick deep down into his throat. Slowly he fucked Earl's throat. He could feel the heat of it, burning from the fever, and it was slick and very tight. He could feel muscles contracting as Earl's throat tried to expel the object blocking his lungs that were pulling for air. But never once did Earl choke, or his teeth touch Paul's dick. Earl's hands squeezed down on Paul's till he thought he could barely hang on. And then Paul closed his eyes. He did not need that picture in his mind. But he would feel it. He let himself feel the burning passage, the throat muscles squeezing and milking—and loving—his dick. His balls began to churn. His dick swelled and got harder. "I'm going to cum," he whispered. But he knew Earl already knew. As his cum shot down Earl's throat, he felt Earl's body go suddenly rigid. Earl squeezed his hands till they hurt, as if pushing himself against some barrier. Then Earl's whole body convulsed once and fell limp. His hands let go of Paul's. The muscles in his throat relaxed, as did his chest muscles. All the strained blood vessels in his neck and arms deflated.

When he finished cumming, Paul pulled his dick from Earl's throat. He pushed it inside his pants without wiping it in any way and buttoned them. Paul lifted Earl so that he was lying in a more or less normal position in the bed. Then he kissed Earl on the mouth for a long time and ran his hands through the hair on his head and chest. "I love you so much," he said.

Paul crossed the room, opened the door a crack and looked down the hall. There was no one there. He slipped out the door and down the stairs. The guard out front was still sleeping.

It was more than an hour before the hospital called to tell him to come immediately. Earl, they explained, had died suddenly in his sleep.

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# REPORT

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## MEESE VS. PORNOGRAPHY

The Journal of Sexual Liberty reports that Attorney General Edwin Meese announced recently the establishment of a Federal Center for Obscenity Prosecution and a task force of Justice Department lawyers to aid in prosecution of pornography. In a speech to the Los Angeles Board of Supervisors, Meese said the Center will keep track of pornography laws and give statistical or other relevant information to state and county governments and the public.

Meese said that all 93 U.S. Attorney's offices will have a lawyer specializing on pornography cases. Further, new bills are being drafted to increase prison terms, confiscate assets of pornographers, restrict erotic television programs, and dial-a-porn telephone calls. Meese claimed that there

would be no censorship or interference in First Amendment freedoms. Subsequently, at a Philadelphia speech to the Junior Statesmen of America, Meese found himself confronted with a student holding up a centerfold of Playboy and asking if it were obscene.

Meese responded that it was not obscene, but that the "housewife" would consider it obscene.

In a speech to law clerks of federal judges recently, Attorney General Meese admitted having read Playboy and Penthouse magazines, and stated that he did not consider them obscene. He also acknowledged having read what were considered pornographic magazines in his youth but said that they would seem quite tame now.

At the same time, in a suit by the American Booksellers Association and Playboy Enter-

prises, attorneys have been raised the question of the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography contacting an executive from Southland Corporation and pressuring the company to stop selling Playboy and Penthouse magazines.

Meese said that the U.S. Supreme Court has not yet ruled on whether a state can use community standards to decide whether a work is obscene. He said that men with convictions for selling obscene magazines were fined by the American Booksellers Association and the American Booksellers Association is claiming that community standards can be used to decide whether a work is obscene. He said that artistic, political, or scientific value. Under a 1973 Supreme Court decision, which established a three-part test for obscenity, a work must be found to have no social value. However, the decision did not address whether

community standards can be the basis of deciding on the existence of such value, as it can be in deciding if something is prurient or offensive. Booksellers and civil libertarians fear that if community standards could be used to decide value, a patchwork of "standards" would blanket the country and threaten free interchange of ideas. It was not so long ago, after all, when the classic novel *Ulysses* was banned in this country.

The Supreme Court also agreed to decide if states may stop stores from displaying sexually explicit books and magazines if they can be seen by minors. San Francisco has a law of this nature, though the case concerns a Virginia law much more restrictive, which bans the display of any books and magazines that are "obscene" to juveniles. Lower courts have invalidated the statute.

## RICHARD HENNIGH DIES

Monday, April 20, Richard Hennigh, the second runner-up in the International Mr. Leather contest in 1985 (when Patrick Toner won), died of complications with AIDS. Richard was Mr. Washington State Leather that year and did an outstanding job with his title. His contributions for his brothers with AIDS is considered outstanding. A wonderful young man who will be missed.

## EARLY ACTIVIST DIES

Gay activists recently mourned the death in San Francisco of Sol Stoumen, formerly owner of the Black Cat bar in San Francisco. For many years from the 1940s into the '60s, Stoumen fought with police and the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board over the right of homosexuals to congregate in the bar. The importance of Stoumen's life and fight is still with us today. The bar had its license revoked, and the bar challenged in court. The State Supreme Court ruled in that case that homosexuals had a right to congregate. So

the next time you go to a gay bar or disco in California... remember Sol Stoumen and the Black Cat.

## PITT MEN'S STUDY

A Pittsburgh, PA men's health group newsletter, Pitt Men's Study has released information which summarized work on risk factors for becoming infected with HIV (human immunodeficiency virus). The research concluded that anal receptive intercourse could account for almost all new HIV infection in our nationwide population of gay men. However, many still ask "Does that mean that oral sex is safer?" According to the Pitt Men's Study:

1) Oral sex is clearly less "risky" than anal sex. However, a small level of risk is difficult to define. There is need to follow more men for a longer period of time to fully understand this important question about transmission of HIV. At this time, it must be assumed that there is some risk in oral sex. Traditional safe-sex guidelines should still be followed.

2) Anal intercourse is clearly

the "riskiest" sexual practice for getting exposed or exposing others to HIV. By not engaging in anal sex, men can dramatically reduce their risk of receiving or transmitting HIV. By the proper use of condoms, those who do engage in anal sex can significantly reduce, but not eliminate, their risk.

Also, remember that hepatitis, syphilis, gonorrhea, amebiasis, and other infections can be transmitted by oral sex, "rimming" and other sexual acts that exchange body fluids. Therefore, the safe sex recommendations that have been widely published are clearly designed to help protect you from many important sexually transmitted diseases (STDs), not just HIV.

## AIDS TESTING

A number of countries are proposing testing entrants for AIDS antibodies. The United States will test those applying for amnesty under the new immigration law, and Britain will add AIDS to the list of diseases which restrict entry. Australia recently announced such a measure. Japan is con-

sidering such a law, and Americans are barred at most of the bathhouses in Yokosuka, near a U.S. naval base. And, African students protested in India recently against compulsory AIDS tests for foreigners. The World Health Organization will hold meetings on whether keeping people out of a country due to AIDS is justified.

## GLAD DAY IN CANADA

Canada's largest gay bookstore, Glad Day Bookshop, has won its battle to have a popular guide on homosexual life and sex practices, *The Joy of Gay Sex*, returned to its shelves after being banned by Canada Customs officials.

District Court Judge Bruce Hawkins concluded that *The Joy of Gay Sex* does not violate the obscenity section of the criminal code of Canada. The book was seized because of illustrations of anal sex. A memorandum applied by customs officials, based on the obscenity law, bans such drawings. Judge Hawkins effectively ruled that such a prohibition is not a proper interpretation of the code provision, which de-



finds obscene materials as those that unduly exploit sex, or sex combined with crime, horror, cruelty, or violence.

"I find that the book deals rationally and unsensationally with the sexual practices of a substantial segment of the male population," Judge Hawkins said.

However repugnant the concept of anal sex may be to the heterosexual observer, it is, I find, the central sexual act of homosexual practice. To write about homosexual practices without dealing with anal intercourse would be equivalent to writing a history of music and omitting Mozart."

*The Joy of Gay Sex* had been available for the previous nine years and had sold almost 10,000 copies in Canada.

## JOURNAL OF SEXUAL LIBERTY

One of the most fascinating and informative newsletters to be found in this country is the *Journal of Sexual Liberty* printed monthly by The Committee to Preserve Our Sexual and Civil Liberties, a tax-exempt California corporation dedicated to providing for community educational activities to promote understanding of sexuality and the socially productive uses of sexual atti-

tudes and behaviors. The newsletter is only \$5.00 for six monthly issues. Write to: The Committee to Preserve Our Sexual and Civil Liberties, PO Box 1592, San Francisco, CA 94101 1592.

## COORS BANNED

David Scondras, Boston's only openly gay city councilor, used his influence to make sure that there will be no silver bullet in Fenway Park this season. Scondras helped the city of Boston work out an agreement with management of the park to ban Coors' Beer from refreshment stands during home games. Scondras worked closely with local labor union representatives to get the Sox not to sell the beer manufactured by a company which has been roundly criticized by gay rights advocates, unionists and human rights activists.

"Boston baseball fans should not be subsidizing a terrorist war in Central America," said Scondras. "Nor should they help support a family that is dedicated to attacking the rights of gay people, blacks, women and unions."

Scondras suggests that sports fans everywhere should find out if Coors is being sold at local sports arenas and protest if it is.



Courtesy of GOOD JACKS

## CELIBACY STILL AN ISSUE

In *These Times* recently reported that though dioceses are unlikely to commission any scientific studies in the near future, the number of gay priests and brothers appears to be on the rise in recent years. seminarians and clergy said Ethics professor Dan Maguire of Marquette University said this trend is "not out of the goodness of Rome's heart. Rather, they've been short on priests for the last decade or so and this is Rome's way of filling the bill. Maguire, who was once a priest on the faculty of a seminary in the '60s, said there used to be great concern if a candidate showed "a hint of gayness. If the guy was not sufficiently athletic, he could be booted." It was only when the bishops realized they would soon have no priests that they began admitting gays.

Maguire said a friend of his was recently being recruited by an order, and he explained to the order that he was gay and did not think he could make a

commitment to celibacy. Maguire said the order responded to the man that celibacy meant "a commitment to the goals of the group." The man subsequently declined the invitation, saying that he was dismayed by the order's lack of integrity concerning its stated goals.

In Maguire's view, allowing gays in the priesthood also clarifies a certain rank ordering of those considered "misfits" by the Roman hierarchy. "The church will take gay men (as priests) before they'll take married men who are 'tainted' by women. Both of these groups will be preferable to women. This—and the fact that the hierarchy, like society, has a view of gay men being effeminate and therefore inferior—makes me think that at the bottom of most of this is more than a bit of misogyny."

Maguire added that the best hope of the church would be for the hierarchy to declare a '20-year moratorium on pelvic issues."



Photo by GERALD DUNYAKA

## TACKY BUT NOT OBSCENE

The U.S. Court of Appeals ruled that a St. Louis city ordinance outlawing cross-dress-

ing and "lewd and indecent" behavior is unconstitutional. The ordinance had been used to harass gay bars, transvestites and transsexuals.





# MUSICIANS

PHOTOS by LARRY TOWNSEND













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# LEATHER BULLETIN BOARD

## FRANK O'ROURKE'S COMMENTARY

We have all read the honpla about the dirty laundry and infighting between the evangelicals and the charismatics. They sound like a fourth rate soap opera. Frankly, they get little sympathy from me since they have never been our friends.

These people have never particularly bothered me, since I know the Jerry Fatwells of the world will inevitably, through their own meanness and bigoted perspective, suffer the fate of the Anita Bryants.

What does bother me are people like Pope John Paul II, Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger and the American Roman Catholic hierarchy. On the one hand we have the pontiff and the head of the sacred congregation for the doctrine of the faith, Cardinal Ratzinger, inveighing against homosexuals and pronouncing the sinfulness of their lifestyles. At a time when AIDS is decimating our community, this seems pretty crass and insensitive to me. No sooner does the dust begin to settle from this proclamation than they come out against in vitro fertilization so young married couples can not fulfill their need to have children. Here we find a group of celibates who have denied themselves sexual fulfillment condemning different groups

of society an opportunity of being themselves. The Pope does not address the fact that about 25% of priests in this country are homosexual. That makes sense when vocations for the priesthood are declining every year and to oust this segment, if they knew who they were, would be catastrophic. The pusillanimous American hierarchy have no real sense of conviction. They are self-serving because they know that if they challenge Rome they will suffer the fate of the Archbishop of Seattle and be stripped of their positions and authority. Rome comes before the American Catholics and that is why so many people are leaving the church every year.

As a moral teacher, the Pope should consider how he appears to Americans when he permits Marcinkus to hide out in the Vatican City from the Italian police who have a warrant for his arrest in the Ambrosian bank affair. The Pope had to pay hundreds of millions of dollars from the grand thefts that occurred during the Archbishop's tenure as head of the bank. God's bank was ripped off and some of the men involved with Marcinkus have committed supposed suicide or been outright murdered. Instead of turning Marcinkus over to the police and allowing the judicial process to take its

course, Pope John Paul II points out that the Vatican City is a sovereign state and he is its sovereign ruler. Of course the Archbishop has lost the grand prize, the red hat of cardinal and prince.

There was an item in the news that the United States Secret Service was requesting more money from the Congress to beef up security for the Pope's visit this fall. Since when do we give Secret Service to a purely religious leader? Of course, our government is not looking at this man as entirely a religious leader, he is a head of state and we have diplomatic relations with the Vatican. Where is our vaunted recognition of the separation of church and state?

This raises one more very curious point. There are ten American citizens in the United States, Rome and Puerto Rico who are Cardinals and Princes. These men owe loyalty to the sovereign of the Vatican City and the supreme pontiff of the universal church and will elect his successor. I believe that American cardinals should divest themselves of their titles and refuse to be electors of a foreign state. The U.S. Constitution specifically rules against Americans accepting titles from foreign countries. They argue it is religious, but the primary functions are to advise

the Pope in the operation of the Vatican City and to elect the next head of state. They should be shepherds of their own flocks and not sheep who bow to the medieval proclamations of Rome.

The electronic ministry of the evangelicals and the charismatics and the Roman Catholic Church have one thing in common and that is the pursuit of the almighty buck. Each never seems to be able to have enough. Each knows how to use it to live an opulent life. If the churches would spend their wealth, especially Rome with its vast treasure hoard, for the needy of this world, they would be indeed walking in the footsteps of the simple fisherman of Nazareth. Remember, the only time that Jesus became truly angry in the Bible was when he drove the money-changers from the temple.

Now, Rome is asking American Catholics to generously donate to Peter's Pence, which will be collected throughout America's churches. With the falling dollar, the church claims to be in dire need of money from its "American daughter." Here is the opportunity of letting your own bishops know how you feel about a Pope who lacks sensitivity and flaunts the law. Vote by not giving Rome a single penny!

—Frank O'Rourke

## JASON GOES COUNTRY

The Rocky Mountaineers Motorcycle Club will be having the fourteenth annual Golden Fools Run on the weekend of July 1-5. The race starts at noon from the altitude of 9,000 feet and a competition bike ride through some spectacular mountain views. A charity fund has been set up for the benefit of the National Cancer Institute. There's also a cash prize for a checkride. For more information, contact This is one of the best motorcycle runs in the country. Write to: RMMC, PO Box 2629, Denver, CO 80201 for applications and information.

## SIGMA NEWS

On May 11, Sigma will be considering what one can do with a weak and responsive dog: beat it, flush it out, stick clothes and a hat over its eyes, up where it can't see, or a short walk around the perimeter, or use a stick to prod the startled animal away, or do what is exciting to the thing and so, at the moment, escape.

Any one who has been in a life-saving situation says that it would be wrong to be satisfied. One satisfaction stresses problems and mechanics of the situation should contact them. They are considering a program on such relationships.

Into wrestling? Contact Everett at (202) 726-0729 for the latest info on dates, times and sites. For more information on events or membership in SigMa, write: PO Box 30651, Bethesda, MD 20814-0651

## HONORING THE FALCON GOD

The Wasatch Leathermen Motorcycle Club will present Falcon Flight '87 August 6-9, 10,000 feet high in the Uinta Mountains of Utah. Should be exciting, breathtaking and cold at night. Take something warm! Their new address is: Wasatch Leathermen MC, PO Box 1311, Salt Lake City, Utah 84110-1311.

**AVATAR CLUB  
LOS ANGELES**

An organization dedicated to professional development and empowerment, the South Mountain Experience is a new addition for their meetings. This Berkeley, CA, in North Hollywood, the rap sessions are open to the public and focus on various topics relevant to the way S.M. experience. May 23rd - June 24th - S.M. and the Law don't miss this one. July 23rd - Temperature Tips - will be a hot session. All rap sessions begin at 8:30 PM. Contact Avatar Club, 7869 Santa Monica Blvd., #316, Los Angeles, CA 90046.





## GAY MALE S/M ACTIVISTS

GMSMA is a not-for-profit organization of gay men who are seriously interested in safe, sane and consensual S/M. Their purpose is to help create a more supportive S/M community for gay men, whether they desire a total lifestyle or an occasional adventure, whether they are just coming out into S/M or are long experienced.

Their regular meetings and other activities attempt to build a sense of community by exploring common feelings and safety and responsibility, to recover elements of our tradition and to disseminate the best available medical and technical information about S/M practices. They have sought to establish a recognized political

presence in the wider gay community in order to combat the prevailing stereotypes and misconceptions about S/M while working with others for the common goals of gay liberation.

GMSMA is based in the New York City area, and their meetings are held in the Lesbian and Gay Community Services Center at 208 West 13th St. The meeting on May 13 will be on body decorations (tattoos), and considering some of the beautiful work of members and abilities of NYC-based tattooists, this should be an informative and visual forum.

For membership and program information write GMSMA, 132 West 24th St., New York, NY 10011.

## WINDY CITY BONDAGE CLUB

Existing specifically for the teaching/learning experience, enjoyment and enhancement of bondage in all its forms, WCBC is a club whose purpose is to provide a meeting place for men who consider the grey hanky the only color to have. It's a way to have a forum in

which to explore and exchange ideas and practices. Whatever you're interested in—ropes, mummification, shaving, suspension, sensory deprivation—they explore them all. In short, it's meant to provide an environment in which to have safe and sane fun. WCBC, PO Box 268767, Chicago, IL 60626-8767.

## THE DRUMMER WEEKEND

Thursday, June 25th, the festivities in San Francisco begin with Fetish and Fantasy at the Powerhouse Bar, the Bare Chest Contest at the S.F. Eagle and special appearances by the regional Mr. Drummer winners, International Mr. Leather and International Ms. Leather.

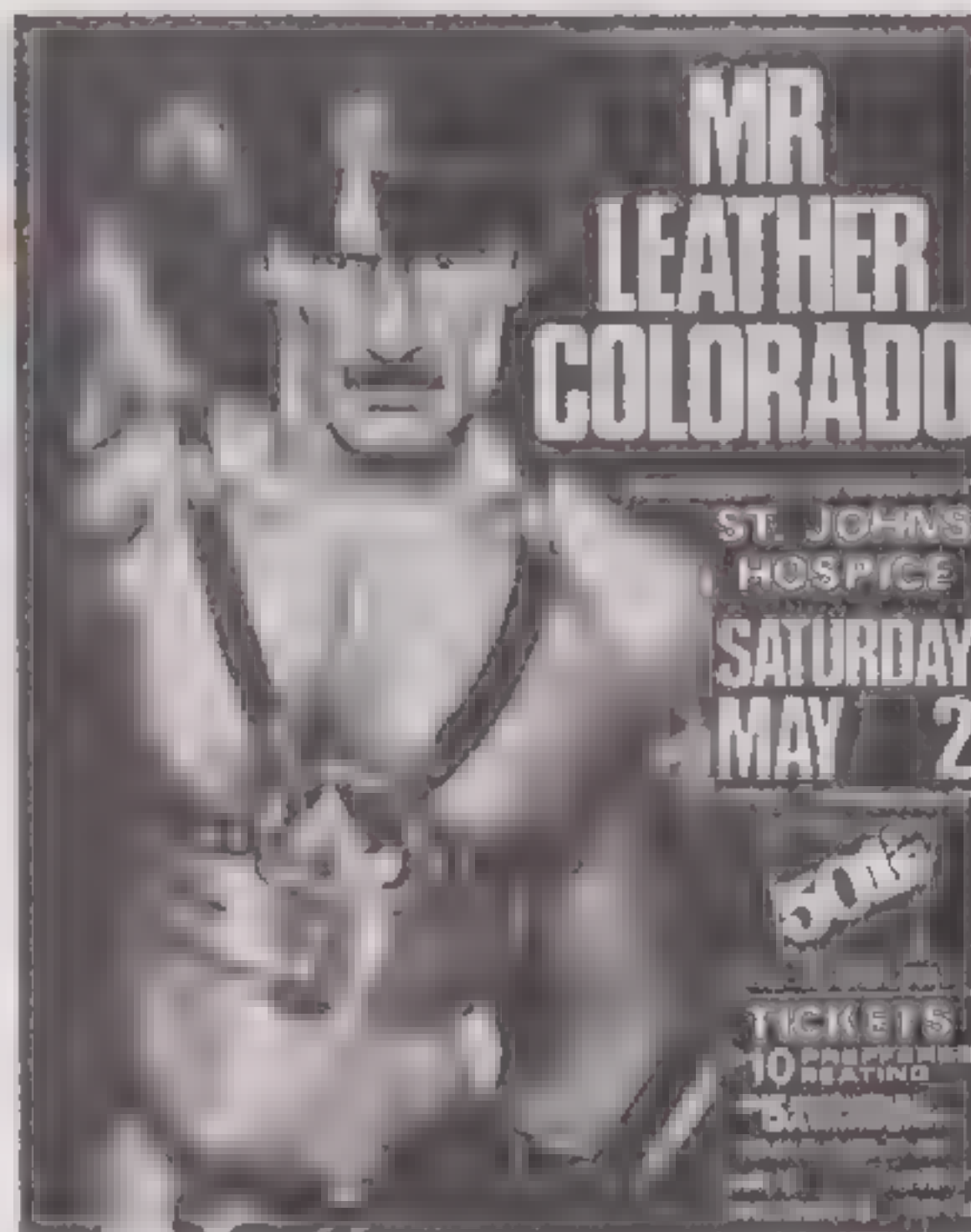
The 1987 Mr. Drummer Contest will be the most elaborate ever produced. Eight winners of regional Mr. Drummer contests and invitational Mr. European Drummer will compete for the honored title of Mr. Drummer 1987 on the evening of Friday, June 26 at the spectacular Club DV8. The contest will have several entertainment surprises this year, including a new show-stopping performance by the Fantasy Masters

team of JimEd Thompson and Chris Burns. Following the contest will be a Leather Dance Party until 2 A.M.

On Saturday, June 27 the 82 Gay Bodybuilding Classics, a gay bodybuilding competition to benefit the Gay Games, will be held in San Francisco.

The largest and most exciting Gay Day parade in the country will wind its way down Market Street on Sunday, June 28. The San Francisco Lesbian Gay Freedom Day Parade and Celebration is an exciting and momentous event. The winner of Mr. Drummer 1987 and regional winners will ride on the San Francisco Eagle's South of Market float into the leather community of San Francisco.

Tickets for the Mr. Drummer Contest and Leather Dance Party are \$15 if purchased



## MR. LEATHER COLORADO

ST. JOHNS  
HOSPICE  
SATURDAY  
MAY 2

TICKETS  
10 DOLLARS  
SEATING

## MR. COLORADO LEATHER CONTEST

Drummer's Associate Editor JimEd Thompson will be among the panel of judges at the seventh annual Mr. Leather Colorado Contest to be held May 2, 8 P.M., at the 501 Bar in Denver. Always a big event in the Mile High City, this year a

special performance by stripper and porn star Chris Burns will highlight the evening. Proceeds from the event produced by Productions M.A.N. will go to St. Johns Hospice for the Leathermen of Colorado for an evening of leather and fun.

before June 25 and \$20 the day of the contest (if any are left). Send check or money order made payable to Desmodus, Inc. Mail to: Mr. Drummer Tickets, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. Visa, MasterCard and American Express cardholders may order by phone—(415) 864-3456.

For the convenience of leathermen around the country, Drummer has encouraged a local travel agency to put together an economical package for Gay Pride weekend in San Francisco. It includes three days and two nights at this year's host hotel, The San Francisco, a hosted dinner before the Mr. Drummer Contest, admission to the contest and Leather Dance Party, plus much more for only \$179 (air fare not included). Contact Navigator

Travel, 2047 Market St., San Francisco, CA 94114, or call (415) 864-0401 for arrangements.

## DRUMMERBOYS WANTED

Drummer needs good looking, well built men to participate in the fantasy sequences of the Mr. Drummer Contest. You must plan to be in San Francisco by Thursday, June 25, be willing to take direction while assisting the hottest leathermen in the country with their fantasies and have a good time. For further information, send a photo along with your name, address and phone number to: Drummerboys, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101, or call JimEd at (415) 864-3456. Do it now, boy! We need your body!





### A LANDMARK EVENT

The First International Ms Leather Contest came up a winner with style and class. The Club DVB was filled with drama. Mistress Kathy and co-producer Patrick Toner, International Mr. Leather 1985, are justly proud of their organizations and the contestants. Fifteen competitors, from the visually dynamic Mistress Destiny, a "Behavior Modification Therapist" from Detroit, to Bobby Foster, a no-nonsense leather lesbian from Palm Springs with a wonderful sense of humor paraded before six judges who represented the gamut of feminine leather. A difficult choice at the least . . . but when the

winner was announced, all those gathered agreed that no better choice could have been made.

Judy Tallwing McCarthy, a strikingly handsome, full Apache Indian and mother of six has become the first International Ms Leather. Judy has a background in political activism, she was the 1978 delegate from Arizona to the Democratic Convention, the Southwestern delegate to the International Year of Woman and was a political front runner in Arizona before she discovered her true self. With the help of an understanding husband she re-oriented her life.

Perhaps we can understand

her feelings best from the closing quote of the speech she gave at the IMsL:

"When any minority, such as our leather and S/M community, is invisible, it becomes easy prey for those who would deny individual freedom, who would deny even life itself."

"Our community as a whole must remain visible and we must stand united on our common ground of freedom to be who we are."

Congratulations from Drummer to IMsL Judy Tallwing McCarthy, first runner-up Shadow Morton, Ms. San Francisco Leather 1987 and second runner-up Rainbeau of Oakland, California.

### FIRST LINK

The National Leather Association's newsletter "First Link" is becoming better all the time. The new format and expanded information is a definite improvement. The new logo is excellent also.

MAY DAY!, a leather weekend brought to you by the NLA and the Seattle Dungeon Guild begins on May 1 and culminates on May 3 with the Mr and Ms. NLA competition. The weekend will also feature separate dungeons for men and women, each of which will be available for nonstop action for three days and nights. This is probably the biggest and most well-thought-out event in the Northwest, so don't miss it. Drummer's Tony DeBlase will be there as a judge for the contest, assuming he survives the three days of dungeon partying!

The NLA's Living In Leather II has been changed to August 28-30 this year, so as not to conflict with the National March on Washington in October. Plan to attend both. Contact the NLA by writing to PO Box 17463, Seattle, WA 98107.

### T-BOLTS RIDE SCHEDULE

The weekend of June 18-19 will be the joint Anniversary Run with the Long Island Spuds of NYC to all places. The Island.

The weekend of July 18-19 the T-Bolts will host the EC MC of NYC and the Bucks of Pennsylvania for a weekend of fun including a Sunday ride to a concert at Tangierwood.

Contact the T-Bolts through their president, Jacques Carie, 49 Bartlet Ave., Norwalk, CT 06850.

### NEEDLES AND PINS

Tattoo and Piercing Celebration II will be held at an as yet undisclosed location in Los Angeles, July 4. Fledermaus attended the first party last year in San Francisco and greatly enjoyed the company of so many beautifully decorated male bodies. If living works of art are your thing, don't miss this one. For info write: Giles, 500 South Los Robles, #101, Pasadena, CA 91101.

### MR. DALLAS DRUMMER CONTEST

The Trestle, 412 S Haskell in Dallas will be the sight of the Mr. Dallas Drummer Contest on the evening of June 5th. The winner of this local contest will participate in the regional Mr. Southwest Drummer Contest in Houston on June 14. For information and contestant ap-

plications call (214) 828-4959.

### FETISH AND FANTASY

Alan Seby, owner of Mr. S Leathers in San Francisco, will host the second annual Fetish and Fantasy Night at the Powerhouse Bar in San Francisco, Thursday, June 25 at 8 P.M. Well-received last year, the function is geared to the gay, lesbian and bisexual leather communities. With demonstrations given by members of The 15 Association, The Knights Templar, The Outcasts, The Society of Janus and more. Money raised during the evening will benefit the AIDS Emergency Fund. So bring your favorite fetish or create your own fantasy and join the San Francisco leather community in celebration of our diversity, and meet the Mr. Drummer 1987 contestants at their first public gathering.









# XXIV

by J. A. R.

A crowd gathered for the auction of the latest war captives. Rome ran on slaves and their wars fed the demand for new merchandise.

The auction was routine and uneventful until slave number XXIV was offered. He was no more than eighteen, but his body was the most spectacular of the day. He had muscles on top of his muscles and each one was bulging and perfectly defined. While the previous slaves had reconciled themselves to their fate and stepped obediently on the block, it took six men to get XXIV on the block. He kicked one in the balls and sent another one sprawling. They had to chain him for inspection. He was stripped to reveal a mass of manhood of which any bull would have been proud.

"I want him," Titus told his friend.

"Why would you ever want a rebellious slave like that? He will never give you anything but trouble."

"I have hundreds of slaves, anyone of which will submit to being fucked and enjoy it, but that one will always be a man and would never get any pleasure from being used like a woman. He would only submit if he fully acknowledged me as his master and accepted my control over him. The challenge would be breaking him so he kept his wild spirit but submitted his body to my absolute domination."

Several prospective buyers headed to inspect XXIV, but stopped midway when Titus headed for the block. He was the richest, and had the undisputed reputation of being the cruelest slave owner in all Rome. A murmur went through the crowd; such a proud and arrogant slave deserved to be a victim of Titus' uncontrolled wrath.

Titus stepped onto the block. XXIV stared him directly in the eyes and Titus saw hatred burning deep there. He ran his hand softly over the boy's straining muscles then lifted the two huge balls hanging between the boy's legs. XXIV spit in Titus's face. Titus slowly wiped his face, turned to the auctioneer, and in a quiet voice of controlled rage said, "One copper piece." The crowd, collectively wanting to see XXIV broken, offered no other bid. The boy was sold for the lowest price possible.

The next time Titus saw XXIV was that afternoon. XXIV's feet, wrists, and neck were locked in a strong wooden stock that held him erect and legs spread. XXIV's mouth was painfully held wide open by an extra-large ball gag. The boy was in one of Titus's torture chambers. Titus knew the trainers could carry out his every instruction. In their hands the boy could suffer.

"Let's see, where were we when you so rudely interrupted," Titus said mockingly. "Oh, yes, I remember. I was about to test your balls for soundness."

Beads of sweat broke out of XXIV's forehead as Titus began to squeeze his nuts. The vicelike grip torturing his testicles soon had him squirming. He released his grip and had the boy's scrotum tied with a leather thong. Titus couldn't see the hatred burning in the boy's eyes as weights were added.

Titus watched as a giant phallus was shoved up XXIV's ass, filling his guts with pain. The pressure against his young prostate caused his dick to swell into a pole, pulsating with passion and covered with thick heavy veins supplying the blood gorging it to gigantic proportions. Straining did not expel the mighty invader but provided more pressure within XXIV's dick.

"You just need some time alone to think," Titus said. "I will see you tomorrow evening."

XXIV's eyes filled with terror when he saw the eunuchs enter the chamber filled with excitement of having a whole man to vent their frustrations upon. The only thing in the room they wanted was rock hard and sticking straight from between his legs. In no time, one had locked on it and began frantically sucking and pulling. When one tired, another quickly took its place. All night and all the next day, they had XXIV's full and undivided attention focused on what they were doing.

XXIV's balls popped their load eight times before Titus finally returned to find the boy near total exhaustion as the last eunuch was being pulled away from the boy's never-flagging dick.

"I trust you were not bored in my absence," Titus said holding the boy's head up by the hair. The hatred still burned in the slave's eyes. Titus smiled to himself and left the room. Even after his ordeal with the eunuchs, it took four guards to





hold him while the blacksmith permanently riveted extra-thick wrist and ankle manacles and a wide heavy slave collar in place. His powerful muscles restrained with heavy chains, XXIV was taken to his cell to rest and regain his strength. Titus planned to break him with endless torture, not exhaustion.

When rested, XXIV was chained to a plow yoke lined with spikes to prevent him from pushing it with his chest. The power to pull the plow would come from straining arms and legs. His nuts were trapped and painfully separated by a small leather ball harness with a leash attached. The leash was pulled and XXIV had to move the plow forward to relieve the tension on his testicles. While a long supple switch kept the boy's bare ass alive with pain, as each red welt was created, the straining muscles within the weighty buns twitched and danced under the blow. Until he was broken, XXIV would spend most of his days pulling the plow. Any time in his cell was spent wearing a tight-fitting, all-metal, wire-pouch jockstrap locked over his manhood to prevent him from masturbating or even having the gratification of a full hard-on.

Titus knew the strengths of the male body. As XXIV learned, also its every weakness. Suffering the months of torture Titus had planned would take XXIV to the pinnacle of pain while his pleas for mercy fell on deaf ears.

**E**arly in the breaking process, XXIV fitted with a painfully tight ball harness with a chain hanging from it and his body covered with thick grease, was stretched his full length lie up, on a long grease-covered board, supported at his feet by a hinged base and at his head held up by a rope running through pulleys to a 30-gallon leather bag tied directly over XXIV's head. The harness chain was secured to a peg. His hands and ankles were tied to the ends of poles running beneath the board to keep his powerful arms and legs spread so he could not clamp the edge of the board. Small greased cylinders had been slipped onto the poles forming wheels to prevent XXIV from scraping the poles on the bottom of the board.

When Titus was satisfied that XXIV was free from friction and

powerless against the pain planned for him, a large metal ring was wedged into his mouth forcing him to keep it wide open. A hole was punched in the bag and a soupy mixture of shit and stale piss splattered in XXIV's face. He shook his head trying to avoid the shitty stream, but a wretched taste filled his mouth. As the bag became lighter, the head of the board slowly lowered while the foot remained the same height. The incline caused XXIV to start slipping, taking up the slack in the harness chain, and stretching his balls. The greater the incline, the more his nuts suffered. All XXIV could do was slide on the board, endure the steady stream of shit and piss, and suffer the pain of his testicles being slowly abused.

Much later that night, as the board was reaching a 45-degree incline, XXIV's gonads were holding back almost his full body weight. He was gagging and choking from endless spitting out and swallowing the putrid liquid in between gasps for air and screaming. With the bag almost empty, Titus stopped the torture.

Titus, pleased with his new slave's ability to absorb pain and endure prolonged torture, even used the boy as a guinea pig for new agony-producing techniques. As when, XXIV had his elbows pinioned with a pole across the small of his back and his wrists chained together tightly across his stomach. A second pole secured with leather straps around his hips, waist, chest and forehead kept his upper body almost totally immobile. He was gagged with a ball gag with a plugged tube running through it to force him to breathe through his nose. His ankle cuffs were chained to a long spreader bar.

XXIV was lifted off the floor by his feet, with his legs painfully spread as far apart as possible, until his head just cleared the floor. He tried to struggle when he saw the large jugs of water set before him, but to no avail and a funnel spout was buried deep into his fully exposed slave asshole.

The first jug was dumped into the funnel and XXIV's gut quickly filled. The second had him trying to squirm. The third had him frantically attempting to free his hands. Titus did not think the slaveboy could hold any more, but the fourth jug proved him



wrong and had him screaming.

Strong vinegar was poured into XXIV's nostrils as he breathed in, causing him to suck it up into his nose and sinuses, creating an intense torture with agony so great he almost forgot about his stretched gut. He was in total excruciation.

The funnel was removed and shit stench filled the chamber as the slave emptied himself. His upside-down position caused his shit to run all over his body and face. XXIV was filled to capacity and unplugged repeatedly. Toward the end of the session, he was producing a clear liquid. Near exhaustion, he was washed with jets of steamy hot piss furnished by twenty slaveboys who earlier had been forced to drink their fill of water, then had their hands tied behind them and their dicks tied off bent double.

An unexpected but delightful side effect, the boys' near-bursting bladders caused their dicks to spring to a full hard-on when untied. This worked well with the end of the session Titus had planned. The plug in the gag was removed and XXIV was raised until his head was waist high. Three boys stood in line to insert their dicks deep down XXIV's throat through the tube and till his mouth with their hot piss. It was either drink or choke. He drank.

Titus and his friends were connoisseurs of torture, pain and suffering. They felt, like a great painting, agony should also be displayed. He planned an elaborate banquet.

When all the guests and groping slaveboys were lounged around the banquet hall, a chained and struggling XXIV was brought in dressed in a tight loincloth and short white chiton trimmed in gold. A gold band rested across his forehead while gold rings had been shoved up his arms and appeared trapped there by his bulging biceps. He wore sandals held in place by leather straps tightly crisscrossed all the way up to his knees. Just the sight of this magnificent creature caused many a slaveboy that night to have his balls squeezed.

XXIV was lead to the middle of the room where the mystery equipment was draped. Titus removed the covering to reveal a huge restraining device with chains, pulleys and levers. XXIV was stripped and, with the exception of the hair on his scrotum, a completely shaved body was revealed. His arms were secured in slack chains over his head, and his feet were chained apart on a teeter board. Once he was secured, the guests watched with fascination as a small ball, covered with spiked studs and mounted on the end of a shaft, being pushed up the boy's ass produced a giant hard-on. His massive dick was held in position by being threaded through a horizontal tube mounted firmly in front of him. His mouth was stuffed with a huge ball gag. Two dicks, bristling with cactus needles, were affixed a hair's breadth away from touching the boy's bulging pectoral mounds and the tips of his tits. Titus stepped up with the final piece, a cup lined with needles that left a space slightly larger than XXIV's huge glans when fully swollen. It was locked on the end of the tube and enclosed the slave's monstrous throbbing strawberry.

The blocks steadying the teeter board were removed and the torture began. The chains holding his arms and the board he was standing on were connected to the levers and pulleys activating the spiked ball. His squirming caused the ball to be pushed, pulled or twisted in his ass. The more it pushed, pulled or twisted, the more he squirmed. His squirming also caused his tits and glans to be pushed onto the sharp points to produce even more squirming.

While XXIV was desperately trying to maintain his balance, and to add to his humiliation, the guests were invited to participate before the meal was served. One by one the hairs on the slaveboy's balls were plucked out as souvenirs, then the skin sac was bathed in alcohol.

Titus did not tell his guests the needles had been tipped with venom from bee stingers, but XXIV's cries of pain let Titus know that his secret treat had been discovered and its effect was being savored. The leisurely meal was enjoyed by the guests as XXIV's sweaty, squirming, muscled-bound body and muffled screams furnished the entertainment.

For months upon end, XXIV endured torture after torture

designed to break him. Slowly the pain began to show the results Titus was expecting. He noticed XXIV began to struggle less and less before each session as if he had come to accept being at the complete mercy of whatever Titus wanted to do to him. He did not like being owned, but subconsciously, XXIV was accepting the fact he belonged body and soul to Titus.

At last, Titus decided it was time for a final breaking torture session. After having been left in his cell for two weeks to fully recover his strength, XXIV was dressed in a loincloth. He walked chain-free to the torture chamber. Upon arriving, he offered no resistance when Titus stripped him.

In the middle of the chamber was a pool of water. At the end of the pool was a six-foot-diameter iron rim held in place by four spokes mounted on a hub and axle. The bottom of the rim dripped into the water. XXIV allowed himself to be chained spread-eagled to the wheel. He bit his lips as his tits were pierced with hooks weighted with lead.

"Heretofore, I have set the limits, but this session will end when you call me Master and beg me to fuck you," Titus told XXIV.

The wheel was turned. Just before XXIV's head went under the water, his massive chest swelled as he took in air. To add to XXIV's agony during the time his head was under water, his ass was set on fire with a paddle filled with holes. His tits, cock and balls were lashed with a long leather cat-o'-nine-tails that had been soaked in a strong brine. His body was a mass of pain, but he let the session go on for more than three hours until Titus was keeping his head under water for almost two minutes. But to prolong the boy's agony as long as possible, he was allowed to recover between dunkings.

Finally, XXIV came up gasping for air and begging, "Please, no more. I'll do anything. Just please stop."

Titus knelt on one knee and with his face close to XXIV's dripping head softly said, "That was not what I wanted to hear."

XXIV could not bring himself to say it. He was resubmerged and his ass pounded even harder. When Titus finally let him up, the boy was choking from the first stages of drowning. As his head cleared the surface, panic stricken and spitting out water, he gasped, "Please fuck me." He was upright.

XXIV broke. Lying his head on his chest in defeat, he said, "Master . . . please fuck me, Master."

The hooks in his tits were replaced with permanent gold rings, and XXIV was returned to his cell. Two nights later the boy, bathed, dressed and his beautiful muscles oiled, was taken to Titus. Upon entering the room XXIV did not know what came over him, but he dropped to his knees to kiss and lick Titus's feet then repeated with conviction, "Please fuck me, Master."

Titus raised the boy to his feet, slowly removed the chiton from his shoulders and lowered it to the boy's feet, then stripped away the loincloth. This time being naked in Titus's presence caused XXIV to turn red from a mixture of embarrassment and humiliation. The boy lay face up on a leather-padded bench and submitted to Titus chaining his spread arms to eyelets mounted in the floor. A leather strap secured his hips to the bench. His legs were spread wide apart and chained over his shoulders, fully exposing his asshole.

Titus stripped and mounted the inviting V formed by XXIV's chained legs. Without lubrication he aimed his hard cock at the helpless brown rosebud. As XXIV sucked in his breath from the pain, Titus lowered himself slowly to impale the boy. It was a long excruciating fuck for XXIV, but he did his best to keep his ass muscles clamped tight for Titus's enjoyment. As he deposited his load of hot cum deep into his slave, Titus moved on top of the boy and kissed him. XXIV opened his mouth and let his Master's tongue freely explore it.

In a last act of defiance, a chained XXIV clenched his teeth and tensed his body, determined not to scream or squirm as his Master placed his mark of ownership on his ass with the red-hot branding iron. As the boy's flesh sizzled and seared with smoke, Titus looked into XXIV's eyes and was not disappointed. The hatred still burned bright. □



# SCOTSMAN

## IN LEATHER

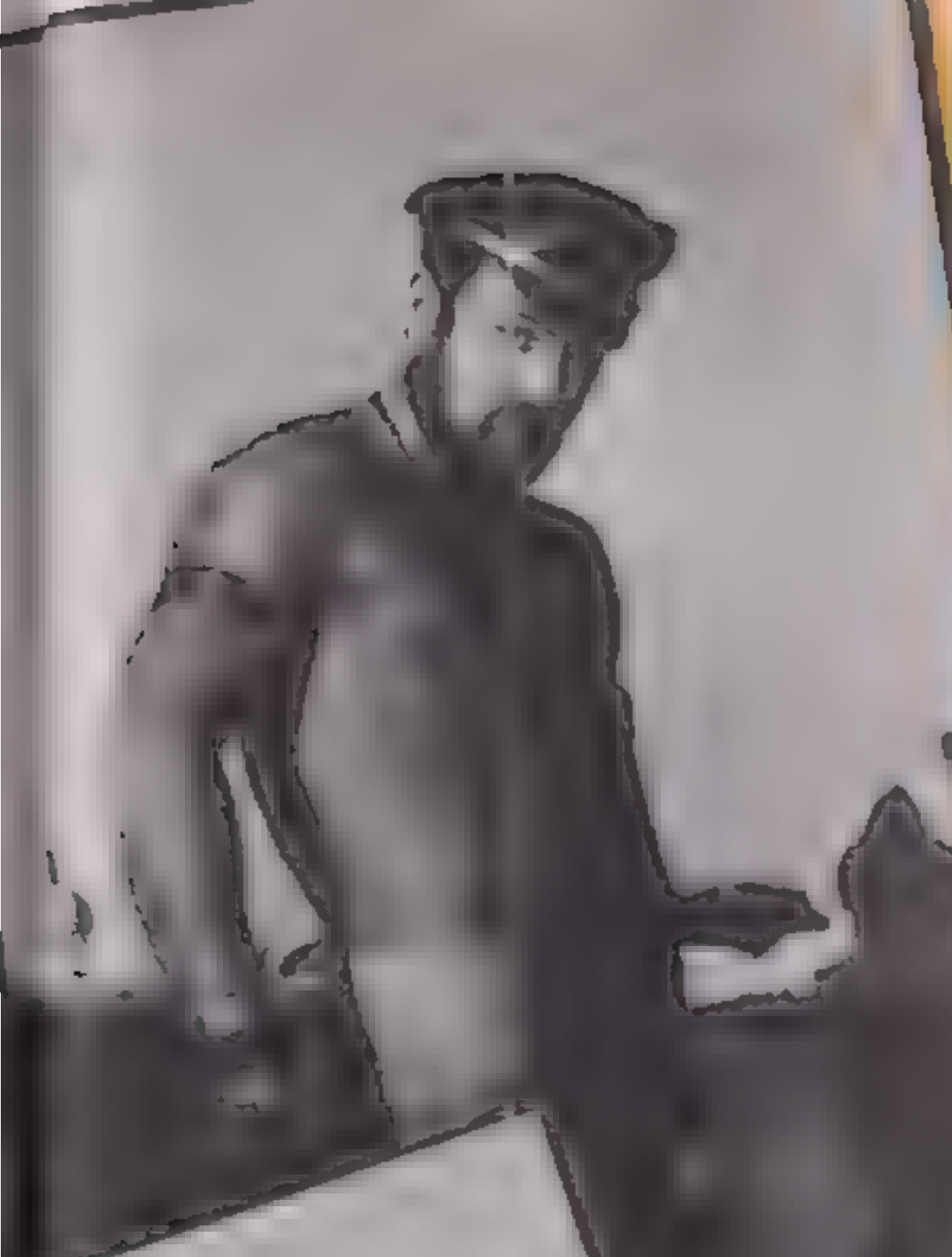
STEFFAN LIVARNO

PHOTOS by ROBERT FRIJAN









or the first time in the history of the Mr. Drummer Contest, we will have a European representative. Although the first official Mr. European Drummer contest will not be held until 1988, three European bars are sponsoring an invitational contestant.

Steffan Livarno, originally from Scotland, will represent The Eagle in Amsterdam, Netherlands; Platzjabbeck in Cologne, West Germany; and Boots in Antwerp, West Germany. These bars, as well as many others throughout Europe and Scandinavia, will sponsor local or regional contests between now and the spring of 1988. The finals of Mr. European Drummer are scheduled to be held at The Eagle Amsterdam in early 1988.

Steffan, a frequent traveler between the U.S.A. and Europe, is 5'6", 165 lbs., 31 years old, and is an Aquarius. While staying in the U.S., Steffan resides in Seattle, Washington, and in Amsterdam while in Europe. Steffan promises his fantasy segment of the contest will be unique and exciting.

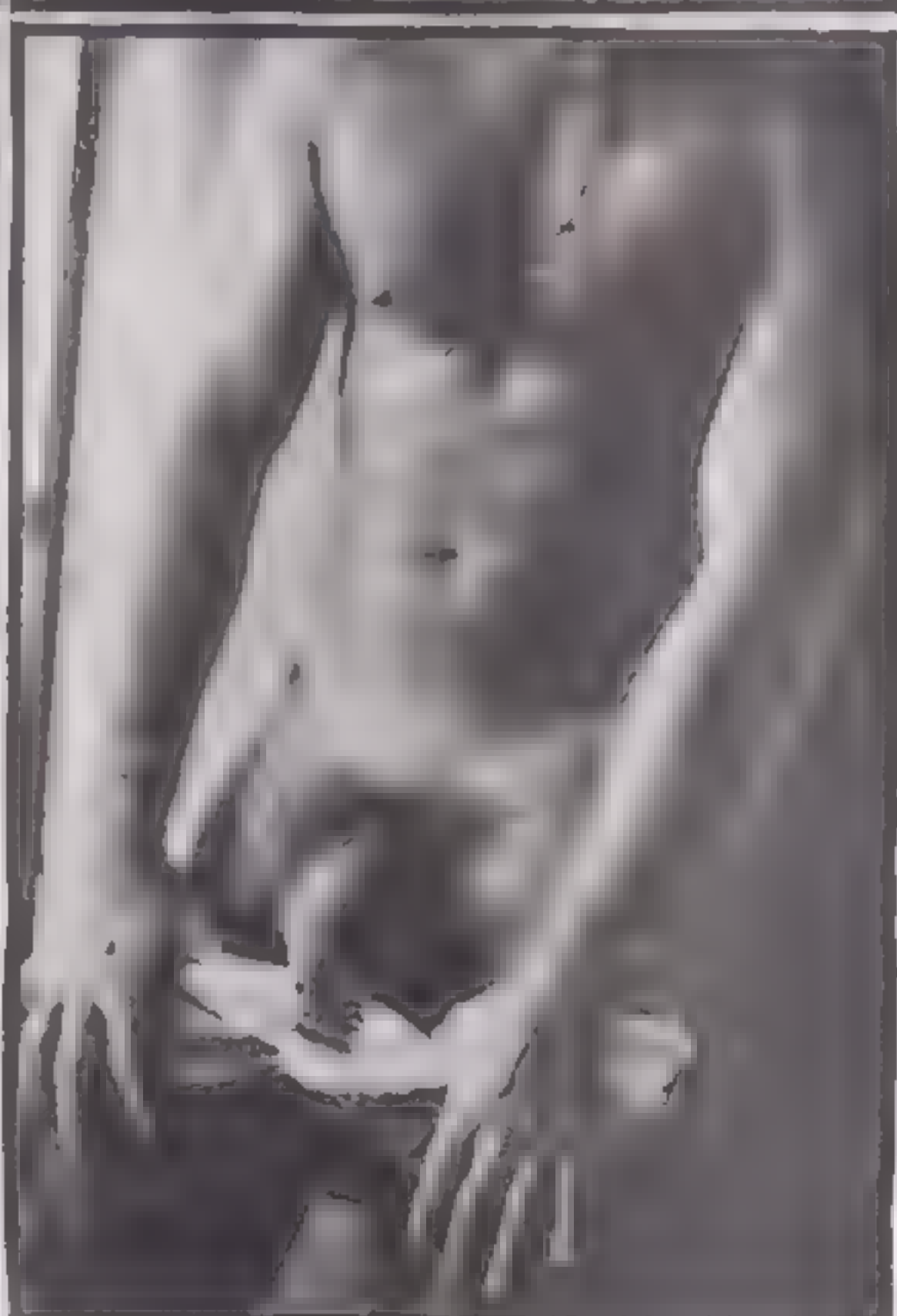
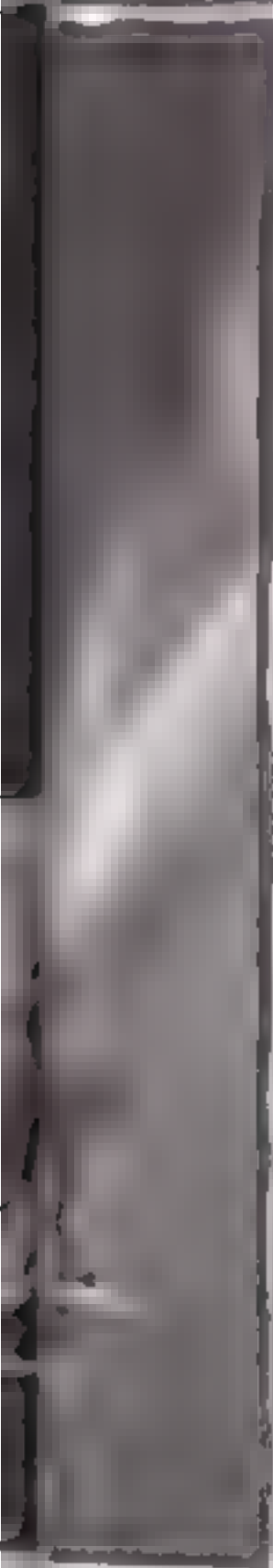
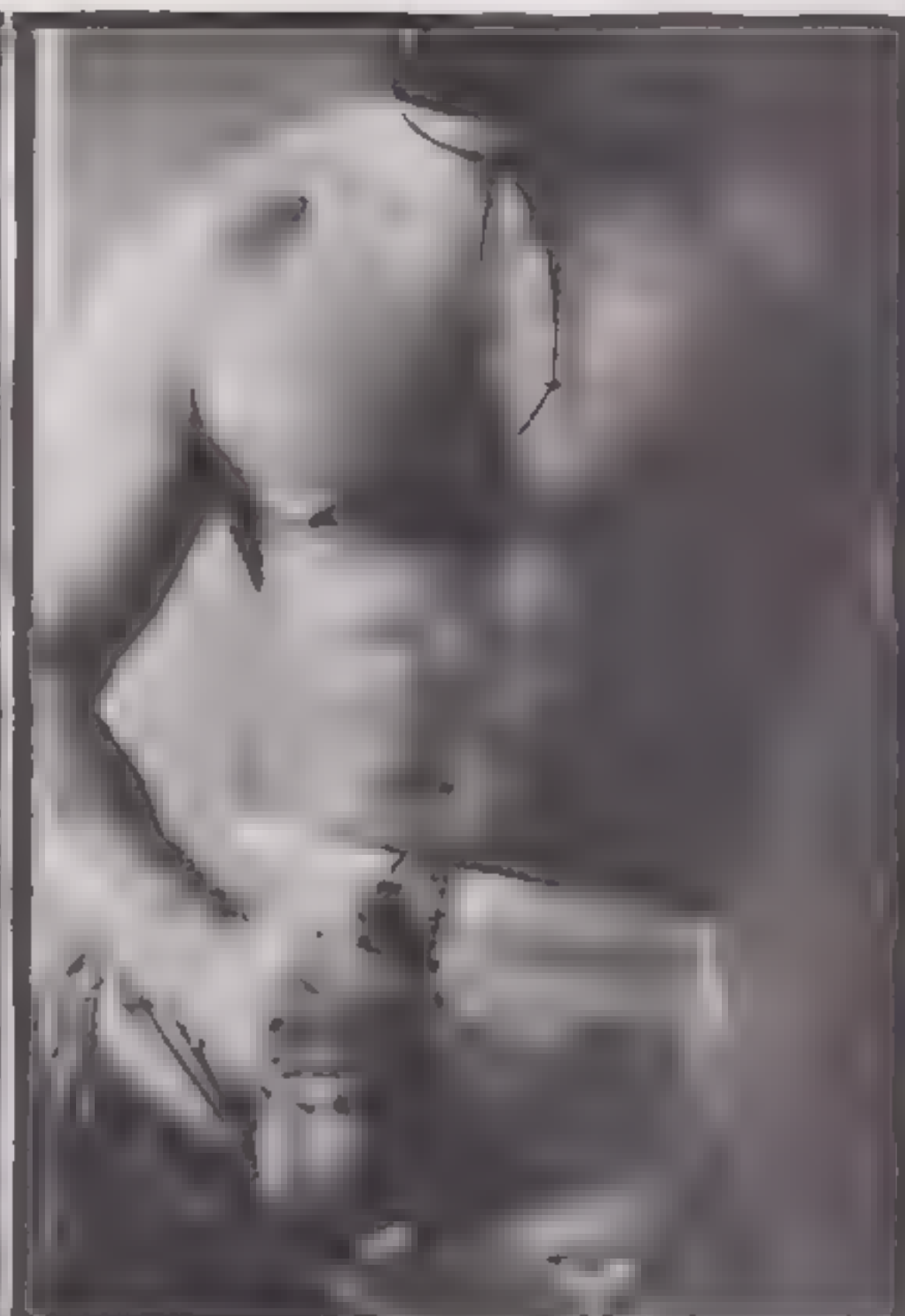
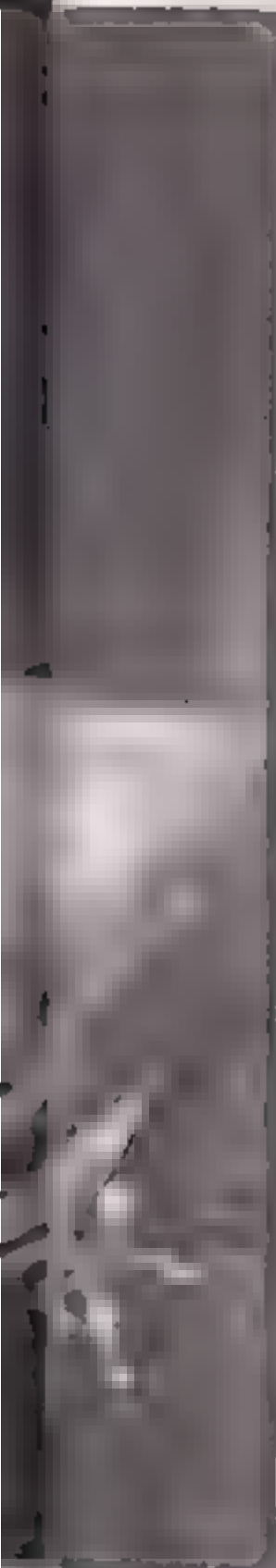
*Jim Ed Thompson*















# WFA

**I think con  
truly great—the m**

**Who wore at the  
Born**

**And left the**

LEON



# RRROR

by Tim Barrus

Continually of those who were  
names of those who in their  
lives fought for life.  
their hearts the fire's center.  
on of the sun they traveled a  
short while towards the sun.  
the vivid air with their honor.  
—Stephen Spender



Everything had changed. The solid feel of the semi-automatic rifle in Pawnee's hand was comforting. Military-green webbing had been carefully strung tree-to-tree which hid Pawnee's warrior group from aerial sighting. For the first time in a long time Pawnee felt safe. This place where they fucked was his favorite.

Early morning's sun was only just beginning to burn the summer dew off the willow poplar that lined the banks of the stream. Light filtered through onto them—dancing—as if it were distant music from a faraway deer meadow. The air was mountain cool. Pawnee and Tewa were on the sand next to the stream. Naked. Pawnee held onto his gun, but then he was rarely without it. A few of the men from Pawnee's group were quietly bathing knee-deep in the frigid water. Occasionally a boy laughed as only boys know how to laugh.

One of the younger ones wanted to be chased downstream. Chased naked. Their innocent games had grown more intensely sexual, even nurturing, the closer they evolved toward one another as friends, as brothers. And now that they had been together such a long time each one of them considered each one of the others as a lover. Lovers. They were warriors. Each man, each boy, had sworn in his own running-warm blood to defend the lives of his companions to his raging death. Warriors. They would not be taken alive. Brothers. Everything had changed.

During June's snowmelt the stream they bathed in resembled a small river more than it did a stream. It was perpetually ice-flow cold. A man's robust nuts could squeeze themselves tight-up into his hard male belly; standing waist-deep in that water. It was a nameless Sangre de Cristo stream. Pawnee and Tewa made love next to the water while the others watched. Silently approving. Directly across from them on the other side of the stream three other warriors gracefully merged. They had killed that week. It had been good. And now they needed this. They all needed this. One warrior stood silently even arrogantly while his brother knelt in front of him to suck on the offered dark-looking erection. It was not the erection of a boy. The kneeling man sucked hungrily, wildly. The standing warrior ran his hands through his brother's hair.

A third magnificently muscled warrior with a longknife tied to his naked waist also knelt, putting his face into the standing boy's sinewy ass-crack. Eating. Worshiping. The cock that was being sucked ejaculated its thick warrior's nectar into the supplicant's full-lipped mouth in what seemed like long slow-motion gulps of cum. The warrior then shared his languid mouthful of treasured cream with his two lovers, his brothers. The three men stood kissing, tongues wetly mingling. Male groaning. Sharing sensuously the spermed semen. Beasts.

They were warriors and they could kill. Some did this thing well. Killing. They had learned how to hate. How to fight. They were warriors and they could also love. Some—most—did this just as well. Loving. It was what brought them together because they had learned how to survive. They killed to survive. They loved to survive. Both the love and the killing were a form of significant lascivious revenge. Justice. "Sing the song of the sky," they had been told by three amused Tsimshian Indians who had



sought them out and had hunted them down, although not to kill them, but to instill within them the spirit of the battle. "We have waited generations for your kind to begin this battle. Now, this is the owl flying downward, circling. Tired of all songs—the salmon where the swift current moves, circling, runs circling. Their call is urgent. The sky turns over. They are calling for all of your kind to swim against the river. We are with you in this battle, but the battle is yours." They had earned much from the Indians and owed a great debt, for it takes magic to swim against any river. "Only warriors," the Tsimshian had explained, "will hear the night owls fly."

Everything had changed because everything had been altered. There were those who said it could never be done, that it could never happen. Not to them. There are, of course, always those who will say it can never be done, that it cannot happen again. Not here. If the Indians taught them anything, they taught them to respect the current that the salmon swims in—against. It can always be done. It had been done many times to many peoples. The old ones took new names. Pawnee had not always been Pawnee. Tewa had once been known by the name of William. The William he once was now seemed like a distant hypnotic dream too surreal to believe. He now swam like the salmon and flew like the owl. The hunted will often become hunters themselves.

It always took the new ones, new arrivals, a long time to deal with the majestic enormity of it. Their comfortable it-can-never-be-done-here reality had been devastated. It had, indeed, been done. Here and everywhere. Again and again. The new ones frequently spent their first few days in the camouflaged basecamp of the resistance simply standing around as if they were in some kind of deep hopeless alienated shock. There was no going back—nothing to go back to. New ones were always fed and cared for. In time, even the fat educated crybabies could learn to fight.

Hope was invested with the warriors. Hope. But the new ones could not be expected to see that at first. They needed time. The new ones always seemed to say the same thing over and over again. Everything's different now, they'd say. It always took a couple of weeks for the new ones to realize just where they were. It takes time to adjust. New ones did a lot of crying at first. They had usually seen at least some of the exterminating and a lot of the exterminated. No one knew how many of their kind had perished. They were much too busy surviving to concern themselves with the enormity or the politics of extermination. Their morality was the morality of survival.

The crying would pass. The old ones never cried. They listened, watched, waited. Groups of warriors patrolled and occasionally conducted raids, killing those who hunted them. The raids were always swift and always deadly. The old ones fucked—loved—as much as was possible because this bonding, they said, this fucking would be what saved them. New ones were people who had been there, had discovered this base of the resistance, for anywhere from a day to six months. Anyone who survived there

six months became an old one. Age had nothing to do with how the rest of the resistance perceived you. You were either a new one with your old name. Or you were an old one with a new name. You were either dead or you were Indian even if you were not Indian.

The warriors took Indian names. Tewa was one of the old ones, although Tewa had never shot a man. Tewa was twenty-one years old, one of the original members of the resistance. Tewa was eighteen and named William when the quarantine, the rounding up, had started. Nameless trains ran past the far end of his father's sprawling ranch at night. Will could hear them. Always at night. "I can see it coming," Will's father had said. "This kind of thing has happened before. You will have to hide, do you understand, Will?" Will told his father yes. Although he did not understand. Tewa would never understand.

"I want you to live, do you hear me?" Will said nothing. "No matter what," his father explained. "You must survive this." Will's father had spent eighteen years teaching his son how to survive in the Sangre de Cristos. "But," he cautioned, "this will hardly be a hunting trip. Don't come back. Ever. For anything. Or they'll find you, boy. You will have to become a warrior." Will's father paused. "A man." Will had never seen his father cry before.

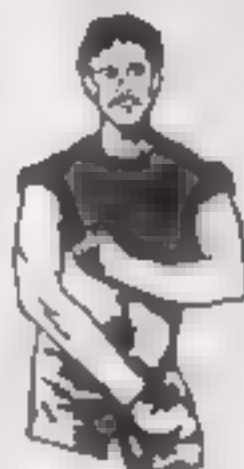
There were more of them than there had been in the beginning—people arrived from everywhere. Mostly from cities. Mostly in shock. The resistance always found those who were searching before those who were searching found the resistance. The warrior patrols were very very good at what they did. Nothing moved without their quiet awareness. The Sangre de Cristo mountain range stretches from Colorado south toward Mescalero Apache territory. Almost Mexico. The Mescalero had helped them many times. Mescalero had died for it, but then the Mescalero were good at dying. They had been doing it for centuries as opposed to a few struggling dispossessed years. The Apache knew about extermination. As did the Pueblo and the Jicarilla. Anyone who was smart enough to escape the quarantine's ovens, lucky enough to be found by a warrior patrol, willing to fight back, and strong enough to survive the Sangre de Cristo, could join the resistance. They were not Indian, but they could learn. The warriors had never been this strong in two years. They were now beginning to strike at the heart of those who hunted them with unheard of savagery. Savages. Warriors.

Tewa had helped in finding their remote location, their current hiding place, this rough outpost in the mountains of New Mexico. Their base was so remote, so off the beaten path, that they had not been discovered by those who were looking, hunting for the resistance. Yet, Tewa had not been a part of any of the warrior raids, any of the fighting back. That had been Pawnee's doing. Tewa stayed behind because Pawnee had ordered him to do so. Tewa longed to kill the men who longed to kill Tewa.

"Trust me," Pawnee had explained. "I cannot lose another lover or I shall go mad." Pawnee was different. Pawnee was thirty-five. Thirty-five and hard. Pawnee had killed. He had been

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entrusted with an entire group of young warriors. He was a leader. There wasn't a warrior among them who would not have died for this man. Pawnee's leadership was quiet but it was total. They fucked beside their guns naked on the sand next to the stream.

It was one of the few moments during their day when they could afford to concentrate all of their accumulated energy into each other versus always listening, looking, patrolling, watching, waiting. Someone from the outside might come, stumble onto them. They could be found. It was possible. One kept one's nerves jagged-sharp and one waited. Everyone had a gun. Sex was a release. Where it used to be something one took for granted, it was now something Pawnee and Tewa did as if this was the last time they would ever fuck, ever love anyone.

Every kiss, every breathless moment, every muscular spasm of warrior cum had to count. It had to mean something. Tewa knew that his fucking Pawnee helped the older man to lose himself into something other than the nagging community demands of survival. Pawnee could tie his rigid guts into emotional knots and Tewa's thick young warrior's cock was the only thing that could untie the older man from his nightmares. Pawnee was damn tough. Tough as an owl circling for its prey.

Where Tewa was young and cocky, Pawnee was undisturbed and calm. Pawnee's eyes were steel-grey and cold. He was not Indian but his hair was long and Indian black. Tewa's eyes were brown and almost smiled in their warm sexual softness. Where Pawnee was bearded with only a whisper of grey around the edges, Tewa was blond and boyish. "You need me to fuck you," Tewa said. Pawnee said nothing. "How long has it been Pawnee?"

"Just fuck me," the older man said. "We didn't come here to talk."

Tewa mounted his warrior brother and ran his hands down Pawnee's muscular back. He bent down and kissed the large pinkish raised scar where Pawnee had once been shot. Tewa had

asked about the scar—obviously from a wound—but Pawnee had said nothing. Tewa opened Pawnee's hairy mounds and put his face into the older man's incredibly beautiful butt. He kissed the small rectum which was surrounded by a wet forest of licentiously dark male ass-hair. The hole opened. Tewa sucked. Tongued. Probed deeply into the darkness of his brother's bowels. Pawnee moaned. "Fuck me. It's been a long time, Little One."

The swollen head of Tewa's blood-engorged meat pushed slowly yet aggressively against his friend's shithole. Pawnee bucked up his hips a bit to suck in the younger warrior's shaft. And Tewa fucked him. Tewa butt fucked him, penetrating into Pawnee's bowels, fucking him on the sand, next to the river, tucking him until Pawnee wanted to scream or shit. Pawnee rarely had another man's cock in his ass with any sense of pleasure since—the past. He wanted to get over that. Leave it behind him. He wanted this new lover with this new life to fuck him, to fuck him unalterably, fortuitously, and hard.

Pawnee tried not to think about his lover from the past. All of that had somehow been translated into abrupt kaleidoscopic horror. There was only now. "Cum in my ass, Little One," he said to Tewa. "You are my life." And the young warrior who had never been allowed to kill another man poured his tongue down Pawnee's warm throat as Tewa jismed a load of ripe spawn into the older man's tight hole. Tewa sighed. Pulled out. Pawnee turned over and held the warrior he called Little One in his bulky arms. The river, swollen with its own delicious snowmelt, laughed at them as it sped toward the distant Rio Grande.

Nothing was the same.

Tewa and Pawnee were two of the best hunters in the resistance. They always came back with food. And they were very careful about not being caught. They hunted with bow and arrow because guns were too loud. Arrows could be retrieved where



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bullets cannot be used again. Bullets were left for raiding parties and the hearts and foreheads of men, the men who hunted them.

They had been gone from the others for two days. A deer with a reddish hole in its gut hung by its neck on a blood-soaked rope tied to a tree not far from their small tent. They were completely hidden in a clump of pinon close to the treeline. Everything from the animal would be used—the hide, the fat, the meat. Nothing would be thrown away as garbage. They had no garbage. It was foreign to them. Tewa had a small supper fire lit. "You have to eat something, Pawnee. You will like this venison."

"Where did you learn to cook, Little One?" Pawnee asked. "I like everything you cook." Pawnee's gun lay on his lap.

Tewa laughed softly. It gave him much pleasure to serve Pawnee. "My father taught me. I wonder if he's okay? Sometimes I hear that they take the parents."

"None of us can go back to wherever we came from."

"Sometimes I think about sneaking back, Pawnee. Just to see it's not all that far from here, you know."

"I know."

"It was my father who told me to go. So I went. He did not want me to tell him where. I wonder what he'd think about us taking Indian names? Living like this."

"I think he would approve," Pawnee said, taking a large bite from a piece of deer meat. "At least we're alive." Tewa looked at his lover, Pawnee's right forearm bore the bluish tattoo—#223998769. Pawnee never spoke of it.

"Tell me about the camp, Pawnee. I know that you escaped, but you never talk about it."

"No, Little One. I don't want to."

"I need to know."

"Why?"

"Did you have a lover? I was too young for any of that—lovers..." Tewa laughed again. "But somehow my father knew. What was it like then, this having lovers?"

Pawnee paused. "It was good. My lover's name was David."

"Was he beautiful?" Tewa thought about the way he looked. Men liked the way Tewa looked. The others were always touching him, teasing him, feeling his soft thick uncircumcised cock, fondling his hanging ball-sac, making him hard. In two years Tewa had only seen his reflection in the river, and he often wondered about what they all had looked like before. "I need to know if David was beautiful."

"Very," Pawnee said. And he leaned over to kiss his Tewa fully on the mouth. "Now, stop asking so many questions and get me something to drink." Tewa returned the kiss and poured Pawnee some of the soft pinon tea he had boiling.

"What happened to David, Pawnee?"

There was a silence but Tewa had grown accustomed to them. "We were put in separate parts of the train they took us to. I don't know, Tewa. I never saw him again." Pawnee sighed and looked into the fire. "Sometimes I dream that we will meet. It is only a

dream. David is the past and the past is gone."

"What's it like to do killing, Pawnee. I want to go with you on a raid. I think it's my right."

"Sure, it'll be your right when I say that it's your right. And not before, Tewa. Do not ask."

"I am a good hunter. I can kill!"

"No."

"Tell me about killing!"

Pawnee looked toward the deer hanging from the tree. "No."

"Why?"

"I have lost everything, Tewa! Do you need me to lose more! I want you to live!"

Tewa put his cup down and went to his half-naked warrior lover. His brother, Pawnee had put his head in his hands. He looked into Tewa's young eyes. "I will go inside of you, now." It was not a question. Their sleeping bags had been zipped together for many months. Tewa had resolved never to unzip them. It pleased Tewa to sleep with Pawnee. The older man always held him firmly as Tewa curled himself warmly, tenderly into Pawnee's muscular naked frame. Sleeping next to Tewa could produce an aching hard-on, even in Pawnee's most delirious sleep. Their lovemaking was cortical, slow and tender. Tewa's tanned back was pushed against the hardness of the ground yet it was the hardness of Pawnee's massive cock that filled his soul with longing. Tewa raised his legs, wrapped his young arms around his warrior, and urged his brother to push into his bowels. Pawnee spermed into the ravished young hunter, crying softly inside of his psyche that he could still experience such momentous pleasure. He was alive and he would never be taken alive.

It was pitch-night, Pawnee was half-sleeping when Tewa asked, "Why did you and David get caught. You are much too smart to get caught, Pawnee." Tewa softly kissed Pawnee's left ear.

"David didn't believe."

"Believe what?"

"That it could happen to us."

**T**hey were brothers. They were lovers. They were warriors. They were the resistance. Occasionally they killed. Often they loved. They survived. When they had been in one mountain place long enough they moved because they were invisible. They moved like the mountain wind at night, black, silent and irreproachable. Slowly others found their way to them wherever they were. "Let me fight with you," Tewa would ask the quiet Pawnee. "I can kill!" And Tewa would laugh.

"No," Pawnee would say very softly. Seriously. And they would make love beside rivers, in tents, under the stars at night. "I need you to live." Everything and everyone had changed, except the mountains which had become their home.

At night, safely wrapped in his lover's warrior arms, Tewa would swear that he could hear the owls fly. □

## Yorkshire Whip and Braiding

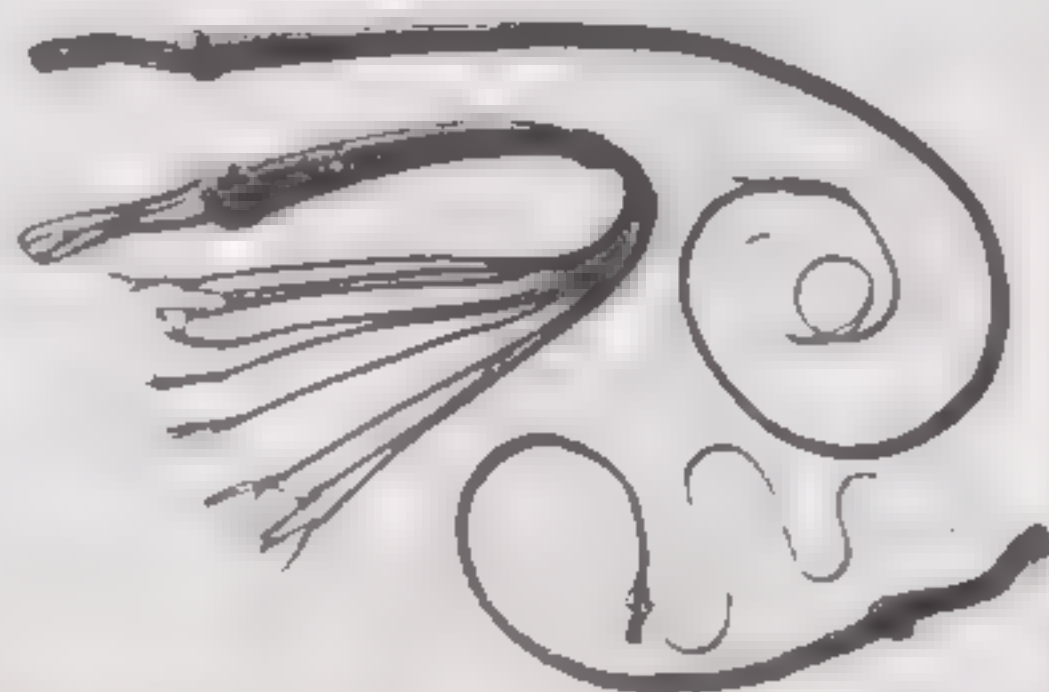
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By Cavelo  
Desmodus Press  
04-MAR-1576

# Press Release

by  
Cavelo

DIJON, France—The Duke of Burgundy upheld the rape and kidnapping convictions of a man who was arrested at his home for assaulting a teenage boy in 1575. Jacques Michel Dargent was sentenced to public castration for the September 1575 rape and abduction of a 17 year-old boy.

Upon his arrest, Dargent was questioned regarding the incident. Burgundian authorities admitted they had to resort to torture in order to obtain a signed confession but denied charges by Dargent that he was repeatedly sodomized while he was secured to a wooden table while awaiting torture.

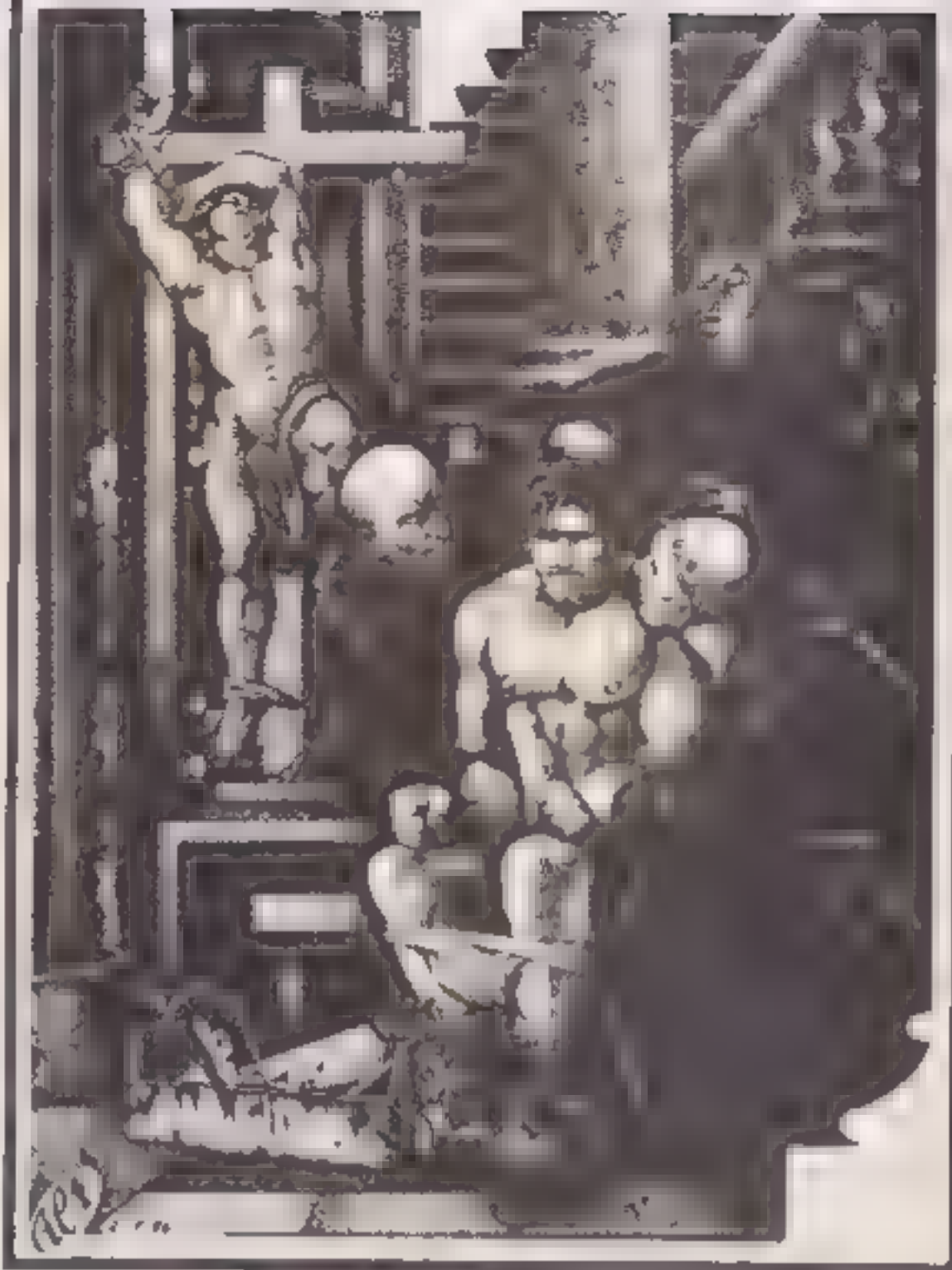
Dargent, a 30-year-old mercenary from Normandy, said "One of my interrogators punched me about five times in the stomach and said he was going to throw me out the window unless I told him the truth." He was also kicked in the groin several times before blacking out.

Burgundian authorities admitted that Dargent was subjected to the standard torture or alleged homosexuals—the Rectal Pear. (The Rectal Pear is described as a metal instrument that is forced into the rectum of the prisoner there expanded by force of the screw to the maximum aperture of the segments. The inside of the rectum can be irreparably mutilated, nearly always fatally so and the pointed prongs at the end of the segments serve better to rip into the intestines.) Dargent confessed to the crimes only after enduring a few minutes after the insertion of the instrument.

Despite pleas of clemency by relatives and the Archbishop of Dijon, the Duke of Burgundy sentenced Dargent to be publicly castrated. The punishment will take place on the 10th of March, in front of the Church of St. Michel. /L  
DP-LO-04-03-1576 2025EDT/L







**Mari**  
by FR, A



## CHAPTER 3

*Continued from Drummer 102*

**A**fter I had left Master Ivan and returned to my cell, his words rang in my ears. I was going to become a "sex slave." Ever since I had entered the service, I had gotten myself off whenever I could find the privacy to do it with my pictures of Betty Grable and Veronica Lake. Jesus, if I was going to be a sex slave, why couldn't it be to them? I'd die happy! The way Ivan shoved my face in his crotch, I suspected that he wasn't planning to sell me to some woman. The damndest thing was that I was still a virgin; I had never been to bed with a woman. Eventually, I fell into a troubled sleep.

In the morning I was given a dish of fruit and taken to the bathroom where I was allowed to relieve myself. I was turned over to two men who forced me to bend over a table where my hands and feet were securely bound by straps attached to the table. A greased tube was forced up my rectum. I was warned not to release the water which was being pumped into me until I had been granted permission. I had only been given an enema once before, and I tried to think of it as another medical examination. After I had been cleaned out, I took a shower.

After we were finished, I was conducted to a suite of rooms where I found Master Ivan waiting for me. He looked even bigger than the last time. I felt intimidated and again I became aware of

As I approached the chair, my face was at crotch level. I stopped a couple of feet short of his legs. Master Ivan leaned forward and grabbed me by the hair and shoved my face into his crotch. "None of this little-girl shyness. Cocks and the servicing of them will be your life's interest." He paused ominously and said in hard, unrelenting terms, "If you don't learn how to satisfy men quickly, then your new Master will not accept you and we shall have to put you through the Grand Course. This means that you will learn what pain is. Those who go through the Grand Course are sold to dirty brothels, where they can only be expected to last a few years before they die."

Terror gripped my inner soul. I had never felt such fear before. I had been involved in battles in North Africa, killing men and watching others die around me. I had traversed most of Sicily before finding San Sebastian. Yet, none of these perils had ever affected me.

"Unbutton my fly and haul my cock and balls out."

My fingers were clumsy and my legs trembled as I opened the broad belt and sought for the buttons. Because the pants were so tight, the buttons popped open faster than I would have wanted them to. His hard stomach came into view and beneath it the blond hairs which announced the emergence of his fleshy tube. While I had been taking gym in school and in the barracks, I had avoided looking at other men's equipment, since they did not interest me. Now, I was going to participate in a very perverted scene. I wondered if I would be able to participate in it, or would I be thrown into the Grand Course? I thought of suicide as my only recourse, but I had my whole life ahead of me. I could escape. Now, I had to face the fact that I must become proficient at what this man wanted from me. I didn't have to enjoy it.

Gently, I pulled the Master's heavy cock from his pants. My fingers probed deeper as I sought to pull his balls out. This was more difficult and Master Ivan gave me no assistance. Finally, his bulbous balls rested against the seersucker cloth. Reality was here. All of my senses were at their peak. I could smell the maleness of the man. I leaned forward then buried my face in the wiry bush, tentatively. I stuck my tongue out and played it through the hair. Master Ivan made no move, allowing me to go at my own pace. As I tongued the hair, I grasped the heavy cock. It leaped in my grip and I dropped it, startled by the life in it. I went back to it and squeezed it gently. Pulling back, I looked at the heavy column. I kissed it along its length. The fat veins began to glisten with my spittle. I found myself engrossed as I orally tended it. I had forgotten the Master as I experienced new sensations. It was not as repulsive as I had thought it would be. I lifted the head and looked at the piss slit. For only a moment I hesitated, then I tried to bury my tongue in the slit. The cock was beginning to grow in response to my ministrations. I took the head in my mouth. I sensed that my teeth could damage the fleshy tube, so I was careful not to let my teeth rub on the pulpy head. The breadth of the cock made me open my mouth wider than normal. I took a deep breath and plunged down on the shaft. I began to suck on it. As I found it easier, I became more engrossed in what I was doing. I noticed that it had gotten steely hard, but I worked harder on it. My first attempt to swallow the shaft only caused me to wretch and gag, but I soon learned to keep it under control by swallowing it as it traversed the glottus and padded into the throat. At last I was taking it all.

I sensed the urgency of Master Ivan, but he made no effort to urge me on or even touch my head. I glanced up at him once and saw him staring at the ceiling as he puffed on his cigar. This

# meluke

## ANK O'ROURKE

my nakedness. He wore a polo shirt and seersucker pants, both of which clung tightly to his body. His massive fists were clenched, his knuckles resting on his hips. He looked at me expressionlessly.

"Sit." He pointed to the floor. I sat without a word.

Walking across the room, Master Ivan took a seat in a wing-backed chair. Reaching into a humidor on the table by his side, he extracted a cigar and carefully unwrapped it, clipped off the end, and lit it.

Now, we can begin. I have received instructions from your new owner. It seems that I am going to have to dispense with some of the more traditional training regimens we usually put our slaves through. I am not a bit happy with the idea that you are not to be beaten or marked. We have only a few days and during that time you will become a good sex slave. Your Master has not said whether he plans to use you, or just what." Master Ivan paused, rolling the cigar in his mouth and blowing rings toward the ceiling. Now, you will spend all of your waking hours learning how to make love to a man's body with every part of your body. I will supervise your training and participate in it, but because of the time factor, you will not service me exclusively. Spreading his legs apart, he beckoned me toward him. As I started to rise from my seat, I felt the hair on the back of my head rise and my entire body break out in a sweat. The moment of truth had come. I was sure that if I refused, they were capable of killing me and dumping my body into the cold, murky waters of the Bosphorus.

"No," Master Ivan barked, "on your hands and knees."



lack of concern or interest only drove me to greater effort. I sucked harder. I held the shaft in my throat, trying to work my throat muscles around the mighty shaft until I could not breathe anymore. Then, it happened. Master Ivan's thigh gripped me and I felt the cock begin to swell even larger. He started to cum as the shaft was buried in my throat. I had not planned to swallow it. As I pulled off of it, more and more cum filled my mouth. It tasted sweet to me and I did not hesitate to swallow it. I kept on sucking it until I got every drop. Well, so much for that, I thought. I'm now a cocksucker!

"Sit," Master Ivan pushed me away from him. "You say you have never sucked before. I have to believe you. It was a lousy job, but you have promise."

The rest of the day was spent in improving my technique. My asshole was stretched with various sized dildoes. Before the day was out, Master Ivan fucked me, and it was a puzzling experience. It was nothing like the dildoes. The dildoes were nothing but intrusions, stretching my sphincter. When Master Ivan fucked me, I wanted to hate it. We did it on a broad bed. It started dog fashion. With all the stretching, I was still tight and the pummeling of my hole made me sweat. We changed positions and I lay on my back with the huge blond on top of me. For the first time, he kissed me, his tongue invading my mouth, and I sucked on it. His fingers played with my tits. Where endurance was my role at the beginning, my own cock got hard and I found responding to the thrusts to be natural. My breath became labored as he filled me with his fiery cock. I heard moaning and groaning. It took me a moment to realize that these sounds were emanating from my own lips. Except for wet dreams, I hadn't beat off for over a month. Ever since my capture, I had been so frightened that sex was the least thing on my mind. As that fat cockhead abraded my prostate and our passions battled with each other, my balls began to boil and demand release. Just before my Master shot his load, my own cock began to pulse and our bodies became covered with the cum that shot out.

As we laid back in the bed, I thought about what had happened. Was I queer, or could it have happened to anyone? With my own young wisdom, I realized that the exchange of sexual power between us is what had done it. This power exchange had made me bridge something that would have been otherwise impossible. Sure, anyone can get fucked, whether they want to or not, but to be screwed and love it was incredible to me!

I stayed overnight with Master Ivan. We had a light dinner. I ate on the floor with the plate in my lap. During the night Master Ivan taught me how to worship his body with my hands and my mouth. I learned how to eat out his ass and bury my tongue in its depths. Again, I should have been repelled, but I found that I wasn't. I don't feel that this in any way lessens my interest in women or does it?

The next two days proved to be the most sex-laden days of my life to date. I serviced workers, other Masters, and slaves. My stomach was full of cum and my legs were coated with it as it seeped out of my hole. I never realized that there were so many different sizes. The slaves came faster than any group and I supposed this to be the case because they were not allowed to come without the permission of their Masters. I performed on young men who were being subjected to the Grand Course. Their bodies were marked with the lash, weights hung from their testicles and from their tits; needles pierced their flesh; their bondage stretched them to their limits and beyond. I sucked off one of the young British servicemen whom I had met at San Sebastian as his Master filled his rectum with his fist and the length of his arm. I had never seen anything like it. One man was being flayed, back and front, with heavy whips as I knelt in front of him and sucked his raging cock. I could not understand how he could maintain an erection while suffering the heavy flogging. Like the young Brit who was being fisted, this man came longer than many of the others.

Every night I slept with Master Ivan. His cock seemed to never soften and he would mount me, burying his length in me before I

fell asleep. I had become so accustomed, in such a short time, to his penetration that I rarely came fully awake when he took me during the night. I was developing a real warmth for this man. Because of the instructions of my new owner, Master Ivan told me more of the Brotherhood than he probably ever told any other slave. I learned that two hundred years earlier one of the sultans had tried to suppress the order because they were becoming too powerful and how the Brotherhood had had one of the slaves strangle the sultan while he slept. When the Sublime Porte had been overthrown and Ataturk had seized power, this astute politician had chosen to ignore the Brotherhood.

The morning of my departure had arrived. I awoke and found Master Ivan leaning on his elbow watching my face. Without any instructions, I sank lower in the bed and took his tool in my mouth for the last time and sucked on it, lovingly. After he came, I let it soften in my mouth and felt the slow trickle commence and gain power as his piss coursed down my throat. As it finished, his cock began to harden again and he shoved me on my back and eased it into my hot hole. It became the wildest fuck I had had since I had entered the castle.

As we lay back, I tentatively asked, "Where am I going?"

Master Ivan hesitated for a moment and I feared that I had gone too far, but he said slowly, "You are going to the Lebanon. To Beirut. You will meet your Master there. He lives in the Nejd on the Arabian Peninsula."

The Nejd, I had never heard of it. Obviously, my new Master must be a man of substance because slaves of the Brotherhood could not come cheap. Would he be old or young? Probably old, since young men would not be able to afford the prices the Brotherhood must demand for their slaves.

The trip to Beirut was short. I was taken to a hotel which overlooked the broad beach front and the Mediterranean. I did not get to see much from the airport to the hotel because the car was closed. My escort rushed me through the teeming lobby into an elevator. As we left the elevator, we found ourselves on the top floor and guards armed with pistols, rifles, and daggers with bandoliers crossing their chests guarded the elevator while others patrolled the hall. My Master had taken the entire floor. The bearded men in their flowing abbas and headgear ignored me. I was taken to a small, richly furnished room and left alone.

After a while a servant entered the room and told me to strip off all of my clothing. I was given a loose robe which opened down the front and a sash to hold it closed. I was not given any footwear. The servant left with my clothing. The room was warm but I found myself shivering in apprehension. I looked out on the beach at the strollers and at those who were availing themselves of the water. I did not hear the door open.

"Slave," was all he said, and I wheeled around to find myself facing a giant of a man. His headcloth was held by a black twisted agal and the robes did little to hide his powerful figure. His beard was jet black as were his eyes. There was a softness about his lips which reassured me.

"You will remove your robe so I may examine you."

I opened my robe and let it fall to my feet. Clasp my hands behind me, I awaited his next command. I could not tell whether he was satisfied with me or not. He walked around me without touching me. I was excited by his observation and my cock began to lengthen. I could not control it. The sight of my lengthening cock seemed to please him since he smiled.

"Kneel," he commanded harshly. There was just the hint of an English accent when he spoke. I fell to my knees and waited for his next command. He stood in front of me, opened his robe to reveal grey pantaloons, held up by a broad belt. Opening the front he pulled out a cock, and although soft, it had to be the biggest cock that I had ever seen. Later I would discover that Selim, for that was his name, preferred boys, since most women could not handle his appendage. Grabbing my head, he forced me to take his cock into my mouth. It was not yet hard, but I tried by best to take it all. My efforts brought it to life, but its girth was too much for my throat. I was allowed to only suck on it for a few moments.



"Enough," he said as he pushed me away. "You will learn to take it all. Now, sit."

He looked down on me as he began. "My name is Selim. I am advisor to the Emir Mohammed ibn Abdul al Hashem. The Emir is your Master, but he will have little interest in your sexual talents. He bought you for two reasons, to please me and to train you to manage his affairs. The Emir is a descendant of the Prophet, Blessed Be His Name, and is a true son of Islam. When the Wahabis seized the Nejd in 1925, the Emir threw his lot in with Ibn Saud. His cousin Abdullah fled to Palestine and has become King of Transjordan while his other cousin, Faisal, is now King of Iraq. The Emir is close advisor to Abdul Aziz ibn Saud, the King. You will meet the Emir when we return to the Nejd tomorrow. His fortress is in the midst of the desert. He will tell you of his plans for you when we arrive there. A servant will take you from here to my rooms. There you will be prepared for my arrival. While you are in my quarters, you will remain naked so that your body is always available to me. You will not service any other man without my permission. Disobey me in this matter and your body will be thrown from the highest pinnacle of the fortress to your death." Although the words were spoken quietly, I had no doubt that he meant it. As quickly as he had arrived, he left.

I put my robe back on and waited. A servant opened the door and beckoned me to follow him. Again, the guards pointedly ignored me. I am sure that they knew who I was and why I was there, but they ignored me, which said much about Selim.

We walked down the hall and entered a large suite of rooms. The furnishings were rich but somewhat garish in the rococo style. I was led through the drawing room into a large bedroom whose walls and ceiling were covered with mirrors. The four-poster bed dominated the room. The coverlet had been removed revealing grey silk sheets. The servant directed me to remove my robe and I was pointed to the bathroom. Although I had showered and cleaned out earlier that morning, I repeated the ritual. As I emerged into the bedroom, I found that the servant had left and he had obviously taken my robe with him. I stood in the room awaiting my fate. I did not dare to sit on the chairs or the bed without permission.

In the adjoining room I heard voices. I guessed they were speaking in Arabic. The conversation seemed to be interminable. Although I had come to fear Selim, I found myself challenged by his monstrous cock. My fear was that he would kill me with it. Yet, I was determined to please him because I did not want to return to the Brotherhood and be subjected to the Grand Course and sold to a brothel.

Suddenly, the door opened and Selim entered the room. Ignoring me, he closed the door behind him and began to remove his clothing. As he removed his loose shirt, his massive, hairy chest came into view with its powerful arms. His boots and pants discarded, I saw the massive legs which told of a powerful horseman. He motioned me to the bed. I crawled onto the sheets. The sight of his body and the sensuous feeling of the sheets caused me to harden in expectation. This seemed to please my Master. Later he would tell me of the boys he had had and how they would wail in terror when they saw his appendage. He claimed that his awful cock had killed a few of them. I am only glad that he did not tell me this in advance, or I would have fought him off.

He crawled on top of me and uttered a curse. Quickly, he got off of the bed, went to a closet where he extracted a pair of slippers and a robe, storming out of the room. I could not understand what had happened. In a few moments I heard Selim rage and a blow fell, causing the recipient to wail and plead. A few moments later the bedroom door opened and a tearful servant entered. He motioned me to the bathroom. I was to discover that my body hair had offended my Master. The servant carefully remedied this problem by removing every bit of hair from the neck down. It seemed that Selim wanted his boys to be like women, hairless. Every morning since then a servant shaved me fully. Even to this day, where I am the Emir and Selim is my advisor, I have by body shaven, for I am his sex slave. □

# REX MEN



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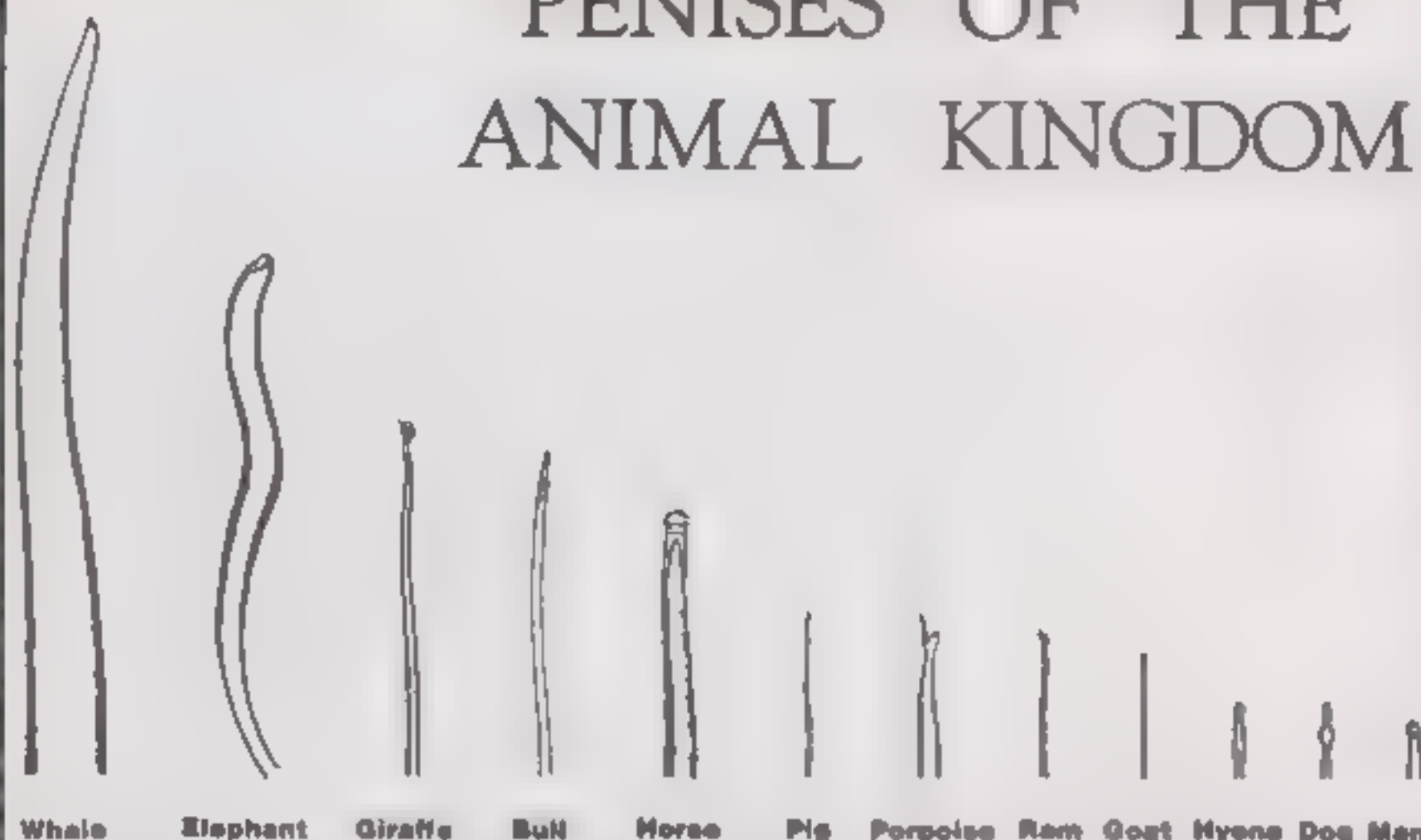
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## PENISES OF THE ANIMAL KINGDOM



### HUNG LIKE A...HUH?

Looking for that special gift for someone who can never get enough? This tastefully appointed poster features every-

thing from the relatively teenie weenie of man right up to the whopper of the whale—forget being hung like a horse. It is

available from Poster P., PO Box 1348, New York, NY 10023 for \$10, check or money order.



### ANOTHER DRUMMER WINNER

Sixteen-year-old Chad Breeding of Miami exhibited

his 1,235-pound Polled Hereford and took the prize as grand champion at the San Antonio Stock Show and Rodeo. The

name of his well-bred steer, **DRUMMER!** We're not sure if he named it after us or not, but the story is no bull!



### BON APPETITE

Sealood, anyone? Another creative and tasty bit of advertising. Hurrah for Madison Avenue! This ad is most definitely



### NO EXPLANATION NECESSARY!

All we can tell you is that this is a "real" ad. The advertising execs may have gone too far this time.

### PARENTS OF THE YEAR

The Prince and Princess of Wales were named "Parents of the Year" by the National Organization of Circumcision Information Resource Centers (NOCIRC) for their decision to leave Prince William, heir to the British throne, and his younger brother, Prince Henry, intact—even though their father, Prince Charles, was circumcised at birth.



# WE PROMISE YOU A CAPTIVE AUDIENCE.

**P**ull up a chair and you've got our undivided attention. That's how we do business at Mitsui Manufacturers Bank.

Because from where we sit, listening is the most important banking tool there is. We use it to get to know you, your business. And your goals—long-range and short.

As the relationship grows, an open line of communication helps us anticipate your needs. Capitalize on your potential. And find fresh, workable, bottom-line oriented solutions to even your most complex banking problems.

All because we take the time to listen—with both ears and an open mind.

No. If your small-to-medium size business or professional practice needs a little attention, take a seat at Mitsui Manufacturers.

If there are any interruptions, we'll say we're all tied up.

**Mitsui**  
**Manufacturers**  
Bank



## BONDAGE BANKING

Mainstream advertising is trying to catch the eye of the

leather-S/M audience. Let's hope the trend continues.

## SEXUAL DISCRIMINATION!?!

Bachelors in Janesville, WI were auctioned off for \$1.94 a pound at a March of Dimes benefit. Winning bidders got the bachelor's company for an evening. Only women were allowed to bid! We want to know how they arrived at the \$1.94 a pound figure?

## WELL-ADJUSTED AND HAPPY

At last, a study in Greer found that with the right training almost anyone is capable of physically tormenting others. A researcher said, "It's easy to say that when awful things are done, that these people must be crazy, sadistic. There are studies that suggest they are

treaks of nature. But they're not." Men who tortured political prisoners during the Greek military regime that ruled from 1967 to 1974 were studied.

## SPRING FEVER

A twenty-three-year-old prison inmate in Texarkana, AR found himself in need. He decided to simulate sexual intercourse by sticking his cock into the metal holes beneath his bunk mattress. That part went okay, then he found that once in, he couldn't get it out again. The bunk had to be removed from the wall with a torch when efforts to reduce the inmate's erection with ice proved unsuccessful. An official of the jail

## THE QUEEN SCENE

Authors Paul James and Peter Russell note in Harper & Row's *At Home With the Royal Family* that many staff members of Britain's Royal Family are homosexual and are "preferred for their more sensitive artistic and loyal approach." The place refuses to comment. The Queen Mother, according to the book, "roared with laughter" on one occasion when she discovered two of her footmen trying on her tiara and has been known to shout down to the kitchen at Clarence House, her residence, "Is there an old queen down there who can bring an old Queen up here a gin and tonic?"

We had always thought she was the fun one of the bunch.

## PIG JOI II

Kthar Sissies, a San Francisco-based JO group was asking jack-off artists everywhere to join in a global meditation and ejaculation devoted to man-to-man joy and friendly connection on April 12. They

## DARING MOON SHOT

A demonstrator in Hamburg, West Germany, gave charging riot police reason to pause when he bravely dropped his pants and gave them something to think about. The brave protester was part of 8,000 people demonstrating against the closing of "squatter housing" in the crowded city's HafenstraÙe area.

called the project PIG JOI II, the Wad Shot 'Round the World. We have no word on how successful the event was, but if all the men in the world jacked-off at the same time, it might throw the planet off its axis.

remarked, "I've seen some strange things, but certainly nothing like this." He didn't need to go to all that trouble... in prison surely someone would have given him a hand!

## ANOTHER SHOT OF MOONSHINE

School officials sent a Bartow (Florida) High School student to a school for problem children for 10 days after a "mooning" incident. Richard Shanks, a Lakeland, Florida TV talk-show host, discussed the issue on his program and then walked in front of his desk, dropped his pants, then went back, sat down and went on with the show. No, he was not

wearing undershorts on his live show. General Manager Jo Johnson said, "Viewers probably saw more of Richard than they wanted, but no one complained."

## STRIP-SEARCH SUIT

In San Jose, CA three police officers are suing the city for a total of \$750,000 in damages stating that they were strip-searched after a juvenile suspect claimed they stole his cigarette lighter, watch and five dollars cash.

If you had to strip-search every policeman who had a suspicious bulge in his pants, you'd have a big job on your hands!





# **MR. DRUMMER 1997 FINALS**

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## THE ROPE BODY HARNESS

Article and photos by Fiedermaus

Rope can be one of the most sensuous of bondage media, and a body harness is one of the most sensuous ways to wear it.

The body harness is "designer bondage" in that it can be used, very successfully, as a decoration. Put on a body harness and go to the bar or wherever and show off. But more important is the way the harness feels, the way it restricts and moves as the wearer moves. You can also put one on, dress in a suit or whatever and go off to the office, school, the opera, etc. No one will know it is there except for the man wearing it and the one who put it on him.

The body harness is also very functional bondage. Once applied it gives a

Top numerous points of attachment over a bottom's body so that he may be tied down in a great variety of positions—and held firmly in place. However you plan to use it get some rope and try. I recommend  $\frac{1}{4}$ " (#8) solid braided nylon rope. The thinner the rope the more it will cut in, the heavier the rope the bigger and bulkier the knots. #8 is a good balance between these. Solid braid rope is easier to work with than coiled rope, it is less likely to kink as you are working with it. I recommend nylon because it is soft, and easy to work with, it feels good against the skin and is easy to wash.

For wear under clothing or for mainly decorative purposes you can also use nylon parachute cord. This is

a thinner diameter so will cut in more if tied as tightly as #8 nylon rope. But it gives less bulk under clothing and it is widely available in a variety of colors. Parachute cord is much softer than nylon rope and the knots in it will be much more difficult to untie, particularly after wearing a body harness for several hours. However, it is also rather inexpensive and you can cut off the harness instead of untying knots.

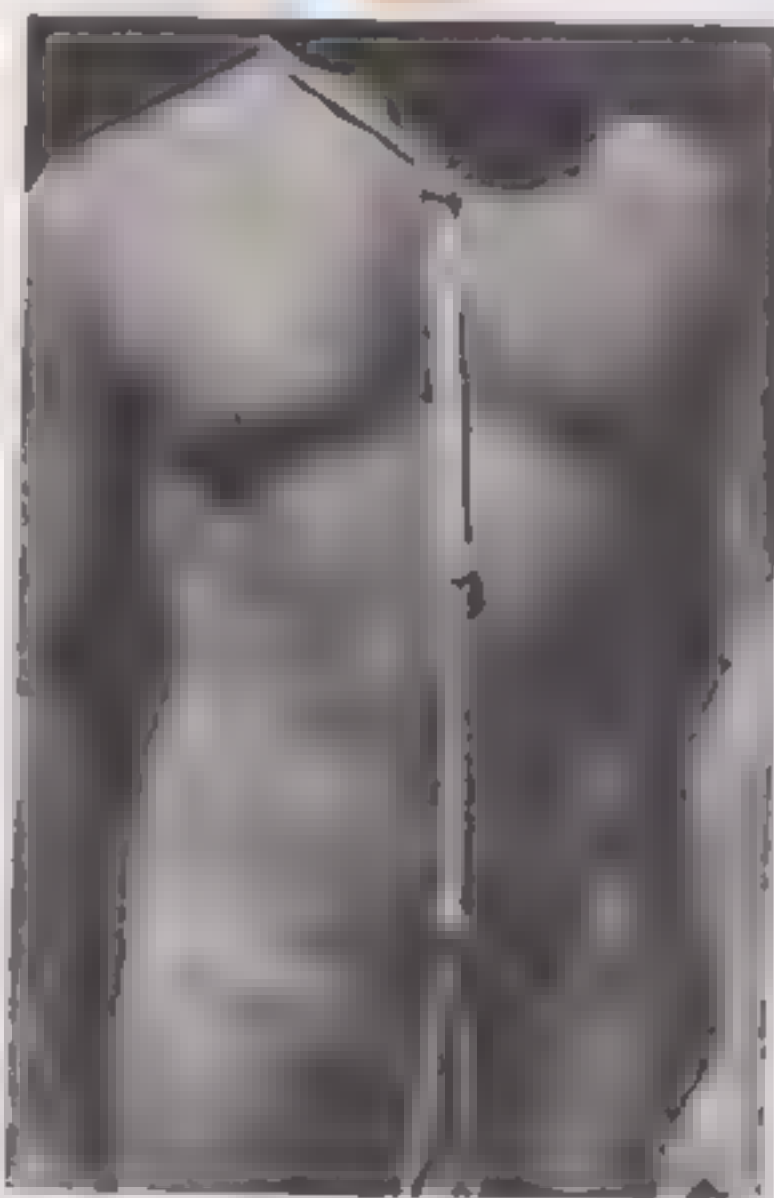
You will need about 30 feet of rope to put a harness on an average sized man. A length of rope over 50 feet gets very difficult to work with. I recommend that you start with a 35 foot length.

Now get the rope, and a willing subject, and go do it!



1. As part of a scene, try attaching the bottom's wrists over his head before starting the harness. This keeps his arms out of the way and puts him in some sort of bondage while it is being applied.

Put the two ends together and run the paired rope through your hand to locate the center. Tie a knot in the form of a small loop. On this and all other knots keep the



two ropes parallel and the knot as flat as possible. Position the loop as shown in Fig. 1.

2. Tie three more knots down the front of the torso. The first is about where the first ribs join the sternum, about the same distance from the neck as the back knot is. The second knot should be positioned about the same distance below the nipples as the first is above them and the third should be about the same distance below



the navel as the second is above it.

3. Pass the ropes through the crotch, one on either side of the cock and balls, and find the spot where it crosses the anus. Holding that spot with your fingers, remove the rope from the crotch and tie a large sloppy knot at that point. If you want to insert a butt plug this is the time to do it. Again pass the rope through the crotch and the large knot should rest against the anus.



4



4. Keeping the ropes parallel pass the ends through the loop between the shoulder blades and pull the torso baseline snug but not tight.

5. Separate the two ropes and pass

5



them forward under the armpits then through the length of torso baseline between the first and second front knots (Fig. 5)

6. Whenever you are pulling a length of rope through a space where it will rub the

6



skin, be careful of rope burn. Either maintain pressure on both ends of the rope you are pulling, keeping it tight against the rope you are passing it behind and away from the skin, or put your fingers behind the rope being pulled as in Fig. 6.

7



7. From the position we were in in Fig. 5, pass the ropes around the sides and through the back portion of the torso baseline, as in Fig. 7.

8



8. Pass the ropes around the sides again and through the torso baseline between front knots two and three as shown in Fig. 8, then again around to the back

9



9. Insert the rope coming from the left side of the torso under the right side of the torso baseline and vice versa. See Fig. 9

*continued on page 57*



# SANDMUTOPIA SUPPLY CO.

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## BONDAGE DEVICES

*The caress of rope! The feel and smell of leather! The sweaty constrictions of rubber! The cold clink of steel!*

### Padded Blindfold

A double layer of soft black leather with padding over the eyes, a buckle in back.

BT B3 BLINDP

\$19.95



### Fleece-Lined Blindfold

Stiff black leather with soft fleece on the inner surface—a black elastic band holds it in place.

BT B3 BLINDF

\$17.95

## BLINDFOLDS, GAGS, AND COLLARS



### Bit Gag

A black rubber bit is held in place by black leather straps.

BT B3 GAGBIT

\$29.95

### Bit Gag and Bridle Head Harness

A black rubber bit is held in place by black leather straps over and behind the head. Complete with black leather blinders limiting side sightlines, and black leather reins ready for a Master's hard-riding hands.

BT B3 HBLINT

\$84.95

### A/C Gag

Black leather gag with a latex mouth-piece shaped like a few inches of male anatomy.

BT B3 GAGA/C

\$26.95

### Posture Collar

Heavy black leather wide enough to make him keep his head up high—one ring at center front.

BT B3 COLPOS

\$26.95



### Open Gag

A leather gag with a black plastic tube that fits in the mouth and holds it open.

BT B3 GAGOPE

\$26.95

### Bondage Collar

Heavy black leather with 3 large rings for attachment.

BT B3 COLBON

\$29.95

### Ball Gag

A red rubber ball is held in place by black leather straps.

BT B3 GAGBAL

\$24.95

### Locking Collar

Black leather—with ring and slot type closure ready for your padlock. Also one ring at center front.

BT B3 COLLOC

\$24.95





#### Panic Snaps

Panic snaps are the only kind of link that can be freed immediately without releasing tension on the line. If he passes out while strung up, you have a dead weight hanging there that you have to get down FAST! Include panic snaps in your rigging and you can have quick release in a fraction of a second. Easy to operate, even with greasy hands.

BT B6 PANICS

\$2.95



#### Paramedic Shears

These are designed for use by paramedics to cut away clothing, boots, etc. from accident victims. Exactly what you should have as a part of your S/M safety kit. One tip is blunt so it can slide safely against the skin. These shears are strong enough to cut belts and boots so they also cut leather restraints, if necessary, and even a straitjacket. They are also the best kind of tool for removing duct tape and similar mummifications.

PC SA PARAME

\$12.00

## SAFETY

Accidents DO happen and one of the primary responsibilities of a bondage Top is knowing how he's going to get his bottom undone quickly in case of an emergency. These are the tools you need.

#### Bolt Cutters

Paramedic shears work fine for fabric, rubber, leather, and rope but they are useless for cutting off steel—particularly the hardened steel of cuffs and locks. The best protection is to have a large bolt cutter handy. You can hope you never have to use it, but it can prevent a lot of agony and embarrassment if it's available when it is needed.

These bolt cutters are 24" long and strong enough to handle any chain or lock you are likely to use.

PC SA BOLTCU

\$40.00 (\$4.00 S&H)



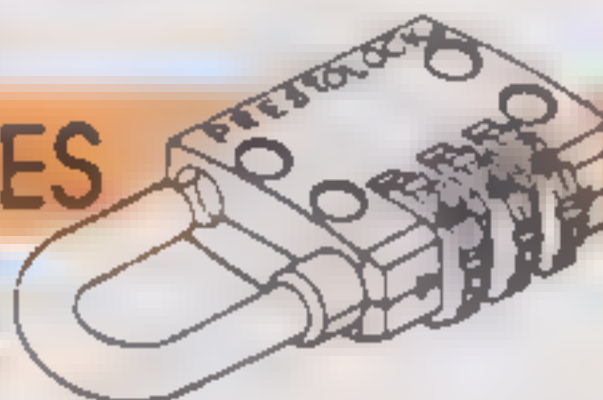
## ACCESSORIES

#### Combination Padlock

Combination locks have several advantages. A combination is always within reach. (If you do forget it, you can have it written down where you can get it.) And since you can change the combination quickly and easily yourself, you can have all your locks on the same code—one you can easily remember—and can change them as needed.

This particular combination lock has three independent dials, which makes it much easier to use than the clumsy dial locks. And it is small enough to be useful (the shackle even fits through the chain links of a dog collar) yet sturdy enough to hold the biggest one you catch. Carry one with a length of light chain in your vest pocket and you're ready to lock him up and lead him home. Best of all, this nickie-chrome-finished lock is cheap enough that you can afford several.

BT B6 PADLO \$3.89 each, 6 for \$19.98



#### The Gripper

The Gripper is one of the handiest bondage tools I've found. This gadget grips ropes from 1/4" to 1 1/2" diameter and holds them fast. Yet it's fast and easy to use both in securing the rope and in freeing it. Great for tying off that line from the hoist or any rope under tension. Put four on the corners of your bondage board (or the legs of your bed) for quick attachments that really keeps them spread-eagled tightly. It's die-cast zinc, chrome plated, strong and it looks good too.

BT B1 GRIPPE \$4.95 each, 4 for \$18.75

#### Grey Handkerchief

Many signals are confused these days, but a grey flag—either left or right—still signals that the wearer means business when it comes to bondage.

We offer two versions: the standard Western bandanna and the Fetters Special, a small grey bandanna printed on one side only with a montage of Fetters bondage products, logos, etc.

PC BN GRAY\*\*

Western \$1.50

PC BN FETTER

Fetters \$2.50

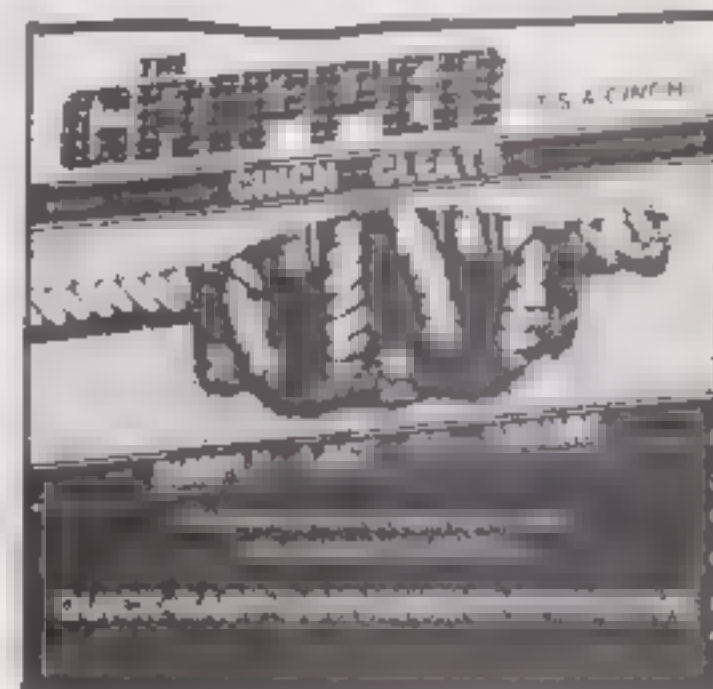


#### The Klutz Book of Knots

A step-by-step manual by John Cassidy. How to tie the world's 25 most useful hitches, ties, wraps and knots. This volume is printed on heavy cardstock pages, illustrated with step-by-step diagrams, and has slots and holes in the page for you to make the ties illustrated. Red and blue cords come with the book. This is more than a manual, it is a knot-tying, self-instruction kit.

WB HT KLUTZB

\$8.95







### Bed Bonds

To convert most any mattress or door into a bondage rack. Set consists of three black heavy fabric straps each with 3 conveniently placed D-rings. Takes little space in a suitcase and is invaluable in a hotel room.

BT B2 BEDBOND

\$35.00

### Bondage Rods

Versatile tools for when you want to tie his hands or feet apart. Each rod is a length of wooden dowel with rope at either end. Use on wrists, ankles, knees, elbows, as a gag, etc. You get a set of 5 rods, one each of the following lengths: 24", 18", 16", 12" and 6"

BT B5 BDRODS

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BT B2 ISPSET

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## BONDAGE WRAP

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Lightweight elastic cloth strips at least 25' long and 3" wide. This material conforms to contours very well so is particularly useful for wrapping head, hands, genitals or for total body mummification. Also useful to wrap wrists and ankles to protect from ropes cutting, or around the torso to protect from whip cuts. Three colors are currently available: white, yellow, and light blue. Give your color preference but realize you might not get it. You get a package of 6 rolls.

BT B1 BAND6P

\$8.00

### Brown Rubber Bandage

Relatively heavy brown rubber strips 4" wide and about 12' long. Use your imagination. The supply is limited and when it's gone there will be no more.

BT B2 BANDA

\$5.00 EACH

### Muslin Bandages

For authentic mummifications. You get a box of 12 rolls of muslin bandages 5" wide and 5 yards long.

BT B1 BANDMU

\$15.00 per box

### Black Parachute Cord

50' of black nylon utility cord. Great for body harnesses and a variety of other things.

BT B1 BPAR50

\$2.95

### Typec Coveralls

Useful for a variety of reasons from a quick dress after messy playing to protecting clothing from a mess while changing a tire. Also useful for bondage as a dressing under bondage either rope work or mummification. White only.

PC CV TYPECS

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PC CV TYPECM

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### Bandage Clips

Those clips that come with Ace bandages are nice but their teeth quickly break off or bend rendering them useless. These are stronger steel clips with bits of white elastic in them. Keep things in place. 10 clips per pack.

BT B1 BCLIPS

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### Rubber Ties

Strips of black rubber for wrapping and/or tying selected portions of the anatomy. Each is 65" long.

BT B2 RBS2.5

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BT B2 RBS3/4

3/4" wide \$2.75

BT B2 RBS1/2

1/2" wide \$2.25

### Space Blanket

A mylar sheet 78"x53". Great as a thermal shield—use this under mummification or duct tape or other bondage to really generate the sweat. Combined with black plastic tape it is a spectacular mummification medium in and of itself. Inexpensive enough to be considered disposable.

BT B2 SPACEB

\$3.75 each 3 for \$9.99

### "Cover, Protective, Individual"

That and a lot of numbers is what the U.S. military called this item. It is essentially a tiny plastic tent to protect a standing soldier from chemical warfare sprays. We present it as a challenge to a Topman's ingenuity. Particularly useful under duct tape and similar mummifications that must be cut away.

BT B2 BODY8A

\$3.00

### Thongs

Black leather thong—approximately 5' long.

Black rubber thong—round in cross section, 65" long.

BT B3 THONGS

Leather \$1.75

BT B2 THONGR

Rubber \$3.25

### Rope Body Harness Kit

Fully illustrated step-by-step instructions and 35' of quarter inch (#8) solid braided nylon rope.

BT B1 ROPEHA

\$10.00

## STEEL RESTRAINTS

### Leg Irons

Oversized "handcuffs" with a chain long enough for him to walk, but not run.

BT B4 CUFFL1

\$32.95

### Thumbcuffs

For thumbs, toes or cock and balls.

BT B4 THUMBC

\$9.95

### Handcuffs

With pushpin lockset.

BT B4 CUFFH1

\$19.95





#### Superhood

This black leather hood laces up the back for a snug fit. The blindfold snaps on/off to open or close the eyeholes, and the gag—a leather plug that fills the mouth and gives the bottom something to bite on—snaps on/off. I much prefer these snap attachments to the more common zippers. Zippers catch hairs, abrade cocks and tongues, and shred condoms! A real bargain at this price

BT B3 SUPHOO

\$75.00

## HOODS

#### Breath Control Hood

This shiny black, coated fabric hood is much more confining than spandex and even leather. The fabric does stretch quite a bit, but it takes more muscle action to move it. The hood zips up the back and is contoured to fit the face tightly. The glossy black coating makes the hood totally opaque and only somewhat permeable to air. The hood has no opening for mouth, nostrils, or eyes. It is possible to breathe through it but with difficulty. Ideal for those into such confinement.

BT B1 HODNOM

\$49.95



#### Black Spandex Hood

This versatile piece of equipment is a double layer of stretchy black fabric that has a wonderfully confining feel. It is great for relatively light or public scenes but works well for something heavy in a private playroom, too. I like to use it as a base over which I put other blindfolds or gags or use rope at eyes and mouth. It also works well as a liner under a hood. It's convenient for travel and/or cruising, takes up no more room in a pocket than a handkerchief, looks entirely innocent in a suitcase and in the toy case can double as a bag for other toys.

BT B1 HODSPA

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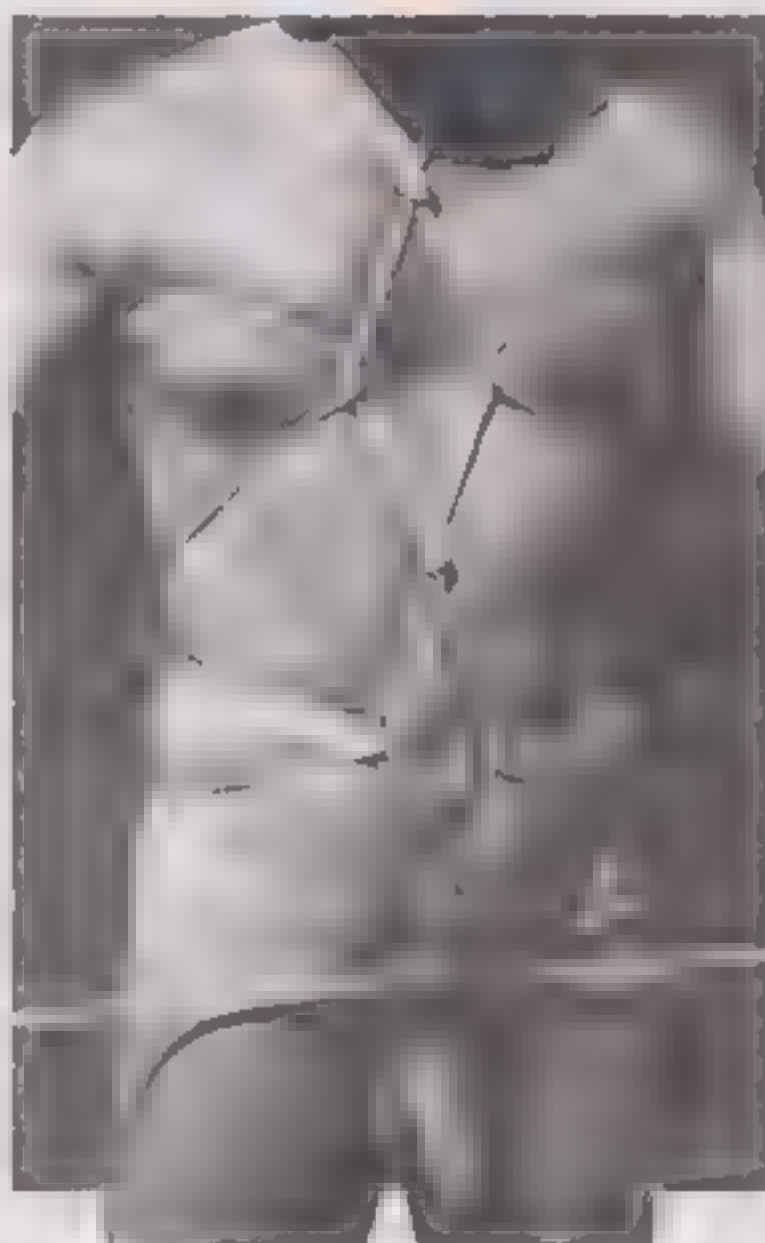


continued from page 5.

10. Pull the two lines so that the two sides of the torso baseline cross as in Fig. 10, and pass them back to the front

11. Pass them behind the sides of the

11



torso baseline between the third knot and the cock then back around the sides following the line of the ass cheeks. Cross the lines and pass them through the crotch so that the line along the left cheek exits at

12



the right side of the cock and vice versa.

12. Pass the ends of the ropes up through the line that spread the baseline above the cock, pull them tight and tie a square knot above the cock as in Fig. 12.

13



13. You now have created the basic body harness. At this point go back and make adjustments. Just as if you were

lacing up boots go back to the starting point, the loop at the back of the neck, and adjust the tightness of the ropes. Make sure the two sides and the diamonds are symmetrical. Retie the ending knot if necessary.

Nylon rope will stretch with extended wear, loosening the harness. If you plan for the bottom to wear it for several hours you may have to repeat the above adjustments a few times. Generally the first area of discomfort will be where the tight torso baseline crosses over the shoulders. In the two arm ties given (15 & 16) the line pulling this torso baseline away from the neck serves to minimize this problem.

If you want access to his ass while he is in the harness you can omit the large knot over the anus and DO NOT cross the ropes as instructed in 9 and 10. This harness is not as tight but it does allow ass play without undoing a lot of work.

After completion of the basic harness you may continue to bind the arms, the cock and balls, the legs, etc.

14. To immobilize the arm pass the rope over to the side and lace it down starting at the wrists and moving up the arm. At the shoulder go under the line coming through the armpit, up and under the torso baseline rope over the shoulder (be VERY careful of rope burn here—this

14



area is very tight) and back down to tie off at the back side of the armpit. See Fig. 16 for a rear view of this.

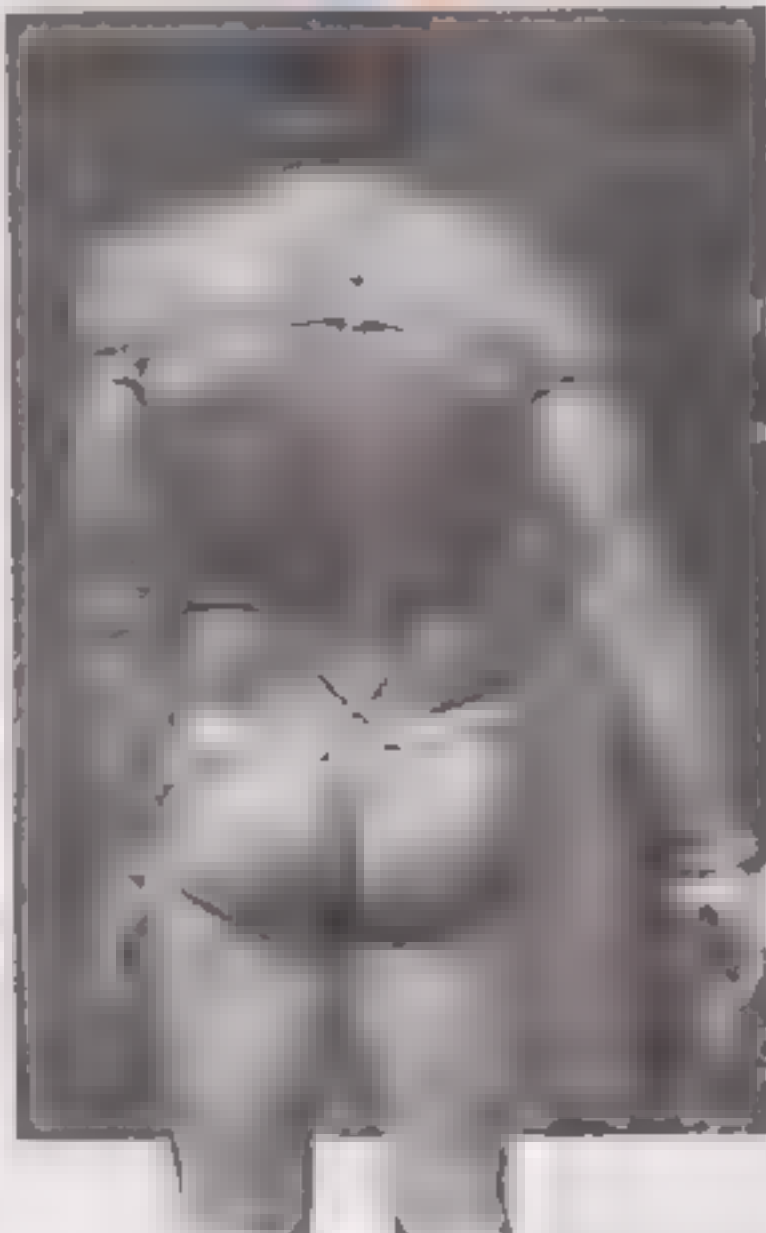


15



15. If you want to take him out to a bar, or otherwise want him to have some degree of mobility, pass the line under all of the torso lines to the armpit. Go around the top of the arm and under the line at the rear of the armpit, up to the torso baseline at the shoulder, then back to the front of the armpit. Then wrap the arm as shown in

16



15, and 16. Extend the rope between some fingers and tie off at the wrist, hiding the final knot on the underside of the wrist and tucking the end in. This tie provides limited mobility and looks great under a leather bar vest.

17



17. If you elect to not wrap the arms in either of the mentioned methods you might wrap cock and balls. Fig. 17 shows only one of the many possible ways of doing this. To reward the model for this photo session, I pulled the ends of the rope from where you see them hanging here, back through the crotch..

18



18. . . then up through the basic harness at the shoulders and pulled the arms up and tied them. This arrangement pulled the bound balls back between his legs and any downward movement of his arms jerked at the balls. Another possibility would have been to continue wrapping the rope down the legs and binding them together or to tie each individually as with the arm in Fig. 15.

Practice, practice, practice

Work until you can put the harness on easily and smoothly without kinking and tangling the rope or giving rope burn. Learn to work with both hands simultaneously, doing the two sides of the basic harness at the same time. Vary the harness to fit your bottom. With particularly long

It can also be fun to tie two or three men together with this method. Put a basic harness on each of them and then lace each pair of adjacent arms down together. It is not advisable to tie the legs of two men together. They have too much trouble keeping their balance. However, if you have three to work with you can tie each adjacent pair of legs together to yield a very stable tripod.

torsos I often tie a fourth knot along the front. The relative placement of the knots might vary depending upon what aspects of the torso you want to emphasize by the triangles and diamonds. For example different rope arrangements look better with different hair patterns.

Have fun!

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# LEATHER

## Story Contest



Look at this Rex drawing and tell us what has happened before—  
and what will happen after—this moment in time!

Usually *Drummer* commissions artists to illustrate specific stories, but occasionally the illustration is so great we get a story specifically written for it. This is almost always the case with Rex drawings. A Rex drawing inspired "Mameluke," by Frank O'Rourke (*Drummer* 101, 102 and concluding in this issue) and "Another's Burning," by Tim Barrus (*Drummer* 104) was inspired by Rex's drawing of horny firemen. Now it's your chance

Write a story to go with the Rex illustration shown here and send it to us by July 31, 1987. The stories will be evaluated by three judges (Tony DeBlase, *Drummer's* publisher; Jim Ed Thompson, associate editor; and Rex himself). The first-place story will be published in *Drummer* and the author will receive \$100 cash and

a free subscription/renewal to the LEATHER FRATERNITY (12 issues of *Drummer*, and free personal ads in 12 issues). The second-place story will also be printed in *Drummer* or *Mach* and the author will receive \$100 cash and a subscription/renewal to *Mach*. Other stories may also be selected for publication at our usual stipend to authors.

All stories must be between twelve and twenty-five pages in length. Submissions must be typed double spaced and can be sent on an IBM-compatible 5¼" floppy diskette in ASCII format (a printout should accompany disk). Send SASE if you expect us to return the manuscript.

GOOD LUCK!



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# DRUMMEDIA

## MOVIES

### FOUR FOR THE RUDE

Four major gay films were featured at the 30th San Francisco International Film Festival, and that's not even the city's Gay Film Festival, the 11th edition of which comes up June 19-28. Of the four, two had been shown in January at the New York Gay Film Festival, while another was the U.S. premiere of what is likely to be a commercial hit.

Of most interest to *Drummer* readers is the fourth, a prize-winner (Camera d'Or for best first feature) at last year's Cannes festival

### POUNDING

Black hands kneading white flesh. A white accountant needing the pain inflicted by a black masseur. These are the ingredients of Claire Devers' *Noir et Blanc* (Black and White).

Devers admits to "using just the basic premise of" Tennessee Williams' 1946 short story published in the 1948 collection *One Arm and Other Stories* "Death and the Black Masseuse," but in fact she has taken much more. Be sure you've read it before you try to follow Devers' minimalist exercise in which almost everything happens off screen.

Francis Frappat plays Antoine, a married accountant who takes a temporary job in a health club where fringe benefits include use of the facilities. After his first massage from Dominique (Jacques Martial), Antoine is hooked, but we're not told just what he's hooked on or why. We never learn the why, except from Williams: "... the principle of atonement, the surrender of self to violent treatment by others with the idea of thereby clearing one's self of his guilt"; but the what becomes clear as Antoine becomes increasingly bruised and battered.

Whether the relationship is sexual is again known only to readers of Williams: "... as the violence and the pain increased, the little man grew

more and more fiercely hot with his first true satisfaction, until all at once a knot came loose in his loins and released a warm flow."

Williams called his protagonist Anthony. Either way it's the Story of "A." In both versions the health club owner catches Dominique the Dominant in the act and throws both men out. Devers adds a sequence where Antoine is sent to the hospital and Dominique helps him escape, the black man in a white nurse's coat and the white man in a black leather jacket.

The men check into a hotel where Dominique resumes "treatment" until Antoine requests the coup de grace. Devers spends more than ten minutes—quite a chunk of an 80-minute film—setting up the finale, which is ultimately only suggested. As gruesome as it will seem to many, it's quite tame compared to what Tennessee Williams wrote 40 years earlier.

While it will turn some people on for whatever reasons, if *Noir et Blanc* should reach a wide audience—which it won't—it could do for massages what *Psycho* did for showers.

### JUST FRIENDS

From Tunisia comes *Man of Ashes*, which should have been a love story. Instead it's about friendship, of which, "even when burned to ashes, a little always remains."

Hachemi (Imed Maalal) and Farfat (Khaled Ksouri) are young men who had a repellant introduction to sex in their boyhood, both being raped by the woodcutter (Mustafa Adouani) they were apprenticed to. As a result, both have doubts about their manhood and feel out of place in their macho culture. Hachemi is afraid of women, though about to marry one, while Farfat goes public, denouncing himself in graffiti: "Farfat isn't a man."

In an ideal world they would have been free to explore their feelings for each other and discover that gay sex needn't be brutal and ugly—at least not unpleasantly so. In the real world they have to "prove themselves" with women and kill the man who shamed them before they can be "real men."

This beautifully photographed, slow-moving first feature by Noun Bouzid is in many ways more interesting in retro-

spect. While watching it I was often confused and bored simultaneously, unable to decipher the relationships between various characters.

If Bouzid didn't have his lovely actors exchange so many longing glances, *Man of Ashes* might not be considered a gay film, but a story about the mental scars left by rape with the genders of rapist and victims of little consequence. By trying to have it both ways he has left himself open to charges of homophobia, which can be disputed by saying his film shows the world as it is, not as it should be.

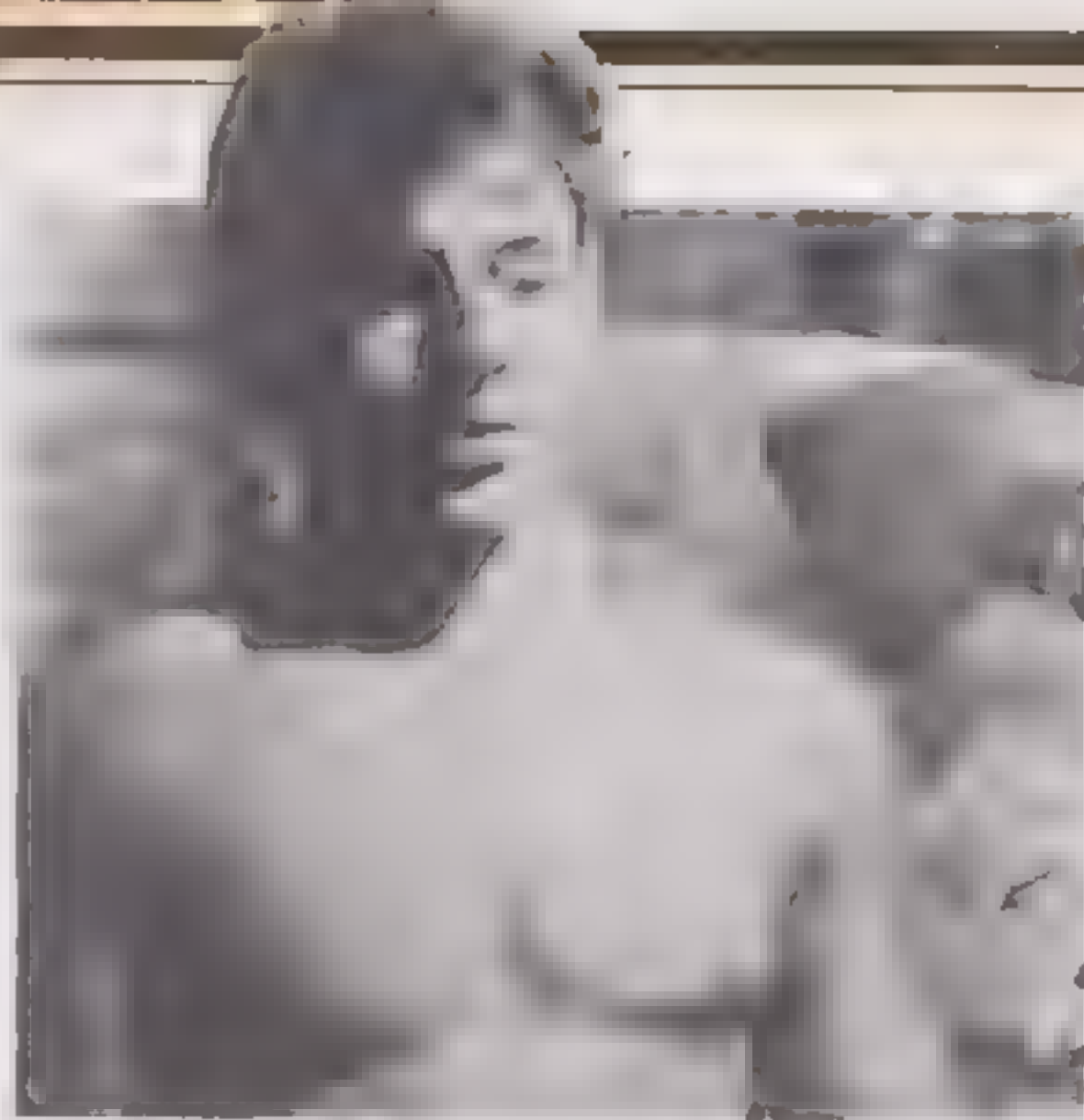
### DISEASE AND REVOLUTION

Gay German filmmaker Rosa Von Praunheim's *A Virus Knows No Morals*, a black comedy about AIDS, is almost as bizarre as the disease itself.

As his work gets sicker and more mainstream looking, Von Praunheim tries harder to shock. We know he identifies more with the gun-toting revolutionary liberationists than with the character he plays himself, a bathhouse owner who opposes safer sex even after he comes down with AIDS. The only concession he ultimately makes is to "fuck now only with (HIV) positives."

The women in this film are strictly caricatures: the reporter for *Purple Press* who exploits AIDS misinformation; the therapist who thinks AIDS is psychosomatic and prefers sex with gay men; and Dr. Brut (Blood), who accompanies a positive diagnosis with: "There's no way to change it now. You'll just have to cope."

To balance scenes of pleasure as usual—at the baths, parks and tearooms—Von Praunheim takes us to the very near future in the closing sequences with news of mandatory testing (August 1987), Broadway shutting down and the Pope being quarantined (January 1988), and the revo-



**MAINSTREAM VIEWING:** Films with a gay theme were numerous at San Francisco's 30th International Film Festival. (Photos courtesy San Francisco International Film Festival)



lution that occurs when they try to ship everyone with AIDS to a combination theme park and leper colony.

You won't always know whether to laugh, cry, cheer or scream at *A Virus Knows No Morals*. If it's no stranger than the latest news about AIDS, it's certainly more entertaining.

### "PRICK" NO STIFF

Due for commercial release momentarily is Stephen (My Beautiful Laundrette) Frears' *Prick Up Your Ears*, a comedy(?) about gay lovers whose lives end in a murder-suicide. It's the true story, from John Lahr's biography, of English playwright Joe Orton and Kenneth Halliwell, who contemptuously called himself Orton's "personal assistant."

Orton who titillated London in the '60s with his black comedies *Entertaining Mr. Sloane*, *Loot* and *What the Butler Saw*, is played by Gary Oldman, who starred in the surprisingly similar but more dramatically challenging *Sid and Nancy*. Alfred Molina has the flashier part as Halliwell, and Vanessa Redgrave works wonders in the potentially bland role of Orton's agent, Peggy Ramsay.

The playwright's recently published diaries are referred to constantly, starting with his first sexual experience in a "cinema lavatory" in his hometown of Leicester—"He came all down the man's raincoat"—and continuing through what must be thousands of similar exploits of the *Taxi zum Klo* variety.

His lover, like Frank Rippon's in *Taxi*, never enters into the promiscuous spirit. He is driven doubly mad by being left in Orton's professional shadow while being ignored sexually as well ("I can't remember the last time you touched my cock.") They have a dream vacation in Tangier, serviced by an endless parade of Moroccan boys; but when they return to reality, Halliwell's mind can't make the transition.

Despite the tragedy that opens and closes the film, most of *Prick Up Your Ears* is a laugh riot. Redgrave's final line sends you away from the funeral with a smile on your face.

—Steve Warren

## BOOKS

### TATTOOTIME

Life and Death Tattoos is the theme of the most recent issue of *Tattootime* (#4, 1987). D.E. Hardy, publisher and editor, says in his introduction, "Once again *Tattootime* explores the ancient art's reflection of the Big Themes. This time we go right to the heart of the matter, Life and Death. Tattooing is a microcosmic medium of people's fears, desires, humor and beliefs, made indelible." Articles in this issue include "The Eternal Spiral," "Life 'N Love Tattoos," "Interview: Donald Richie," "Handtooled Derma-glyphics," "Trade Marks," "Conflict and Survival," "Psychos & Outlaws, Scientific Images of Tattooed Persons," "Life and Death Tattoos, A Pathologist's Perspective," and "The End of the Game." The tattoo photos for each of these, and the accompanying text are excellent, but by far my favorite piece in this issue is "Remains to be Seen."

This is an illustrated article on Dr. Masaichi Fukushi and his son, Dr. Katsunari Fukushi, who have established a collection of tattooed human skins at the Medical Pathology Museum of Tokyo University. The elder Dr. Fukushi, a pathologist, became interested in tattoos in the early 1920's and began the collection of photos, interviews and preserved skins in 1926. Most of his photos and research notes were destroyed in bombing raids in 1945, but the skins survived. The younger Dr. Fukushi is a cancer specialist, but he has continued his father's interest in tattoos and in the collections.

We should have collections of similar tattoo art in this country. It is acceptable for a person to will his organs—or his entire body, to science. Why shouldn't he also be able to will portions of his body, his tattoos, to art? It is not like Ilsa Kock selecting tattooed victims for the gas chamber so she could have pretty lamp shades. Tattoos are legitimate works of art and owners should be able to donate them in their wills. Now all we need are legitimate museums willing to accept them!



**TATTOO PARTY:** Each year, the elder Dr. Fukushi hosted a party for the Tattooed League at a local bathhouse. (Photo from *HOM* magazine, 1958)



**HUMAN FLESH:** Dr. Katsunari Fukushi shows one of the tattooed skins in the collection established by his father.

*Tattootime* #4 is 98 8 1/2"x11" pages with lots of full-color photos, as are the previous three editions. *Tattootime* #3, published in 1985, is also 98 pages and has a theme of "Music & Sea Tattoos." "Tattoo Magic" is the theme of #2, published in 1984 and is 66

pages in length. The first issue is out of print. —Fledermaus Available from Sandmutopia Supply Co., PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101. *Tattootime* #4, \$15. #3, \$20; #2, \$15. Add \$1.50 shipping and handling for the first copy, \$1 for each additional copy.



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## Black Leather Jacket

By Mick Farren, 99 pp, hard-bound with a black leather-like cover. 87 B&W photos trace the Black Leather Jacket from pre-Nazi storm-trooper days through British rockers, James Dean, Hell's Angels, motorcycle police, Emma Peel, and gay leathermen, to Kiss, Sid Vicious, Mad Max and modern fashion. The superb text is as good as the photos.

WB ET BLACKL \$9.95

## Bikers

### Birth of a Modern Day Outlaw

By Maz Harris, 128 pp, perfectbound. More than 125 B&W photos of real bikers and a few of James Dean/Easy Rider representations. The author, both a trained sociologist and a member of

Hell's Angels, provides a fascinating inside look at biking and bikers.

WB ET BIKERS \$9.95

## Hell's Angels

By Hunter Thompson, 348 pp, trade paperback. Published in 1966, the author chronicles the rise of the California club in the late '50s and early '60s

WB ET HELL'S \$3.95

## The Erotic Baker Cookbook

By Karen Dwyer & Patrika Brown, 158 pp, perfectbound. Over 100 recipes and menus from the owners of the famous New York bakery. Everything from Celery in Bondage and Pecker Pudding to Meaty Balls and A-Hard-Man-Is-Good-To-Find Cream Puff

WB SX EROTBA \$6.98

## The Erotic Tongue A Sexual Lexicon

By Lawrence Paros, 241 pp, perfectbound. No, this is not a book about using the tongue as a sex organ, but it's nearly as good. The author looks at dirty words with wit and wisdom, discussing history, law, poetry, and every other aspect imaginable. A F--KING good book!

WB SX EROTIC \$9.95

## Foreskin

By Bud Berkeley and Joe Tiffenbach, 208 pp, perfectbound. True stories, photos, drawings and a little bit of everything about that bit of skin that so fascinates so many of us. Usually explicitly gay and explicitly erotic.

WB AG FORESK \$13.95

## From Here to Fraternity

By Robert Egan, 278 pp, perfectbound. Many B&W photos and drawings. The first and only comprehensive guide to fraternities and sororities from Alpha to Omega.

WB ET FROMHE \$7.95

## The Male Member

By Kit Schwartz, 195 pp, perfectbound. A quick study and amusing survey of the facts and fables surrounding the male sex organ in various cultures, centuries, and species.

WB AG MALEME \$7.95

## Photoflexion

### A History of Bodybuilding Photography

By William Doan and Craig Dietz, 128 pp, hardbound. Over 100 B&W photos of musclemen from the time of Sandow to the present. Photographed by men who loved their muscles

WB MN PHOTOF \$19.95



## The Connoisseur's Book of the Cigar

By Z. Davidoff, 101 pp, hardbound. A detailed guide to selecting, storing and smoking cigars with details on variations of color, shape, and size. "A cigar is smoked not only with the mouth, but with the hands, the eyes, and the mind." I could add some ideas to the section on what to do with the ash, but otherwise, this book is a complete reference for those fascinated by cigars.

WB ET CIGARB \$12.95

## The Japanese Tattoo

Text by Donald Richie, photos by Ian Buruma, 115 pp, hardbound. 40 color and 23 B&W photos of Japanese men being tattooed and showing their body art.

WB ET JAPANE \$23.50

## TAPES

### MARK CHESTER TAPES

Mark Chester's two audio cassettes, *Valhalla I DuB The Man* and *Valhalla II DuB The Man*, run one hour each. They are \$20 each, double the going rate for tapes from other producers. \$20 each, \$40 for the two, seems to me exorbitantly high. These two safe-sex cassettes are very similar in form and content, so much so that if you contemplate buying, I'd suggest you buy just one—Tape II, which seems to me the heavier, with a greater variety of

action. Passionate devotees of whipping may want both. In addition to extended whipping scenes, each tape contains tit work, some bondage and C/B work—more B than C. There is no sucking or fucking on these cassettes.

Tape I begins with the Top saying: "My name is The Man. That's the only name you're ever to use for me." But the name "The Man" is never again used on either tape; the bottom refers to the Top only as "Sir,"

and the Top calls the bottom "boy" and/or "man."

The Top goes on (I will condense several bits of dialogue): "We're going to do a little bit of game playing. The game is explorations into the field of pain. I want you to have fun, and I'm going to have fun. You're basically here to make me feel good, to turn me on in whatever way it is that I want for as long as I want in any way I want. You're giving up all rights and choice in that regard. Our only

limitation is that I will not damage your body. What do you think about the boys who are going to sit at home and jack off listening to you? 'Cause that's part of the trip, too, man. Think about the boys who are going to wish that they were in your place. A lot of boys fantasize, but there's a difference between fantasizing and doing. It means something when you do it, it really means something."

I find distasteful the Top's implication that it means nothing.



ing and may even be reprehensible if one fantasizes and jacks off to this tape (which, after all, was made to help the listener arrive at ejaculation). That fantasizing and masturbation mean nothing is, I think, bullshit, and I do not like the Top's putting down and insulting his listeners. Of course, there may be listeners who want exactly that putting down.

The Top continues, "I'm going to make you feel bad and then I'm going to make you feel good. What happens to you when somebody inputs pain into your body?"

The bottom replies, "It hurts. My dick gets hard."

In these tapes the Top says only once that his own dick is hard, but the bottom's dick seems to be hard most of the time, and in fact the bottom cums twice (once per tape), each time without permission. After the second cumming he is punished, and it is this punishment scene which makes Tape II more interesting to me than Tape I. The scene is heavy and arousing. The bottom is blindfolded, tied with Ace bandages, fixed with alligator clamps on his tits, and is whipped—whipped all over, but especially on his clamped tits. "It's got to hurt, boy. How else'll you know not to do it [i.e., cum without permission] again? . . . You suffer and my dick gets hard."

The bottom suffers, and not in silence. He moans, groans, cries, weeps, gasps, sobs, howls and is verbally one of the most effective bottoms I've heard on J.O. tapes.

The Top is less effective. Like Tom Selleck, the Top has a tenor speaking voice, but unlike Tom Selleck, the Top frequently strays into and stays in the upper reaches of his range, reminding me of a squeaky counter-tenor; more important, the Top has an annoying habit of monotonously chirruping "mn hm" (with a rising inflection on the second syllable). "It's got to hurt, boy. Mn hm. . . . You suffer and my dick gets hard. Mn hm." The Top lavishes this verbalization throughout his speech. This is at first intrusive, then comic, then repulsive—and it is not sexy.

Listened to straight through, the cassettes together at first seem to record one long Top/bottom scene. Actually, each is composed of several scenes which (the Top mentions in Tape II) occurred over a two-day span. The Top is lax in describing what is happening, what bondage he puts on the bottom and what he removes, so the listener is sometimes bewildered. For example, at one point the Top says the bottom is tied immobile spread-eagled to the bed. Tied in this position, the bottom is ordered to play with the Top's tits while the Top lashes the bottom's chest. The Top moves about, but the bottom remains immobile. To reach the Top's tits—as he does, according to the Top—the bottom (tied immobile and spread-eagled) must have very long fingers. Obviously, at some point, the Top removed the hand bondage, but no one ever says so. In another example, the bottom is explicitly tied face up and there is no dialogue to tell the listener when he is released and turned face down and left untied with only the Top's command and his own will power to prevent him from covering his ass with his hands while the Top whips it.

Whipping is the main attraction on these cassettes, and there are lengthy stretches where there are no words at all, just the sound of the whip or cat or rattan cane or whatever against flesh, accompanied by rising moans and cries and sobs, etc. Frequently the listener does not know or is misdirected as to which part of the body is being whipped. At one point, the Top (who has earlier lashed the bottom's tits) asks the bottom if they hurt. That they sting is the reply. The listener thinks it is the tits that sting. Later the Top mentions that he is lashing the bottom's balls and not his tits; it is the balls that sting.

Readers into whipping will probably be interested in these tapes, especially Tape II, but they too will probably find them overpriced.

Victor Terry  
Available from The Man, PO  
Box 4622, San Francisco, CA  
94101 \$20 each

## VIDEO



### A MATTER OF TASTE

Personal taste being what it is, there are certain to be other people's pleasures which we find incomprehensible. My neighbor, for instance, can't fathom as simple an item as a dildo ("They're not real, they're plastic," he says), yet he regularly surprises me with the complexities of his love life by appearing on the landing, dreamily smiling and incomprehensibly happy about his fresh black eye or spreading bruise the all-too-real gift of his previous night's trick.

He argues that at least his predilections are safe sex; I wonder for whom, but say nothing. It all comes down to your fetish, as I've iterated many times, and beyond a reasonable concern for a friend's well-being, we must be tolerant of what gets him off. Your tolerance for two new and noteworthy videos may well be predicated on your fetish threshold.

The two volumes of Michael Goodwin's *Goodjac Chronicles* are a celebration of masturbation—sex for the new era. The four volumes of Falcon Studio reissues, collectively titled "Forbidden Classics," are a celebration of mid-'70s kink

—sex from the old era. While the former is an ambitious attempt, I found it only partially satisfying. The latter, as one could expect of a no-holds-barred collection of shorts from a sleazy time, hardly wavers in its intensity.

Certainly Falcon has an advantage. Filmed nearly fifteen years ago, its pre-AIDS sexuality includes rimming that approaches cannibalism, fierce sucking and fucking, and lots of aggressive dildo and fisting action. Yet there are many of us equally—or more—turned on by a good JO. If *Goodjac Chronicles* infrequently delivers that, the difference in the two collections lies less in the divergence of the activities presented as in the artistry with which they've been filmed. In the self-consciously artistic *Goodjac Chronicles*, the fetishes all but obscure the sex, while in the straightforward, unadorned approach of the Falcon shorts, the fetishes are the sex.

### FORBIDDEN CLASSICS

Like the sex lives of most of us, my neighbor's has changed. It's calmer than it was. He





**FORBIDDEN CLASSICS:** A reminder of the incredible talents produced by the "sexual revolution" as demonstrated in these two photos (courtesy Falcon Studios) brings nostalgia to new heights . . . and depths

hasn't received a love-bruise in some time, he admitted, and sighed at the thought of getting one now. "How nostalgic it would be," he said.

Whether you're suffering from calm sex, just want to wax nostalgic, or are doing research on the way it was, Falcon Studio's "Forbidden Classics" are the hottest quick-route to sensation. These 16 film shorts have been excellently transferred to video from their 16mm masters and packaged on four Falcon Videopacs. None of the four is weak, and much of the footage is intense. The four collections mix straightforward suck/fucks with dildo and fisting fetish specialties. The performers range from sturdy youths to masculine, well-built adults. There's nothing prissy on these tapes!

My favorite is Videopac 45, **Winner's Way**. The title bout harnesses a huge black leather dong into husky Tom Cline's ass, which he rides while using his cock, fist and dildoes on the tight white ass of his partner. Their fierce bout is followed by "Fuckmates," with two sensationally beautiful men demon-

strating unusual acrobatics and knockout sex on a stairway. I love their contrasting dark- and light-skinned complexions, how they eat ass and devour cock! The finale to this reel is a sturdy outdoor fuck (no arral).

Another classic is Videopac 42, **Open Season**, which features a scary three-way in which a handsome youth is quite ferociously rimmed and plugged by his friends' cocks, fists and dildoes — how he struggles, his flanks quivering. One-time star Phillip has a calmer but no less effective match with Rick in "Long Distance," followed by another good fuck plus a solo JO for an adolescent jock.

**Super Jock** is Videopac 44, with two unusually well-built studs working each other over in "Warehouse." The night watchman gets it from the crasher, who uses his massively muscular frame to dildo the hapless man unmercifully before discarding him. Then Michael Delfino reprises a famous JO in the title clip, which is followed by a black and white couple and the well-remembered "Hardhat for Allan."

The identical Christy twins do each other, and Joe Markham appears in a three-way in Videopac 43, **Fistful**, the title section of which is just what it sounds like.

Falcon has chosen well among its vaults for these tapes. For hearty energy and excessive roughness, these are truly classics. Falcon even seems to have trimmed down a few storylike introductions, if I remember correctly, so it's sex all the way.

Two quick takes. Be merciful and skip **Blue Angel**, a Paladin Studio video starring a misused Brad Mason and Bosch Wagner Mason, looking spectacular, has one good sequence with a blond youth, but the film's political pretentiousness bogs the whole thing down with stupid references to the Nazis currently in local office, plus footage of WWII. It's as half-baked as the poorly taped and edited JO solos that make up most of the video, which varies badly in technical quality as well.

A more mainstream and enjoyable video is **California Blue**, filmed at the onset of the AIDS era and only now in release. It features several attractive newcomers along with reliables like John Kass and Scott O'Hara. It has excellent music, good camera work, and reflects warmly the California outdoors in which it was taped.

## ONE GOODJAC DESERVES ANOTHER

Michael Goodwin is a New York-based graphic artist whose previous videos have been privately made for the entertainment of his friends. In preparing his first commercial video, Goodwin might have hewn closer to the cinema-verite approach that made those earlier efforts effective — in them, guys get together and jack off. For those with a jack-off fetish, **The Goodjac Chronicles** may be trying, as there is hardly a scene which has not been larded over with superfluous elements. With few — yet notable — exceptions, the masturbators are freighted with rituals, costumes, devices and gimmicks, as well as symbolic and psychological plot lines that are extraneous and sometimes in-

comprehensible. If your fetish is the trappings of sex, **Goodjac Chronicles** is a rich experience. If your fetish is masturbation, however, you may feel trapped within the rigamarole that surrounds the actual JO footage. Fortunately, a lot of this footage is good. And since reaction is subjective, here's a rundown of the scenes.

The six scenes of the first hour-long volume are mostly short takes. Four scenes aren't much over five minutes, one strong scene is ten, and the swell finale more than 20. Juan appears in the static opener, having some difficulty manipulating his cock, because a garden snake is acting as his cockring. Kent Sage is the next performer and may be a tough customer. Although he wears a studded codpiece, leather regalia and three cockrings, it's hard to tell much about the scene at all as the entire thing is screened in the reverse image of a negative. This hardship for the eyes is matched by the treatment of our ears, with science-fiction movie music bubbling and moaning throughout.

The amiable Billy Budd is next, and haplessly provides a lesson in why some people make porn and others don't. He does nothing that needed to be preserved on tape. The juicy Damien is the center of the ten-minute "Ritual," and I disregarded the time-filing procession of monks and candlelighting because Damien is such a fleshy delight. His milked skin, statuesque proportions and angelic face are ample reward for the clichéd "initiation to the brotherhood" he undergoes; strange how masturbation takes him from an innocent and revealing white robe to an ominous and concealing dark one. It should be the other way around.

Then there's "Switch," in which the camera plays over the bodies of two butch guys who adore each other in a mirrored studio. There's little actual JO, and much erotic potential is glossed over by the quick editing. Black boxer shorts frame an exposed cock lasciviously, and the boys make out enticingly, but with the muddled attempt to say something about identity plus tribal



drumming and curdling screams on the soundtrack one's attention is distracted.

Just when I was thinking this was a video of excessive pretention in which sexuality had to be gleaned among a distressing array of artsy ideas, sound effects and restless editing, the extended finale came along. Nearly 50 guys jack off together in this one, and they're an attractive, hung, high-shooting crowd. They wear harnesses, cockrings, ball stretchers and uniforms; there's a heart-stopping scene in which two bodybuilders kiss—no, eat—each other's flexed biceps, and a grand finale of a hearty cock having a momentous orgasm.

Volume Two, called *Goodjac Too!* is an improvement. Its seven scenes include only one outright failure (a bubble bath), and boast several successful episodes in which murky symbolism can't quite spoil the pleasure. Keith Ardent's fat dickhead throbs against his thigh as "interrogators" bind him; handsome Mackenzie Poe directs his intense personality and fervent dick beating directly into the camera; and Damien reappears with Peter Spurtz, a man who's boyishly cute and a strong pumper. Cutter Sharp (a hairdresser's nom de scissors) does some unnecessary interpretive dancing in black culottes before revealing his finely haired body and copulent dick. The finale, once again, is a good one: Michael Braun, after a lengthy screen absence, is an intense center for a group of men who cover him with their adoration.

In a refreshing change from the first volume, there are more pros among these performers, and less "art" to obscure their performances. They jack off for us basically unencumbered by plot devices. A clear improvement, it bodes well for future work from Mr. Goodwin.

Goodjac Productions, PO Box 1597, Canal Street Station, New York, NY 10013-0870  
Falcon Studios, PO Box 750, San Francisco, CA 94101  
Trojan Distributing (Blue Angel), 417 Mulberry, Newark, NJ 07102  
California Blue Productions, 2268 Market St., #166, San Francisco, CA 94114.

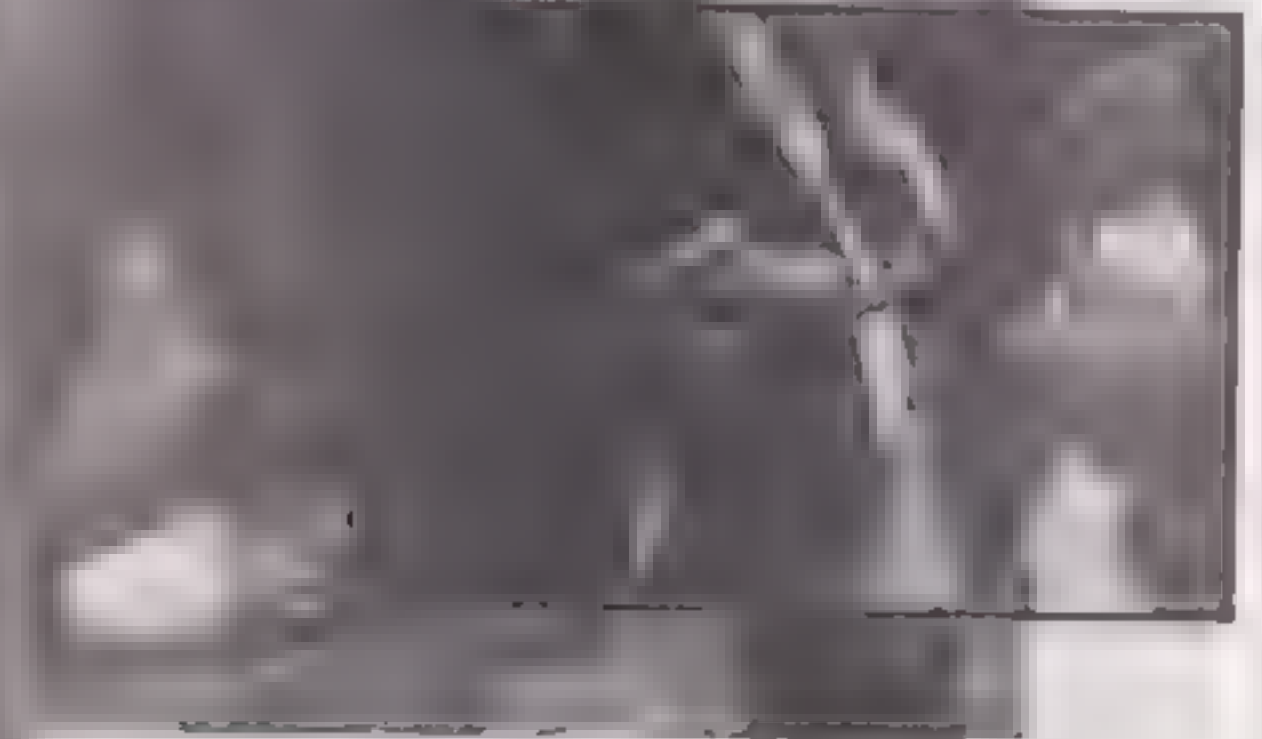
# GOODJAC

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Photos from MICHAEL GOODWIN















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# LEATHER NOTEBOOK



by LARRY TOWNSEND

Dear Larry,

I grew up in an "S&M household," in that my parents were very much into a variety of bondage and discipline between themselves and occasionally with other singles or couples. They were very careful during my early years, so that I was never aware of the situation until I reached high school age. We lived in a fairly large house, so they were able to restrict their games to a third-level basement. But I believe that some semblance of these urges must be hereditary, because as a teenager I began to fantasize about being tied up and forced to obey the commands of another boy.

When my father finally came to that day when he thought he should explain the birds and the bees a bit late by current standards, because I was 14 and ready to start the tenth grade, I confessed my secret.

It must have really taken him by total surprise, because he obviously didn't know how to answer me. He was supportive and understanding, though. I think he wanted to discuss it with Mom before going any further with me. The long and the short of it was (is) that my dad was the submissive partner in his sexual relations with my mother, although you'd never know this otherwise. He is very masculine, now in his mid-forties, and successful in business, etc. Most of this activity between my parents was in the past; I don't think they are doing much of anything now—certainly not with outsiders.

So, all of this long tale brings me to the questions I want to ask. First, do you think S&M urges are or can be hereditary? Second, I'm very turned on to the idea of making it with my father, but I'm afraid to say anything to him. I think he's bisexual, but I'm not 100% sure. He's really kind of "proper" in his relationship with me, although he did finally admit to the substance (but not the

details) of what he does with Mom. Although I'd really like to have him Top me, I'm willing to play the other side, if that's the only way I can make it happen. Just for the record, I'm now 19, so I guess that means I'm of legal age, and physical attractiveness isn't a problem on either side. I know I can't foresee all the questions that may arise in your mind in trying to answer this, but I really would appreciate your thoughts.

(Name withheld)

Dear East,

Your situation has the makings for a wonderful novel! But let's try to examine some of your thoughts in the light of cold reality.

Your first question is one that the "experts" will debate forever, although in the current medical literature there are various discoveries being made that imply genetic factors in a number of behavioral areas. I'd say the conclusions are so uncertain that you'd be safe to believe what you wish to believe, and no matter what your position, you would have ample academic support. (That's the approved scientific way of saying, "I don't know.")

As to getting it on with Dear Old Dad, you really present a dilemma. First, assuming he is bisexual, he may still have strong feelings about an incestuous relationship with his son. You must also recognize that you could be placing yourself into a competitive situation with your mother. Either or both of your parents might respond negatively because of this. There are so many social taboos and undefined sexual valences in this three-way relationship that I have to give you the same answer my computer might give: "Insufficient data."

If you are really lusting after your father, I think your best course would be to sit him down in a quiet, private mo-

ment and discuss it with him. He sounds like an intelligent, reasonable man. Let him make the decision. I have a feeling that nothing is going to happen immediately, but maybe — over time, who knows? As in so many cases of conflicting human desires, the best answer can be found through truth and openness, rather than inhibited and secret longing.

Dear Larry,

After a couple of years of wanting to get into an SM situation, I finally contacted a guy through a *Drummer* ad and submitted to him. Although he was attractive and seemed to know what he was doing, the scene was a disaster, because I was so nervous I couldn't even get a hard-on, as much as I wanted to. Finally, my Master tied me so I was standing up and he sucked my cock. At least he tried to suck it, but I couldn't get it up and he broke off the session, suggesting that we might try again when I could relax more and feel more comfortable. I really do want to try it again with him, and I guess he'd be willing, but I'm afraid to call him, because I'm afraid it will happen again. I haven't had this kind of problem before, so I know there isn't anything physically wrong with me.

Nervous, San Diego, CA

Dear Nervous,

Impotence can stem from a variety of physical and emotional causes. In your situation, the cause is fairly obvious. I say "fairly obvious," because you may not be reacting just out of fear or anxiety. There can be a fair amount of guilt associated with the beginning of SM behavior, just as there can be when you have your first gay sex. Regardless of the cause (assuming it is emotional), the more you worry about it the more hopeless it is going to get. Conversely, the best cure is to be in a situation where it doesn't make any difference.

Many Tops simply don't care whether their bottoms get hard or not; some will even punish you if you do. Bearing this in mind, why don't you call your Top and ask him for another session. If he agrees, he is accepting you as you are, and probably will take a different approach with you. If he is willing to talk about it on the phone, see what he has to say. He might be insightful enough to set up a less stressful situation for you. If it doesn't work out with him, San Diego is not such an SM desert that you can't find another Master.

Dear Larry,

I just read a news magazine account of the problems some of our gay brothers have been giving Jerry Falwell. One guy even programmed his computer to call the Moral Majority's "800" number once every half hour which cost them a buck a shot. I'd really like to do the same thing, and maybe get others to join in, but I'm concerned that there might be a federal law against it — telephone harassment, or some such. Can you enlighten me?

Peter, NYC

Dear Peter,

My legal advisor indicates that although he is not an expert in this field, he would incline to the opinion that programming one's computer to bug somebody would probably constitute harassment, but it is doubtful that anyone would bother to prosecute. Individuals calling an 800 number and expressing their opinions of the services offered are perfectly within their rights, although there are statutes prohibiting profanity over the telephone.

If you would like to have Larry Townsend address a particular problem or issue, you can write him via *Leather Notebook*, *Drummer*, PO Box 11314, San Francisco, CA 94101-1314.





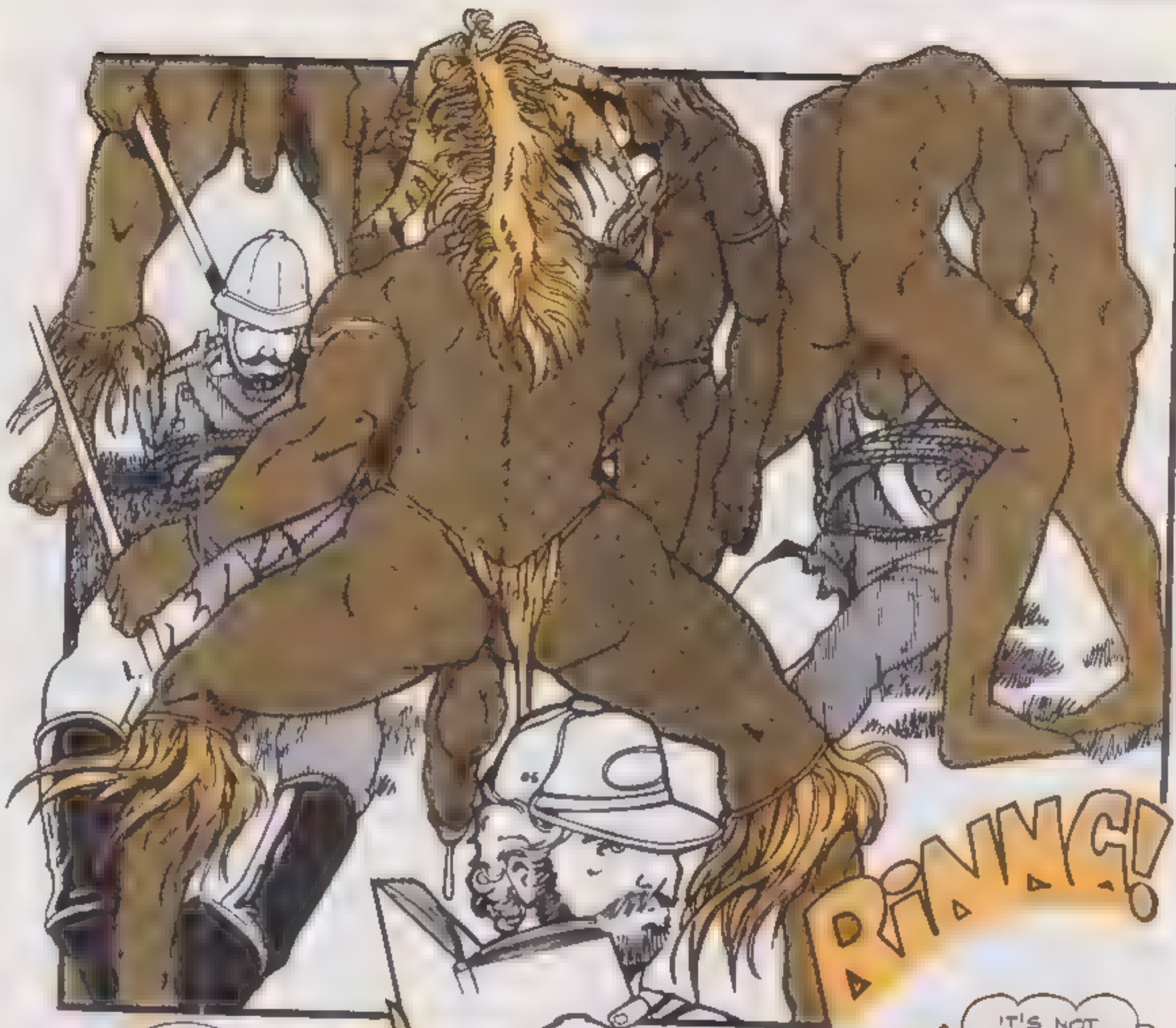
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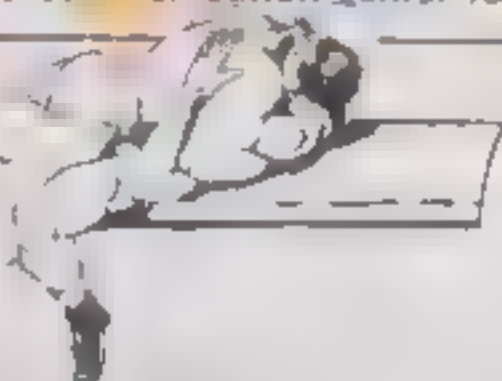
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### LOOKING FOR LEATHER PUNK

Dominant Master 35, 160, well built, looking for leather punk, 21-30, with good body and decent looks. Applicant should love leather discipline (mental and physical), bondage, shaving, torture, public exhibition. Send letter outlining sexual and lifestyle desires with pic to Box 5598LF

### YOU CAN SERVE 2 MASTERS

Submit your subservient will, brain and smooth. (from body to Daddy (52' 5'10", 170) and Brother (37' 6'2", 165) both G/a. F/p. for sex & servitude for once or forever. You will be owned, protected, controlled, trained, disciplined, punished, exhibited, humiliated, worked, bound, used, abused. & know that you are loved. Mental surrender is first, the rest is easy. No phoneys, dokeys, or allies. Pot & poppers okay. Submit & expose yourself by writing Dick & Bill, 54 East Main, Fayetteville, PA 17222 Near Baltimore & D.C. Photo

### LEATHER AND MOTORCYCLES

WM, 47' 6'2", 170 seeks WM as a friend and traveling companion who is also into motorcycling to ride along with me on my Honda Gold Wing. There is no such thing as too much black leather I like to ride dressed in leather from head to toe. I am a mature, well-educated professional who likes to live a life well above average. Box 5028LF

### ASSISTANT DRIVER POSITION

Seeking owner-operator or OTR driver that needs an assistant driver/helper/partner. 40, 5'7" 210 lbs. rugged, responsible and willing to work long and hard. Am willing to invest with right person to purchase a tractor and we work it together as a team. Box 5667LF

### BB DAD SON—HOT ACTION

My Dad is 46, 200 lbs. brown hair, aache 48" chest, 3" waist and very forceful. m 28 6'2" 180 lbs. black hair, beard, dark eyes 49" chest 14" waist, big hairy paws, sensitive. Will be traveling together & separately in S during Mar-May '87. Looking for hot safe action with similar couples or singles. Photo slide answered. Age, looks not as important as scene. But bodybuilders & couples into groups, scenes considered first. Love to service 2 master's dads and my Dad would like to find my 'lost' brother to help me give him the attention he deserves. Write soon! Box 5154

### DADDY BOTTOM REQUIRED

to worship hot 29-year-old son. Son's feet and p's need special attention in return. Daddy may expect VA, GP and more. Safe sane only. Write with phone #. Box 4973

### FISTFUCKING BUDDIES

wanted for heavy scenes by versatile, hot, horny GWM. 31, 5'10" 160 hairy, bearded. Also into leather. W/S, S&M, VA and more. Photo to Bridwell, PO Box 7686, Atlanta, GA 30357

### BURNING DESIRE

Cigar smoker, policemen, full figs, bikers, paramilitary men. Firemen, firebugs, Vietnam veterans, fireworks, demolition, experts share torture, violence, scenes, an assies with pyroperic manboy. 27 with hard-on likes things that go bang or go boom. Safe sex. DA AWS. PO Box 2014, London Terrace Station, NYC 10001. 7-8 789 6 47 (LF5652)

### LEXINGTON/CINCINNATI AREA

40-yr GWM seeking 21 GWM, little family. Us Vanilla/heavy asswork, many tats, piercings, big nutsack a turn-on, heavy pain & torture, safe sex, leather, electro-torture, sharing, monogamous (group later), very hairy & desire same. Travel weekends. Photos exchanged. I have little family, too. Equality important. Box 5624LF

### CIGAR STUD, #74, P. 10 BEARDED

Young little cocksucker wants to worship your beard, cigar and cock! Lean back, pull on it while I suck on it. Give me your load. You'll cum! Get off on one who "gets off" on you. If you're out there, please contact Box 5783. Feed me your manhood.

### HORNY INDENTURED SERVANT

WM 59' novice-educated, adventuresome masculine. Complete submission in exchange for being shaped up physically and character wise. Initiate laborer sex slave toy, discipline possible. Need wisdom, strength, discipline, an who can laugh. Preter rural. Dictate terms or indenture. Box 5772

### MASTER

Handsome muscular trim well-built 48 5'9" 145 lbs. seeks slave-masochist lover permanent temporary or weekend who is trim under 45 well built. All scenes into being face fucked, anal trained, whipped, heavy flogging, FF WS, scat, 681 hot wax, elect. torture, piercing, B&O, branding, stretching, etc. Well-designed and equipped dungeon available. Send picture or seek Master's pleasure. Box 4240LF

### WESTERN NY ONTARIO

32 yo. slim WM looking to make friends with a man who wants to work play with me mutually exploring expanding our world of SM, B&O and leather. All in a safe & sensual context. A relationship is certainly a possibility. Please write to come with your thoughts, and how can get back to you. Box 5492LF

### BOOTS AND BONDAGE

Bottom would like to be on call by demanding arrogant boot master who expects and demands total worship of boots and feet. Rituals, punishments, instructions on care of boots, socks and boot service—of your pleasure and amusement. Will clean your heavy duty boots down to head-toe soles. Or doo! workouts greater with constant attention. o your needs. I travel USA and overseas. 52 6 180 lbs. Box 4411LF

### NAKED AND IMMOBILIZED

Professional in-shape GWM interested in prolonged sessions of nipple and genital stimulation and ass-exploration as either top or bottom. Am extremely healthy, financially secure and travel often. Most any scene considered. Box #274 Petersburg, AK 99833. Answered (LF5576)

### STUD SEEKS LEATHER BUDDY

Bodybuilder and professional 38 5'11" 170 short hair, beard on the prowl for kindred spirits into CBT TT heavy safe scenes of leather confinement. Mind tripping Master a challenge. Mid Atlantic region a plus. Box 57-8

### MASTERS FIND THEIR SLAVES IN DEAR SIR

#### SLAVE AVAILABLE

for complete training unbending discipline hard manual work. Healthy white 1 ash 35 decent straight appearing but lazy body needs much attention. Would relocate for serious permanent owner. 408 996 8138

#### MIND GAMES

21 yo. needs heavy mental mind-fuck games not excessive physical pain. Sadistically humiliate and degrade me, reducing me into subservient animal. Box 5794

### MARINE BRIG

Hot boot seeks sentence of service to serious total OI/Master and total incarceration in brig. My freedom for custody, bondage, control and service. Leather/uniforms—you name terms. Box 5815

### FIT TO BE ABUSED

slave seeks no-nonsense top master who knows what they want. Should be into cigars motorcycles and abusing a slave in any way. Master is over 6 50 lbs up. Will answer all, photo will get mine. Will relocate. Box 5653LF

### WHITE ASS TOY

34, 5'8" 155 lbs. available for one or more BLACK MEN. Hole has recently moved up to stretching. Craves long sessions with fun substances. Has some toys, small to huge. Fists possible with proper training. Ass available nationwide especially SF and NYC. Letters with pictures get first reply. Box 5649LF

### HEAVILY TATTOOED

seeks sadist/top Master. Slave needs bondage, torture, domination, genital alteration, suspension, heavy chain, steel collar, WS, CBT, shaving. Hardworking obedient, experienced, permanent position desired, but not necessary. Can travel. Age, race, build, unimportant. Sadistic attitude necessary. 40s 6 Photo appreciated. Box 5797

### CASTRATION

Rough and terrible history, factual or fictional. Exchange correspondence. Box 5798

### THIS MASTER ORDERS YOU

to submit for life. I'm 45, healthy, white, bearded, very experienced and creative. Into all scenes as Top. Limits respected/expanded. You must relocate to Southern California to become my property forever. Total mind and body control. All freedoms forfeited. ALL totally obedient slaves considered. Submit photo with no-bullshit letter to Box 5802

### BEARDED DADDY/MASTER

43, 6' 185 lbs., aggressive, insatiable (almost), foul-mouthed and affectionate seeks an obedient non-smoker slave-son/lover for a monogamous relationship. If you think you can handle my verbal abuse, physical abuse (mostly spanking, but some TT & C&BT), light bondage, have few if any sexual hangups and are serious, then write and tell me why I should choose you. Although attitude is more important than age or appearance (short is a plus). Send me a recent photo anyway. Cocksucker, with your application. Write, Sir PO Box 1095, Richmond, VA 23208 (LF5501)

### ARE YOU MY DADDY?

I've been looking everywhere, for so long for my daddy. My daddy is handsome, hairy, muscular, and he has a big dick, and his name is Sir. Though I've never met him, I know he'll want to pinch my tits and put his hand in my butt. I'm sure he'll spank me often and occasionally whip me, and he probably has a lot of other interesting ideas about how to treat his boy that I haven't even thought of. But he for sure knows how to treat his boy, with that beautiful blending of discipline and affection that'll make his boy just want to please his daddy. Boy is 37, 5'9", 140, brn/hzl, smooth and lightly muscled. If you're my daddy, I sure hope you'll call soon. I want my daddy. 475 465 9767 (LF5607)







# BONDAGE

## GIFTWRAPPED-BEEFCAKE MAGS FROM ZEUS PUBLICATIONS

**TONY BRONTE** Muscular street hustler Ryder Knight bondage-humbled for pay BIG Jason Steel stripped down and strung up  
ZM-199

\$8.50

**HERCULES** Muscle-bound over & over Cavelo-illustrated mythical bondage exploits like a Steve Reeves S/M gladiator movie  
ZM-119

\$8.50

**DESADE AND THE MUSKETEERS** Artist Cavelo at his decadent historical muscle-bondage best Naked muscles-bound musketeers suffer a lot  
ZM-277

\$8.50



Cory Gunz



Rocca De Vega

**VAL MARTIN/LEO STONE** Both muscle leathermen in hot bondage photo story of a muscle-power struggle for topman  
ZM-84

\$8.00

**ROBERT LaTOURNEAUX** Muscled hustler from "Boys in the Band" photo'd stripped & bound by beefy guard for interrogation  
ZM-87

\$8.50

**CAVELO PORTFOLIO** Illustrated muscle bondage of the Inquisition Uniformed Interrogation Roman Mutiny Foreign Legion  
ZM-104

\$8.50

**ZEUSMEN IN BONDAGE II** Ten Zeus muscle models in bondage fantasies ranging from cops to G.I.s to lumberjacks  
ZM-117

\$8.50

**UNIFORMED RAPE** Hot photo story of a rookie cop busting a leather/S&M scene and ending up stripped, bound, & bottom  
ZM-118

\$8.50

**MEREC FLINT** Canadian bodybuilder champ Flint plus Ryder Knight, Mason Hawk, and Ryan Hayward flex against their bonds  
ZM-124

\$8.50

**MICKEY SQUIRES/MEREC FLINT** Squires bound as P.O.W. and San Francisco leatherman Mike Drum in sling, tit clamps, and gag  
ZM-171

\$8.50

**DEVEGA/GUNN/MCCLOUD** Best seller for three of Zeus' hottest bondage models Super hot bondage sets on all three beefcake bottoms  
ZM-318

\$10.00

**SADO ISLAND** Illustrated Rambo/Road Warrior S&M fantasy adventure set in 2139 A.D. Heavy duty muscle bondage erotica  
ZM-333

\$12.50

**COLLECTORS EDITION** Italian muscle hunk Vito Brutti, college jock Justin Farrell, S.F. stud Burton Lawless all tied up plus art  
ZM-384

\$10.00

- |   |            |
|---|------------|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-199 TONY BRONTE               | \$8.50 \$  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-119 HERCULES                  | \$8.50 \$  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-277 DESADE AND THE MUSKETEERS | \$8.50 \$  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-84 MARTIN/STONE               | \$8.00 \$  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-87 LA TOURNEAUX               | \$8.50 \$  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-104 CAVELO PORTFOLIO          | \$8.50 \$  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-117 BONDAGE II                | \$8.50 \$  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-118 UNIFORMED RAPE            | \$8.50 \$  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-124 MEREC FLINT               | \$8.50 \$  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-171 SQUIRES/FLINT             | \$8.50 \$  |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-318 DEVEGA/GUNN/MCCLOUD       | \$10.00 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-333 SADO ISLAND               | \$12.50 \$ |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ZM-384 COLLECTORS EDITION        | \$10.00 \$ |

TOTAL OF ITEMS \$

Calif. Res. add 8 1/2% Tax \$

Shipping (\$1.50 for first, \$1.00 for each add.) \$

TOTAL ORDER \$

Method of Payment: ☐ Check ☐ Money Order ☐ VISA ☐ MasterCard

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Signature \_\_\_\_\_ Date \_\_\_\_\_  
(Required if you are using a credit card)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Signature \_\_\_\_\_

(I am over 21 years of age)







Am looking for a top who is willing to teach me. This is a unique opportunity for a top from 30-40 to assert his own concepts of bondage and light discipline. I am 31, 5'6" and have a very willing and eager disposition. I want a sane and safe top, one who is willing to bring me along and thereby fulfill my needs as well as his own. Trust is the basis of any relationship and I am not looking for a freak. Let's talk about it. Box 5737

**MASTER HAS SLAVE TO SHARE**  
My boy serves who I tell him to. In a way that pleases both you and I. I'm 29, 6'4", 175 lbs. My boy is 35, 5'10", 175 lbs. We're both good-looking. I'm top and get off sharing my well-trained boy with other top men who like a fully trained slave into bondage, asswork, cocksucking, SM and total pleasure to whom he serves. Let's get together! Box 5752LF

**DELINQUENT DADDY**  
requires probation officer with a purpose! Strict no-nonsense disciplinary top desperately needed for prolonged humiliating sizzling woodshed sessions on a scheduled routine basis. Your standards are high and burn burn when they are not met! Take payment in hot built service if desired. Box 5746

**ALL AMERICAN BOY**  
33, 5'11", 145 lbs., muscular slender. You rounchy, creative, affectionate, cerebral top into: heavy bondage, rubber play, genital modification fantasies, light scat, hugging, kissing, worship. Also film BB, politics, camping, new-age (though). No FF brutality, whipping. Pluses: uncut, collegiate, yuppie, Italian, straight. Relationship possible. Photo/detailed letter. Box 34, 2370 Market St., S.F., CA 94114

**EXECUTIVE DADDY**  
41, 200 lbs., 6' BH neck, strength, athletic, for safe sex. Live in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duke, PO Box 840683, San Francisco, CA 94164 (LF5310)

**SERRA 4x4**  
Good looking, beginner WM 6'1", brown blue 190 lbs. 28 yrs. looking for hot top dad for rough and hard action while camping and 4 wheeling. Show me what man to man sex is all about. Prefer well hung, love light, can s. b. s. suspenders no men. Box 48, 6

**PARTNER SLAVE SON FOR TLC**  
By dominant Master daddy, mustached middle-aged secure GWM. You must have intelligence, hear, brass and imagination. Photo and detailed letter for immediate interview. Box 245, 741A Fourteenth Street, San Francisco, CA 94114

**GERMAN FORESKIN, 31**  
seeks dominant fatherman. Show me bondage, light S.M. (no pain), order to strip service in training harness, briefs, etc. Spread-eagle and use me, grab my balls (smaller size)—shave? Photo? Video? You, not fat, clean-shaven to mustache. Reply with picture, get revealing answer. Box 5807

**BOTTOM DADDY WANTED**  
GWM, 32, 5'10", 150, mustache, loves bondage immobilization, pags, etc. I'm more often bottom, but can switch. Mustached men preferred, any race, age or height. Box 5767

**BB SLAVE WANTED**  
to sweat and strain against my chains as I force you to hunk out one more tough set of curls. Your boss is into hot wax, animal slave training, smoke, C.B.T.T., 4-wheel, rock and country ways. Not into phone trips or bullshit. So if interested and live or are visiting in the area, call (415) 944-9984 or (415) 282-2483 and leave a message. If not in the area, write Boss, PO Box 30091, Walnut Creek, CA 94598

**SCARED? STUFF? CALL THE COLONEL**  
You have nothing to gain but your chains. (415) 467-5128

**S-M BUDDY WANTED**  
By 39-yr old 6'4" 210 lb. very muscular, masculine, quiet, bright businessman BB with 5'2" chest, pierce nipples, 9" arms, 39" waist, handsome looking, b-sha p well built, masculine man between 35-60 for mutually satisfying S.M. encounter or ongoing mutual-cased sexual/mental S.M. friendship relationship. Dominant mind set, positive attitude, aggressive nature. Important interests include: til work, bass, pain/pleasure, J.O. samesex, coed/pair, pants, harnesses, bonds, gloves, uniforms, mil/or. Fantasies wanting to be realized include: Tr Master, Ball Master, Pain, Pleasure Master, Control Master, Master meaning expert and authoritative. Reality includes a hot, capable aware worthy partner for the night man. Tm beard, strong sense of humor, appreciation for the bonding pleasure and dynamics of S.M. are pluses. San Francisco/Bay Area preferred. Other locations considered. Reply with photo to Box 466, 584 Castro, S.F. CA 94114

**BOTTOM DADDY WANTED**  
Good-looking, 30 Japanese daddy's boy, but top, seeks white 35-55, masculine bottom daddy, into leather, uniform, light SM. W/S, B&D. Must have respect to reversed daddy-son relationship. Reply with photo. Box 5566

**NAKED AND IMMOBILIZED**  
Professional in-shape GWM interested in prolonged sessions of nipple and genital stimulation and ass exploration as either Top or bottom. Am extremely healthy and financially secure and travel often. A stable relationship is desired, but most any scene will be considered. Box 5576 F

**WANT HANDSOME BUTT EXPERT**  
Masculine, handsome hung WM, 38, with hot butt seeks a very special expert buddy/friend for regular erotic FF, dildo and enema sessions. Must be cut, discreet, health conscious and stable. Am mostly bottom and will top the right guy. Hygiene a must! Box 5557LF

**HELP ME INTO SM**  
Self-mortore sucks WM 6'2" 70 cut 7 1/2" needs experienced Master or top or nipple ball, cock work, munching, electro torture (mutual with shaft, balls tied together a real turn-on). Bondage, increase limits. Hot wax, shaving clothespins. Box 5184LF

**HUNGRY MANSEX**  
GWM 33, 5'7", 155 lbs., brown hair, bearded, attractive, seeks hot, horny, hairy men for anything-goes pig sex. At lunch, before work, after work, any time. SF residents or visitors send photo, phone and your favorite turn-ons. Box 5151

**LEATHER REALLY TURN YOU ON?**  
Do you own LEATHER pants, jacket and boots? Do you like to be dominated? Live in the S.F. bay area? Like J/O scenes with a dominant guy? Like to worship a man's LEATHER? Are you intelligent and looking for someone to share yourself and fantasies with? I'm 40, 230 lbs., 6'1" brown hair, greenish blue eyes, mustache, big good-looking guy. If you can answer yes to ALL of the above, reply with photo and phone to: Jim, 1850 Union St. 69, San Francisco, CA 94123 (LF4807)

**SONOMA COUNTY**  
WM, 44, 6' 190 lbs., SM TT, C&BT, etc. No body fluids exchanged, no fucking, even with a condom. Let's use our bodies and minds. If you've got the mind, I've got the body or vice versa. Age and size unimportant as long as you can get it up! I've been into the scene for 12 years and I've done it all. For last 4 years, I've been doing what the standards say is safe sex and I'm having a wonderful time without missing anything. Do you like to play roles? Me too! I'm versatile and with our sick minds we can get it off with screams that all of the valley can hear! Cmon, invest 22 in your happiness and write me a note, I'm special and if you understand this ad, I'm sure you are too! Box 5150

# 20¢ Phone Sex

Ever wanted to try phone sex but were too embarrassed...or were shocked by the high prices?? Sick of trying to meet that someone special at a bar?? Then try the BuddySystem®.

When you call The BuddySystem®, our computer anonymously connects you to the next incoming caller for less than 20¢ a connection. To hear a recording about how The BuddySystem® works call (212) 362-6825.

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# LISTEN HARD



AUDIO CASSETTES  
ARE YOUR HOTTEST  
TURN-ON

AND THESE  
ARE THE  
VERY BEST  
AVAILABLE!

YOUR  
CHOICE

995

## rites and Raunch

There was definitely something evil about the guy, maybe that's why I went home with him. But nothing prepared me for what was to come. I admit the things he lead me into were pretty sick, but he was so sure of himself, so masculine—well, I did them. Warning: Don't order this tape unless you're prepared to listen in on some really perverted stuff—devil worship, toilet sex in a filthy bathroom. Male bonding at its most extreme.

## BIKE EXHIBITIONIST

Imagine: it's a steamy afternoon at the local truck stop and you see a biker who looks too good to be true—mean, dirty muscular—leaning against his big, black Harley. You ask if he's interested in getting some pictures of his bike. But back in your garage his massive chest, his big hairy ass, piss streaming out of that dick... It turns out he's quite an exhibitionist. But things get out of hand when he forces you to do more than take pictures. In a short time you know that stinking body better than your Polaroid does.

## MARINES OVERHEARD

Two hot and very horny young Marines meet in the barracks latrine. Richie has to take a piss and Mike takes things from there. If you're a real pig... if you like your action raunchy—hot military scenes, uniforms, the feel of a cold tile floor against your naked back while a hot Marine squats on your face—then we think you might be interested in *Marines Overheard*.

## HOT HUNG TRUCKER

Teamster Bob picks up a not-so-innocent hitchhiker at a truckstop in the California desert. Bob has a kink in his neck... Jake the hitchhiker suggests a massage. Bob's leather jacket is the first thing to come off—then his dirty greasy jeans. When they drop to the floor of the cab, you'll find out how this tape got its name. Jake knows just what to do to service that big rig. And you'll feel like you're right there to help him out.



## MUSCLE BUILDER ORGY

Five hot bodybuilders after a sweaty workout... stripping down to sweat-drenched jock straps... eyeing each other... their hands reaching out to feel their buddies' biceps, brushing against these solid, hard pecs... and down, down still further 'til they get so hot they don't give a shit who walks in if you get off on pumped-up muscle, hot man-to-man action, steamy lockerroom sex with no holds barred, then this tape is for you.

## DELIVERY BOY COMES AGAIN

Richie is the new driver on the route. He's a hot straight Italian guy who seems a little "curious" when he finds himself delivering beer and soda to a gay bar. The bartender jumps at the opportunity, soon he convinces Richie to pull out his dick and show it off. "I gotta piss," Richie announces so the bartender hands him an empty beer can. A hot session follows that gets into heavy cocksucking, lots of dirty talk, more piss games and kinky exhibitionism.

## AL PARKER AS THE REPAIRMAN

Porn star Al Parker in his only audio tape. Al's an air conditioner repairman who drops in on a guy whose wife isn't home. Who could resist Al's enormous cock? Sucking that mammoth piece of meat isn't enough and pretty soon the guys begging for it up his ass. He gets it too—plus Al's giant balls at the same time in one of the hottest and kinkiest scenes ever recorded.

HOT  
TALK  
TAPES

## THE DADDY TAPES

### MY DADDY WAS BAD

The kid comes home to find his dad asleep after a hard day's work. He could stand there forever at the foot of the bed, rubbing his crotch and watching his dad's hairy chest, meaty thighs and swollen dick. But when Dad wakes up, matters come to a head and the kid gets taken on a wild sex trip that culminates in a super-hot scene.

### KID VS DAD—WINNER TAKES ALL

Ever wrestle with your old man? Ever wonder what would happen if those sessions got Dad hot—too hot—and he overpowered you? Ever wonder about all the different things he could force you to do to that sweaty body of his before he pins you on your stomach and forces that horse-dick of his up your ass? It's all on this tape.

### THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 1

The kid's been bad (chicks and drugs) but Dad knows just how to handle him. Dad shows his son who's boss and gives him the punishment he deserves. It's a horny kid's introduction into the male world of cocksucking, armpits, piss and most of all, hot, masculine attitude.

### THE KID'S FIRST TIME WITH DAD PART 2

Dad's been waiting for the right opportunity to corrupt his oversexed boy and tonight's the night. He knows he shouldn't do it, but those hot ass cheeks and adolescent cock are too tempting.





## TAPE 1 THE INTERROGATION

This tape is featured on the cover of *Drummer* magazine. Master Brutus is a mean Master who knows how to deliver some heavy abuse, both physical and mental. On side one he talks directly to you, forcing you to suck his big cock and worship that incredible Master body. On side two we hear an authentic session where he works over a slave. Plenty of humiliation, and heavy, heavy abuse.

## TAPE 2 THE TRAINING BEGINS

Brutus lays it on as his recruit responds willingly and unwillingly to the abuse and humiliation of his training. Not even allowed to beg, he submits to the DI's heavy hand and busy belt. Breathtaking!

## TAPE 3 PUNISHMENT & REWARD

When Brutus speaks, men listen, as will you when he tells you how it is and how it is going to be. Whether the punishment is its own reward, or the reward is merely more punishment, only the lowly recruit can say. One hour of intense verbal abuse.

## THE COMMANDER SPEAKS

"I am your big brother, your daddy, your commanding officer. I am every big man you ever saw in your whole fuckin' life and started beating off about... your tongue is going to be my shower... your mouth is going to be my toilet... you're going to make me feel like the biggest man in the world, just cause you got a throat. Get your teeth down there on that zipper... get down that's it—get your face in there. Smell what a man is like between his legs." This is just the start of the verbal abuse and humiliation.



## MAN TO MAN TALK

**FATHER/SON**—A father becomes his son's lover.

**MARINE BRIG**—A Marine DI punishes an AWOL Marine in the Brig.

**PORN CALLS**—Two half-hour jack-off phone calls.

**SAILING TO HELL**—Frank O'Rourke relates an original story of rape and abuse.

**THE CONFESSIONAL**—A young priest hears the confession of his first gay man and what happens in the booth would do much toward conversions.

**THE HIGHWAY PATROLMAN**—He stops a speeder on the road and there are more ways for paying for speeding.

**THE HITCHHIKER**—An air corpsman is picked up by a trucker who is looking for more than a passenger to share his ride.

**THE HUSTLER**—He sets the price for a blow job but discovers that the price includes a good deal more.

**THE WARDEN**—The young convict learns that time was not all he is giving up when he enters the joint.

**TV REPAIRMAN**—A straight, married repairman quickly discovers that he gets more than he expected when he goes to a surfer's house.

**WHIP FIRE**—A live, heavy SM scene between Frank O'Rourke and a slave.

**BRANDING, PIERCING AND TATTOOING**—The hows and whys.

**INTERVIEW WITH A TEEN-AGED MALE PROSTITUTE**—A young male whore tells all.

**MASTER/SLAVE INTERACTION**—Follow up by Frank O'Rourke of earlier tapes, *The Master* and *The Slave*.

**SM AND LOVE?**—Frank O'Rourke tells whether love can develop from an SM relationship.

**THE ART OF FISTING**—Fisting is no longer a strictly SM act. Frank O'Rourke discusses many aspects and possible dangers in fisting.

**THE INFERNO: THE SM ANNUAL EXPERIENCE**—Its values and what it is about.

**THE MASTER**—Frank O'Rourke discusses the role of the Master.

**THE SLAVE**—Frank O'Rourke gives an insight to the slave and/or masochist.

**TOYS: SOME OF THEIR USAGES AND POSSIBLE DANGERS**



## GREASE MONKEYS STARRING MASTER MARIO

Two sweaty garage mechanics rape a guy they find hanging around the men's room. He puts up a fight, at first anyway. Lots of axle grease, cocksucking, filthy talk.

## DADDY BREAKS IN A NEW BOY

Patience and understanding go out the window and Daddy starts training his boy with the tried-and-true adage, "spare the rod and spoil the boy." It is heavy-duty training in an actual session. Both the boy and you will be better for having been there.

## THE D.I. STARRING MASTER MARIO

Authentic military discipline as a tough Drill Instructor takes advantage of a couple of guys in the brig. Packed with heavy verbal abuse and forced body worship as the DI proves who's in command.

## THE COP STARRING MASTER MARIO

A mean police officer forces a suspect to service his body in a show of brute, perverted force. Climaxed by a raunchy bathroom scene and the victim cleaning out the cop's dirty ass.

## COP WORSHIP

We've never offered a strictly one-man narrative tape before, but this one is so good we decided to make an exception. It's one guy's cop fantasies, his true-life obsessions, his dreams of what might happen if that super-hot cop he's had his eye on for months should bust him, force him to his knees to suck not only his cock but his partner's too, as the two cops stare at each other in the eye. All the guy's pent-up desires come out surging, cop cum out of rubbers, swallowing gallons of cop piss, wallowing under dominant cop attitude. If you're into cops, you'll listen to this tape again and again.

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**BB Top, into leather and bondage.** You slave/master under 35, into same, plus CB&T TT, shaving and boots. I'm 30, 5'8" 165 lbs. Send photo and letter telling me what you'll be doing with your hot mouth. Box 4883LF

#### WEEKEND SLAVE

Two professional men, one dark, one blond early 30s seek healthy weekend slave. Looking for permanent houseboy, private country setting—close to Washington, Baltimore. Totally health-conscious. Requirements: Willingness to please, 25-35, straight looks, decent body. Moderate bondage, cock ball & tit work, yard & farm work. Attic playroom. Willing and experienced boys younger than 25 will be considered, but convince us. Also interested in meeting other leather buddies in Hagerstown, Frederick/Winchester/Eastern Panhandle area—we're ready when you are. Box 4596LF

#### DEDICATED LEATHERMAN

WM, 37, 5'10", 155, B/B, mustache, goatee. SM, BD, CBT, TT, WS, FR, GR. Seeks others into same both top and bottom. Write: PC Box 2341 Manassas, VA 22110. (LF4896)

Handball enthusiast experienced in wide variety other games (usually as TOP in SM) seeks others whose activities also affected by HIV virus. Am intelligent, balanced, self-confident. Flexible, articulate, widely traveled, muscular, dark-haired, bearded, 40s. Much more turned on by physical sensuality (either playful or intense) than role-playing or head-trips. Have mild case Kaposi's Sarcoma, apparently controlled by AZT, but otherwise in excellent health and condition. Want a match? Bar's in your court. Box 5199LF

#### BODYBUILDER SLAVE

WM 42, 5'11", 175, 45" chest, 30" waist, well

built, together loner, erotic. Lean/muscular nonsmoker, use/abuse, whipping, safesex. Ex-military special warfare. Relate to Lawrence of Arabia, Mishima, "Story of Q," "9 Weeks," "Image," "Beauty" Trilogy. JW PO Box 44829, Ft. Washington, MD 20744 (LF5030)

#### MASTER/SLAVE WANTED

by free-to-travel slave who is well experienced and desirous of hot, sweaty, funky sex with straight bi or butch gay men who are big, rugged, hairy. Any color or nationality as long as they like their sex hot and funky in Levis leather or jocks. Write Box 5471

#### ADVENTURE IN PARADISE

Looking for hard-bodied, adventurous men into exploring mutual fantasies. I'm experienced, attractive, early 40s, 5'10", 150 lbs. responsible, into working out, bondage, CB and tit work and hot JO scenes. Most important: a hot body and sense of adventure. Reply with photo if possible to PO Box 4911, Key West, FL 33041

#### READY TO SERVE

Top a handsome 23-year-old WM, 5'8", 150 lbs. with brown hair—seeking healthy and handsome dominant topman into leather S/M B/D, uniforms, etc. Expand my limits to suit your needs through trust and respect. PO Box 5565 Pompano Beach, FL 33074

#### BEARDED MASTER—CENT FL

35 accepting applications for full-time house boy/slave (21-35) must be healthy. Will be trained. Send resume and photo. Serious inquiries only. Box 5764

#### HELP! OUT OF CONTROL

Attractive collegiate seeks stern guidance. Correct my life, expand my innocent limits, please. Anything except scat, drugs, damage. North Florida, will travel. Box 5799

#### CENTRAL FLORIDA

WM needs leather guidance and discipline. Seeks Master/trainer in full leather to teach the "ropes." Also into jocks, 501s, cockrings and toys. No FF, WS, scat, fats or fems. Respond with photo and your qualifications. Box 5219LF

#### NOVICE DESIRES TRAINING

Central East Coast novice seeks introduction and training in leathersex. Totally inexperienced. 39 WM, 6' 180 lbs., needs basic training in S/M. Would discuss limits. Am on fitness program. Eager to learn and expand. This is a sincere offer. Please help me! Safe. Box 5219LF

#### NO SHIT

This Master/daddy is 46, 5'8" wants boy who needs me for service & training. No drugs, alcoholics or fems. Total commitment, one on one. Must relocate to West Coast. Fla. Want younger, under 35 preferred, smaller man. But all answered. Let's turn this ad into a success story. Box 4930LF

#### ATLANTA B/D DADDY WANTED

by college student, 21, 5'6", 135 lbs., dark hair, brown eyes, bearded and moderately hairy (but will shave if the right daddy wishes). Son wants relationship with bearded daddy under 50 with paternal instinct who can dominate, punish and nurture. Box 5560LF

#### ATTRACTIVE NOVICE

31, 5'11", 155 lbs., attractive, honest, responsible, romantic, mature, arts oriented seeks similar men 25-50 for safe introduction to rubber, leather/spandex, bondage, plugs and other mutually agreed-upon activities. Eventually seeking a permanent, monogamous relationship with right person for life of love, laughter, caring and sharing. Atlanta area. Box 5774LF

#### FISTFUCKING A/P

WM, 39, 5'8", 140, hungry, needs regular buddy for hot asshole sessions—FE toys. No fluids. Box 8503, Atlanta, GA 30306

#### WANTED

Coming through Atlanta? Hot, hung, hairy, stop over. Bearded, married and uncult a plus! (404) 872-0929

#### TT FROM TOPMAN

I'm GWM, grad student, 27, 6'2", 190, long blond hair, blue eyes, good-looking, muscular, smooth into TT, CBT, BD and light SM, wants bright, imaginative, fun-loving, stable but somewhat wild-assed Topman/Daddy, 28-40 for a helluva good time and possibly a deeper connection. Box 5771

#### HOT & KINKY CIGAR SCENES

Little guy, 30, boyish, mustache. Seeking cigar scenes involving JD, boots, leather, rubber, union suits, work clothes, condoms, hoods, masks, ice bandages, CB&TT. Controlled/forced smoking while tied. Extreme, elaborate bondage. Forced to breathe cigar smoke through gas mask. SAFE SEX ONLY! Husky, verbal, beergut, blue-collar beard, mustache. A Photo please. Box 5348LF

#### NEED HUNG TOPS

Novice, 42, 5'4", 130 lbs., seeks hung tops to use my hungry, submissive body. Want level-headed Top who respects limits. Strip me, spank me, fuck me, deep, hard, repeatedly, w/condoms. Groups OK. Expand my limits in SM. Ass needs heavy workouts w/friends, pass me around! Toys, titwork, shaving, B/D. No scat, FF damage. Want exclusive Tops who know what they want and how to take it. Ages 25-45. Leather a turn-on. Reply to Box 108DH, 3952 N. Southport, Chicago, IL 60613, or call (312) 472-1871. Ask for DL (LF5215)

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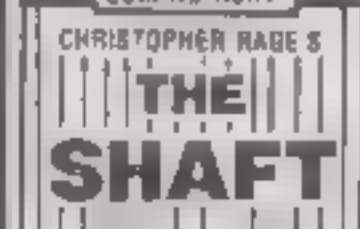
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#### 5 YEARS AND

We've fucked, sucked, sweated, pissed or stretched balls, stuffed, beaten asses, chewed pierced tits and shot loads of hot cum. Dad 25, 6'2" 210, tattooed, pierced Rope leather whips and piss. Boy 27, 5'10" 155 great dick hungry hole, just right for stretching. Looking for a butch uncle to pull tricks on Dad Chicago Box 5559LF

#### IF HE'S NOT HERE, HE'S PROBABLY NOT AVAILABLE

##### FORMER MASTER

Has been PRO-wrestler type (big bearded balding 210 lbs., 6' 46) gangbanged into submission, now seeks rough use and abuse from dominant studs into B/D VA TT, butt-plugs, dildoes, etc. Complete my degradation into total DILDOFUCKHOLE. But Twat prefers smaller, aggressive, authoritarian Masters, but my lake-charge stud served Use me hard, then throw me out. Will travel for humiliation and degradation. Box 5249

##### BOTTOM SEEKS TRAINING

Chicago bottom needs experienced masculine top man to further my sexual education. I am WM, 35, 5'10", 170 lbs., blond, blue eyes. Needs further training in SM, FF bondage, tit torture, dildoes, W/S. Please, Sir, use my hungry, deep throat and hot, eager ass. Will service one Master or groups. Please write with description of how I can please you. Box 5483LF

##### GOOD-LOOKING SLENDER WM

27 dressed in full leather seeks other tops or bottoms into leather scene. Prefer being top, but extremely versatile. I'm open-minded, willing to try anything once, into everything from cuddling and playing gently all the way to SM, BD, whipping, paddling, etc. We can work out your mildest to wildest fantasies together. Photo appreciated, but not necessary. Can travel IL and surrounding states. Box 5582LF

##### EXPERIENCED TOP CHICAGO SW AREA

Former Hellfire member. Present member of GMSMA. I'm in 40s, white and prefer my bottoms/slaves younger and into everything which would include an excellent cocksucker. W/S, lating, TT, CBT, electricity, bondage and whipping. Safe sex first. Have complete dungeon. Send photo, letter and phone to Big Ed Box 5551LF

##### DANNY NEEDS DADDY

GWM 40, 5'5", 155 lbs. brn/brn, 7 1/2" thick uncut, seeks to submit/needs affection and discipline. FF TT, BD, no scat. Call or write DAM, Box 87, 924 W Belmont, Chicago, IL 60657 (312) 477-0490. Thank you Daddy!

##### REAL MAN WANTED

by attractive white male, 32, 6' 170 lbs., and experienced bottom, for occasional torture and possible relationship. I'm versatile and enjoy receiving heavy cock, ball and tit torture. If you are 21-45, sadistic and imaginative—Great. Photo & phone answered first. No lats, lams, scat or FF. Box 5367

##### S/M NEOPHYTE SEEKS MASTER

Bottom WM, 40, 5'6", 135 lbs., brown/blue moustache, cut needs top who will let me please him. Teach me to accept pain/pleasure. Help me to accept subservience. Expand my limits to suit your needs through trust, respect, and worth. Box 5359

##### SERVILE SUBMISSIVE

Sirs, WM 5'10" 165 lbs., 40 years old, novice would like to provide MASTER with servile service. Sirs, place your slave in strict bondage and make your slave, prisoner or initiate serve your needs. Sirs, novice interested in scenes like described in "1990, The Long Night," (Drummer 65) and "Interrogation" (Drummer 68).

#### BONDAGE FANTASIES

fulfilled by slave, 23, 5'11", 165 into role-playing and extensive creative bondage. Need a son to discipline, a student to train, or a hitchhiker to pick up and hold captive??? Write detailed letter to Dave, PO Box 1126 Des Moines, IA 50311

#### MASTER/DADDY SEEKS SLAVE

Dominant Master/daddy 35, 5'10", 155 seeks slave for weekend/occasional use and abuse. Scenes from light to heavy but will stop at your limits. Prefer hot, young studs with good build. The Master PO Box 1373 Manhattan, KS 66502

#### KENTUCKY LEATHERMEN?

Leather bottom, 35, 5'6", 145, beard turns on to leather and cigars. Am Fr's, Gr/p. No need for artificial role-playing. I know what I am and what I like to do. Reply with photo to Box 5515LF

#### SUBMISSIVE SLAVE

27 yrs. old, 6'2", 185 lbs., 7" ex-Navy into bondage, being gang raped, suck cock, public/private humiliation. (Would like to relocate in California.) Send photo and my orders. Kevin Marks, PO Box 14814, Louisville, KY 40214 (LF5756)

#### LEVI/LEATHER RUBBER MASTER

Harley rider, write me So. La. close to New Orleans & Baton Rouge. Are you a Harley rider & bottom? It's a plus. WM 44, 6'1", 200 bald beard & very hairy into safe sex, SM, heavy bondage, leather & rubber, boots shaving, toys, rim & hot wax & more. Seeking bottoms into same, also other tops welcome to write. Bottom must be very straight-acting, no fem, no scat, no FF or smokers. WM train. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Write Sir, or phone (504) 473-6087 after 10 PM.

#### MUTUAL ACTION

Not into roles—interested in mutual action, especially serious titwork and wrestling matches. Want to explore many aspects of the leather life. Would also like to carry on active correspondence with hot, verbal guys. I am 30, 5'8", 225. Write to PO Box 2384, Shovel LA 70459

#### TICKLISH?

Allow me! Hot tickle-slave desired immediately! Your tickling Master awaits! Box 5728

#### ON SHIT!

Slave, 34, 5'7", 135, hot, into tongue baths, total service, shit worship, forced feedings of all male body filth—no exceptions—bondage, enemas, dildoes, whips, paddles, triclamps, ballwork. Needs smelly, unwashed, hot Master(s)—younger the better—for training and punishment. (617) 651-4657 PO Box 1736 Cambridge, MA 02238. Relocation possible (LF5468)

#### MASTER SEEKS SECOND SLAVE

Master in 60s, sexually 40s, and slave in 20s seek second slave around 6', 160 lbs. with NO facial hair. We're HEAVY into rubber/leather S/M, bondage. You'll relocate immediately to small town in New England, ranch house with extensive toy room. NO DRUGS, FEMS, FF. SCAT. JO calls. Call (413) 267-5278 before 10 PM EST. Be prepared to give your phone no. in case of telephone fuck-up. We are serious, are you? (LF4247)

#### MASTER SEEKS MJSC SLAVES

Master 34 tall well built construction worker body successfully educated Boston based seeks slaves 18-30 smooth hard well-defined bodies, swimmers gymnasts body builders in need of a demanding man to guide your life. Will use your body or my pleasure. You will submit to BD and SM as command. I will train inexperienced with proper attitudes, complete obedience and superior physiques. You will work or go to school as required. Relocation possible for top quality applicant. Send current physique photos and letter detailing biographical information for asides, qualifications and telephone no. to Master Box 44, 89 Mass Ave Boston MA 02115 (LF5304)

#### HAIRY-HUNG-UNCUT COUPLE

late 20s with equipment seek others for high-heavy safe scenes. Reply with photo and photo to: SIR, PO Box 3622 Boston, MA 02101 3622

#### WILD IMAGINATION

Looking for that extra something? GEM 68 good-looking prof. 37, needing beefy, hairy ex-wrestler 68, 55-70, for safe HOT sessions. Come on, I know you're out there! Aggressive photo gets first priority. Nuff said! Box 5712

#### BOTTOM WANTED

by GWM 44, 155 lbs., 5'6" 8" uncut. Desires bottom/slave who is into BD, TT, CBT, spankings, enemas, safe sex, to age 45. Novice considered. Photo, phone to Box 5765

#### WM BOTTOM

WM 36, 6'2", 198 lbs. moustache into BD, WS, tit torture. Some experience need to explore and expand limits. Box 5138LF

#### HOT MASTER

has opening for meat. Send resume and photo to: Real Admire Mark PO Box 51114 Nov. MI 48150 5886

#### BUDDY WANTED

Kalamazoo GWM 35, 6'2", 200 blond professional wants 30-45 year old good-looking rugged type for mutual construction worker/trucker etc. who likes cowboy boots, cowboy leather jackets and getting fucked. Military background a plus. Not into enemas, tit torture, drugs, etc. or pain. Photo, phone to Box 5770

#### GET TO WORK, BOY!

Part-time houseboy wanted by 2 hot short 30s Masters for manual labor in their SW Minneapolis home. Must enjoy bondage, leather and servitude. A night in one and chains will be your reward for a job well done. We are safe, sane and serious—you will be the same. Apply with photo to Box 5811

#### FUCK BOY-NOVICE SLAVE

wanted for heavy dildoe work, butt play. Limits respected and expanded. To Sir PO Box 3872, Minneapolis, MN 55403

#### TWO VERY WELL-HUNG TOPS

Both 5'10" 165/170 lbs., dark hair, blond hair, smooth chest/hairy chest, seek young masculine bottoms for very hot scenes in well-equipped black-light "playroom" (with sink)—SM, BD, CBT, TT, FF, WS—you name it or want it and we'll get into it (gentle to rough to ?). Limits discussed and respected prior to long extended session. Very verbal during sexual encounters and expect bottom likewise to be verbal. Have "pig slave" available which we will share with other Masters who have a slave to share with us or we may make him available to select Masters. Special interest in jocks/USN-USMC/B's. Sincere beginners welcome. All letters with detailed experience and photo will be answered. Travelers and weekend guests welcome. Apply to: Box 3931, Springfield, MO 65808

#### BIG-DICKED AND LEVEL-HEADED

Topman in St. Louis is looking for a versatile bottom/slave or other tops with similar ideas for give and take. I'm white 33, 6' 165 lbs. Interests include B&D, foot service, cock and ball work, tits, WS, spanking and heavy ass play. Clean and safe. Missouri and surrounding states. Box 5745

#### OMAHA AREA

A sexual WM bondage Master 38, 5'10", 185 wants part-time WM slaves 18-35. Light to moderate SM optional. Any experience level. No scat, WS, drugs. Address/phone number to Gary, PO Box 733, Bellevue NE 68005-0733 (LF5474)

#### OMAHA AREA

Nonsexual WM bondage Master, 38, 5'10", 190, wants part-time WM slaves, 21-35, light to moderate SM optional. Any experience level. No scat, WS, drugs. Address/phone to GFLH, PO Box 733, Bellevue NE 68005 (LF5474)

#### VISITING OMAHA

Guy 35, bl/bl, 5'7", hairy, seeks raunchy friends Omaha area for hot sex sessions. Box 5801, or phone (213) 650-1193

#### BONDAGE SLAVE WANTED

travel northern Nevada, California, southern Oregon and live in Reno, Nevada. Not into bar/bath routine, clean and practice safe sex. This semi-retrained white male is 48, 5'8", 170 lbs. and uncut. Enjoys videos, movies, good food, swimming, camping, other outdoor activities and quiet times, etc. Serious bondage bottom slave wanting prolonged sessions bound and gagged in different positions to fulfill your sexual desires or fantasies. Any race, cut, uncut, good build, under forty. Apply now, slave with photo, phone number, desires and/or fantasies. Permanent Master/slave relationship possible. Box 5163LF

#### SEEK HAIRY DADDY

34-year WM moustache beard, seeks hairy uncut daddy, 35-45, to treat me like a man, will never say no or enough. Exploration of all possibilities—cock-in-ball, tit torture, enemas, bondage, poppers, armpits, sweaty crotches—no scat. Will travel New England. Call (603) 225-4577. Box 58, BLF

#### FUCK BOYS WANTED

Masters seek slaves 18+ in our home. You, French & Greek passive. Full-time position for right asshole. Write Alan, PO Box 294, Conway, NH 03818

#### ROPED, RAPED, BOUND, GAGGED

Hot, handsome tan-black virile, muscular athletic jock (5'10" 170, 33 yrs) enjoys heavy restraint, bondage, wrestling, forced safe sex or no sex, but lots of tying and gagging. Top mostly, but can be bottom. Additional turn-ons: sweat box, jockstraps, sweaty lean hairy, hard bodies, tight jeans, boots, leather and plenty of rope. Discreet, safe, sane, sanitary, healthy. Want to meet long-lasting, lean jock buddies with similar interests. PO Box 1368, Atlantic City, NJ 08404

#### TORTURE TURN YOU ON?

Wonder how much you can take? Find out. Experienced sadist seeks young (18-30) well-built captives man enough to endure imaginative and heavy bondage pain and torture in my extraordinarily equipped dungeon. Limits explored and expanded as, naked and chained, you twist, sweat and moan under slow torture and the whip. More interested in classic torture scenes than leather sex. Weekend trips and outdoors a specialty (201) 874-5725 weekdays after 8 PM EST, anytime weekends. (LF4769)





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## NOVICE

Good-looking, 35, 5'9", 160 lbs., blond hair blue eyes—slave/son in NY metropolitan area—into bondage, fucking, hot wax, sweaty jockstraps, handcuffs, safe sex—needs dominant, beefy Italian type to 50 yrs. No drugs, alcohol. All replies answered, Srt Box 5635

## RENAISSANCE MAN OF KINKS

Boots, armpits, feet, jocks, 50's, leather, sweatsocks are a few of my favorite things. GWM 32, 6'1" 180—versatile experienced healthy—aka fellow travellers in esoteric sex and more mundane pleasures — movies, opera, books, etc. Smokers, social drinkers, and recreational druggies preferred. NO PHONE CALLS. Write first with photo if possible (returnable) T.R. Witomski, 41 Bonaura Dr., Toms River, NJ 08757

## NORTHERN NEW MEXICO

WM, 27, 150, 6', attractive, healthy and athletic is looking for top/bottom men for friendship and exploration of SM. BD. Versatile and open-minded. Interest in leather boots uniforms, fantasy scenes. Safety and discretion assured. All answered. Photo/letter to Box 5513LF

## LEATHER UNIFORM MASTER

Trim, 6'1", 5'1" clean shaven disciplinarian will inspect men for duty who understand the meaning and value of discipline over indulgence, obedience over arrogance, ready to bare ass and bend their back out of strength not weakness, and who recognize corporal punishment as a time tested but often denied ritual of manhood to insure and reinforce proper attitude and behavior. Box 4781LF

## MUSCLEMAN'S SLAVE WANTED

by very good-looking, 39-year-old WM Master. You must be mentally ready to give up control and ownership of your body and physically capable of handling forced workouts, long-term bondage, muscle beatings, discipline and punishment. You will have to convince me that you are ready to have your limits expanded to meet my needs. We will work together slowly, to bring you to the point where you can take no more. I will then decide whether to throw you out with the garbage or let you become my slave. Serious BB slaves may begin the process by calling (914) 358-0754

## VERSATILE SLAVE SOUGHT

for training, confinement and discipline. You must be GWM, slender and muscular, 28 to 45, in need of domination and into all forms of S.M. Must be capable of honest affection and ready to make commitment. This Master is not interested in one-night stands or "bar games." Seeking a slave to develop a compatible relationship with in and out of the leather scene. You must be professionally employed and intelligent, heavy into leather and obedient, but you must also be fully capable of stepping out of the sex scene and relating in the world to your Master as a companion. You must fully respect yourself and wish to be cared for, emotionally, as an individual and be able to return it. Your reward will be to have all of your sexual fantasies realized in your Master's dungeon where your position as a slave will be felt. Safe sex is observed by this Master. Your Master is m 30s, tall, dark hair, muscular. This ad applies to all of New York state as I travel. Respond with photo, phone and letter. Box 5313LF

## SEEKING DOMINANT SON

Attractive, 57" 34-year-old leatherman seeks sexually dominant younger son. Son must be into leathers, bondage and something to moderate SM. WM train novices and/or bottoms interested in switching roles. Replies to Box 245, New York, NY 10008 (LF5355)

## BONDAGE

31, 175, 6'2", very handsome, brn/brn. Desires dominant bodybuilders and leather men to show this submissive bottom the ropes. Into muscles, BD, SM, TT, CBT, hoods, hot wax, gags, toys, smoke, aroma, condoms and SAFE SEX. Torture me, I'll worship you and let's cum together. Photo/phone/letter to Box 5670LF

## RURAL MAN TO MAN

Looking for rednecks, country men, truckers, outdoors scenes. Levis. 31, 5'11", 155 lbs. masculine. PO Box 214, Oswego, NY 13827

## HUSKY TOP BOTTOM

Seeks older man/Dad for light S.M. bondage, T/T, domination and submission. You must be over forty and masculine. Beards, mustaches, hairy bodies, salt-and-pepper hair a plus. Me 28 yrs., masculine, 5'11", 260 lbs. Safe sex only. Relationship possible (516) 731-6740 Anytime

## WESTERN WANTED

GWM, 45, 140 lbs., 5'10" dark hair, mustache, hairy, "Irish good looks," wants responsible Gr/a GOM who'd love to stuff a versatile hole. Mike, PO Box 751, NYC 10101-0751

## WESTERN NEW YORK

pig slave while, 36 yrs old 6' 165 lbs full beard and stach, seeks hot master and/or lover to expand my limits for fun and games on a regular basis. Safe sane sex aware in into leather and rubber gear uniforms, verbal abuse, bondage, boot service, watersports, S&M etc. Srt need bed up, lick on Your boots, suck on Your used scum bag and have You use my pig slave holes to please You needs. Regular phone buddy also. Box 5656LF

## PISS & RIM SLAVE AVAILABLE

to serve hot-topper daddies & masters. Clean-cut blond trim 35-yr old pig will give your crotch & ass the attention it deserves. Srt Write to Frank PO Box 1394 Ansonia Station NYC, NY 10023. Photo phone if possible. LF5695

## SON SLAVE SLIM SMOOTH

Body to 25, boyish looking, must be prepared to surrender your mind, will & body entirely ready to be trained into total complete slavery by your act-hang Daddy Master. Send full-length revealing photo, phone letter of willingness to serve to Master Don, PO Box 243 S. NY 0806, LF5614



## TALL BIG-FOOTED BOTTOMS

Do you want to act out sweaty locker room scenes, frat hazing, brothers, and other exciting head trips with a hot WM, 31, 6'1", 185 very attractive, masculine and sincere? Then call Frank between 8 PM-12 Mid at (212) 675-7352 to meet (no phone J/O) in NYC for regular explosive action. Tall tops welcome too. (LF5769)

## TOP SEEKS BOTTOM

Athletic BB GWM, 45, 5'10" 165, hot, experienced in all sex play, new to S.M. Want to explore (safe) B/D, S/M, wild scenes with muscular bottom (to 40) Relationship possible. Box 774 263A W 19 St. NY NY 10011

## STUD VS STUD

Rough body contact wrestling, body punching, cock fights, heavy ball work. WM 32, 5'8", 175, hung. Man-enough? Challenge me. Long Island best for meeting, but will respond to all uninhibited challenges. Box 5776

## BODYBUILDER

5'10" 192 40 49" ch 33" wa 17" arms seeks other big BBs into flexing, brwork, whips, chains. Rick, 496 A Hudson #H24 NYC NY 10014

## HAIRY CROTCH & ASSHOLE

Fifty-two years old 5'7" 135 lbs. mustache, hairy crotch and asshole, looking for a guy who likes to drink and eat, regularly, 7" uncut. If you're a real pig. Box 5804

## TOO BIG FOR PUNISHMENT

Good-looking 40-yr old man seeks to submit to sex slave training from slightly older Master teacher who is into breaking slaves into all facets. Also interested in bondage and ritualistic sex. Box 5768

## HOT HORNY SLAVE

GWM 27, 5'10", 145, good-looking, seeks real Masters who can handle a hot, horny slave needing discipline, bondage and anything else to please. Will serve as only the best can. into W S B D CBT TT anything else imaginative and especially in game room. Ph ph Box 5810

## ARIES, NOVICE

40 WM 5'5" 145 lbs uncult needs help learning joys of C&B bondage, wine, enemas, catheters, hot wax, assplay. Not into FF scat, heavy pain. Have extensive leather toy collection, boot, hoist, susp, suspension harness. Waiting for right teacher with hairy chest, well built, age 45. Your photo and phone get's mine. Box 54 0

## TOP COLLEGE JOCK

Handsome dark hung jock, bushing athlete 23, East Side, health-conscious, seeks towe, boy to service me after heavy Nautilus workouts. All scenes, applicants and photos considered. Only one chosen. PO Box 20015 NYC NY 10028

## UNIFORMED COP

or leatherman sought by 30' 5'8" 130 hot muscular, defined stomach, handsome for B/D and other hot safe action. Photo, phone, detailed reply. PO Box 354 NY NY 10108. Will travel discreet

## NAKED BOTTOM

Extroverted WM, 37, 6' 180 needs top to keep me naked, display me, have me perform for you, friends, parties, into bondage TT, CBT, shaving, leather W S, aroma, toys, indoors or outdoors. Let's hear your ideas and make them happen. Just keep me bare ass and exposed, live upstate. Box 5696LF

## RAUNCHY SEX PARTIES

OK so we have to be careful, but there must be a studs to get together in couples or groups for smoke, beer, poppers, lit work, O, mutual dildoes, videos and games. We can still drink our own piss. Send photo to this 6'1" 160 lbs. blond 7" handsome stud for last reply. Let's party! Box 5749LF

## FF THE ULTIMATE SEXII

Good-looking, built, smooth Manhattan FF expert, 37, 5'10" 153 lbs., 50/50 top/bottom, seeks similar trim horny energetic fist buddy 2' 40 for awesome hot times. Let's see how turned on we can get! Of course, no fluids exchanged. PO Box 3035, New York, NY 10185

## GREASED ASSHOLE

available for FF training by slim, experienced top, trim WM hooded cunt, 48, 5'10", 145. Needs opening and stuffing by youthful hand master. Submit to enema, TT, SM, shaving, dildoes, deep FF. No lam, fats, drugs. Turned on by slings, jocks, uniforms, leather, smoke and amyl. L.I. based, can travel NE. Await your instructions, Srt Box 443, Hewlett, NY 11557

## BIG BUTCH BOTTOM

seeks experienced Top into bondage, balls, blindfolds, a man who knows what he wants. I don't look like the obedient type. I'm 33 with long brown hair and blue eyes, 6'2" 250 lbs., bearded, good-looking. Tell me what I can do for you. Mike Martin, 400 W 43 #14P NY, NY 10036 (LF5777)

## BROOKLYN SON SKS GOOD DAD

Dad, I'm 35, 6'2" 200, WM, handsome, big-assed, butch son, need good-looking, hairy, big-dicked 40+ dominant dad for love, bondage, affection, assplay and good-fucking monogamous relationship. Teach me to please you, dad, no pain, FF unsafe sex. AHR, 716 4th Avenue, Brooklyn, NY 11232

## BULK CHASER

WM, 30, 5'10, 5'9, 155 seeking big-chested man with horny pecks into erotic talk, humping and body odors for safe sex, possessive, romantic relationship without French or Greek action. Box 5780

## MAKE ME SUBMIT

to your dominant attitude, superior build, erect dick and masterful technique. I am 36, beely, hairy, masculine, athletic and handsome. New to scene, I find I am very submissive and can withstand a great deal to please my partner. I like leather (torture, verbal scenes and light S/M but am versatile and want to learn more about domination. Out of bed I am well rounded, a professional, aggressive and educated. Safe sex only. Photos returned. Write to Steve. You won't be disappointed. Suite 2123, 175 5th Ave., NY, NY 10011

## SADISTIC SICILIAN MASTER

37, 5'9", 190 seeks dog or pig into heavy, heavy V A, whippings, pleasurable torture, CBT, TT, FF W/S, scat. A complete piece of shit that likes to be treated like one. Prefer experienced short chunky types. Photo and letter of qualifications to Box 5814LF

## LEATHERMAN

looking for those that need to be punched, kicked and stomped. Age/race unimportant, but where your head is, is all important. If you understand what this is all about, and need to be worked over, include your phone and photo. Other leathermen of same mind welcome to reply also. Box 4840LF

## HUNGRY RIMMER SLAVE WANTS DOMINANT

GWM, 31, good-looking, wishes to serve masculine top(s) as body servant and dog trainee. Do. Will receive harsh use fr, heavy bondage, humiliation, paddling, WS, toys. Will give you great rim and a lot of respect and obedience. Come sit down on the greatest oral massage you've ever had, for an hour or a weekend. Also into kinky fantasy trips, boot, sneaker worship, deep rimming upon com-



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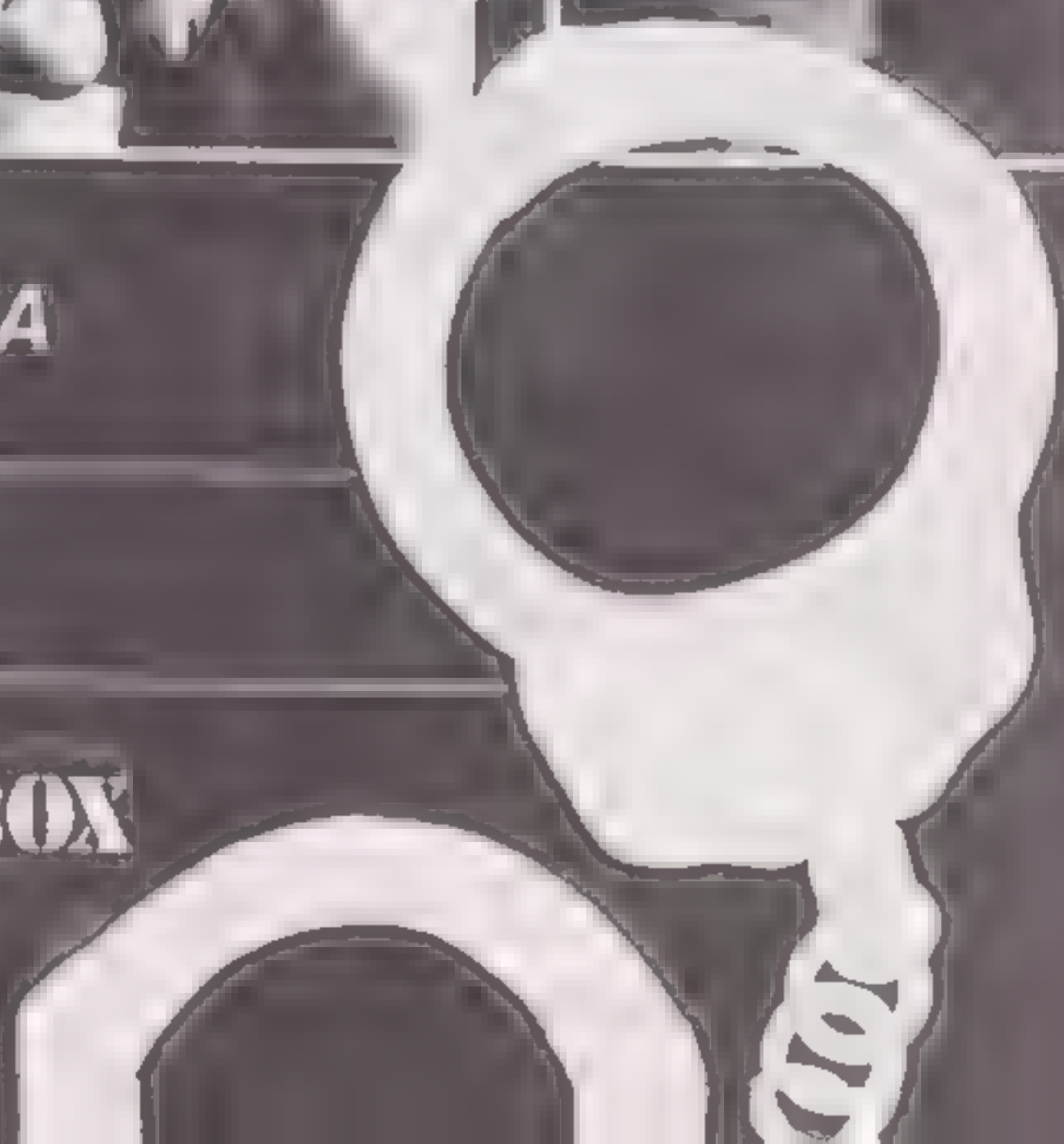


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mand, raunch holes, motorcycle slave houseboy, servitude, manual role, uniforms enforced chastity, confinement, public humiliation, long-term bondage and frat hazing. Want to try frequent Scat. Regular meals or munching/tongue-toilet-paper service/head stuck down the bowl. Am seeking more than a purely sexual relationship. Am intelligent, mature, masculine and good company. Want to find similar in others. JBZ. c/o Suite 325, 80 E 11 St. New York, NY 10003 (LF5201)

#### PISS BUDDY

Western NY (Buffalo-Erie, PA area) rural nature-oriented GWM. 34. 5'8" 170. uncultured brown moustache. seeks piss buddy (25-40), for safe sex, redneck raunch scenes, piss-pissing in and on raunchy Levis, leather boots, cigars, pils, uniforms, some SM. Top bottom or mutual. I get horny in the back woods and need a dirty, sweaty, masculine man for piss and abuse. Passing through or friend or relationship possible. Box 5284LF

#### EXECUTIVE DADDY

41 200 lbs. 8' BB. seeks smooth, athletic boy for safe sex. Live-in possible. Your photo gets mine. James Duks, PO Box 640683, San Francisco, CA 94164 (LF5310)

#### PRIME MEET

WM. 6'3", 200, hairy, handsome, healthy, hung, 36 18 years experience as kinky, expert, sadistic top. Now want to form versatile 1:1 relationship with another imaginative, aware top/bottom. No: One-nights, addicts, brutality, scat manipulators (you know who you are). Yes: Leather love, workouts, commitment. Photo exchange a must. Box 5368LF

#### HOT MOUTH FOR UNCUTS

Phumosed and leather-encased cuts, and great work on curved and mutilated cocks. Hot guys welcome. Tony Collins, PO Box 6989 FOR Sta New York NY 100, (LF5347)

Not fantasy. Very experienced masochist, 38 5'10" 170, well developed, seeks experienced sane sadist for pushing of exceptional pain level. Restrain my power, clamp my 1/4" protruding tits, stimulate my pain level with your leather and SM equipment. Send description of yourself and experiences, phone. Travel frequently to Calif and Illinois. Box 5555

#### BB SON'SLAVE WANTED

by 200 lb., WM hairy muscular dad in NYC. Professional, secure man, looking for live-in, possibly competition bound, body builder who needs love, discipline and guidance. Must be over 200 lbs., large pecs, thighs, arms and tough abs. Dad can provide. Letter, photo/phone to Box 4717LF

#### BIG SOFT N PPS ON BIG HARD PECS

Big Soft Lips on Big Hard Butts. Offered to tough little muscled NYC area "hand-y" man for shaping, stroking, regular upkeep by hot, hunky, healthy, horny, hard-cut ex-top, 45, 6'1" 175, 16" arms, 45" chest, 36" butt, 22 1/2" thighs, 16 1/2" calves, 7 1/2" dick. Correspond with hot little tops needing big bottoms. Box 5365LF

#### BIG GUY SEEKS DADDY

I'm 36 6'2", 220 lbs. with shaved head and beard. Looking for intelligent, affectionate Daddy who needs a dominant, strong man for intense, kinky, but healthy sexual relationship. Into shaving, 10 work, ball stretching, bondage, hot wax and more. Not into pain or life-threatening situations. Write Box 4709LF

#### UPSTATE LEATHER

Master/Daddy WM 6'2", 180 lbs., masculine Master, seeks slave and possible permanent relationship. Must be submissive. Have own home in country. Box 4756LF

#### CAVERNOUS SHAVED PIG HOLE

available to you. This sexy hot Scorpio could

be your man. WM, 39, 5'7" beard, shaved chest, ass balls pierced, but most important healthy. Versatile, uninhibited hot pig into mutual scenes, including L/L, deep FF ass toys, B/D, W/S, C/B/T, boots, socks, jocks especially those requiring washing and cleaning with my mouth/tongue. Also into photos and videos. Turn off to fats/overweights and men unable to live their fantasies. Photo, phone to Box 1440, Madison Sq. Sta., NYC NY 10159. Experience a real man! (LF5575)

#### NORTH CAROLINA

Bi WM, 27 5'9" 180 lbs., will administer enemas and other purging agents until I see fit. No outer limits stuff, just good "clean" fun. Under 40 only. Correspondence welcome. Box 5555

#### OHIO

#### DADDY MASTER WANTS SLAVE

WM Master 39 5'11" 195 brn hair and eyes seeks slaves for S&M B&D TT, watersports, shaving, training and service. Photo and phone to Box 4137LF

#### C N DAYTON AREA

160 lbs., 6'1" 52-yr-old, size 13 boot heavy boot service, leather uniforms, subservience. No scat, heavy pain. Eves. until 11 PM (513) 423-5159

#### ENGLISH DISCIPLINE

Former English Prep School Prefect seeks U.S. butts for strap, paddle, cane and belt. Experience the trauma of the British school-boy. GWM 39 excellent shape PO Box 14058 Cleveland OH 44114

#### FEAR OF FLYING 101

WM 27 attractive, professional, fun, looking for young hot receptive mouth and tight ass. Leather, dildoes, S-M, into any safe scene. Beg me cum on date ya Sir. PC Box 38 Lakewood, OH 44107

#### DADDY MASTERS NEEDED

GWM 35, 185 lbs., 5'11" beard, brown hair green eyes, 7" cut, A/Fr, P/Gr, submissive. Seeking hot, hung, muscled hairy tops, 25-45, for SM B/D, W/S, TT, C/B/T, FF shaving enemas. Expand my limits, while I worship your body. Sir, and fulfill your leather fantasies. Dayton/Cincinnati OH Box 5514LF

#### OHIO

SLAVE SEEKS MASTER. Slave's stats: GWM, 30 years, 5'6" 140 lbs. Slave craves spanking, S&M, verbal abuse, etc. Safe sex only. Get me at Box 501 35 Severance Circle Dr., Cleveland OH 44118

#### EXERCISE MASTER NEEDED

Southeast central Ohio, 38-year-old needs leather-booted Master to administer discipline and supervise exercise program. Master needs to supply attitude and subject can supply boots and leather. Box 5766

#### OKLAHOMA

#### BALESTRAVATION

Hunky, ex-football player, 6'2", 200 lbs., endowed, bearded, 36-year-old Daddy looking for those low hangers. Will perform special Hellfire technique to balls that make this man take notice. PO Box 18441 Oklahoma City, OK 73154. (LF5319)

#### OREGON

#### NEED TRAINING/CONTROL?

Salem WM, mid-age, physically active, 8' 180 lbs., cut 7" cock with nice head, hairy body, large nipples, seeks trim young male. Let's spend several hours together exploring the erotic aspects of SM, including bondage, ass spanking or whipping, discipline, shaving, self-stimulation, and designing and using restrictive, binding or locking chastity devices. Your interest is important, add your experience. Describe your ideas and what turns you on. Send photo. Box 5279LF

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## PORTLAND

40-year-old, working man wants to meet other masculine men who like beating off with other guys. I'm hairy and bearded. 5'6", 130 lbs. Box 4455LF

## BASIC TRAINING

Recruits wanted for Active Duty by military Drill instructor DI is looking for "A Few Good Men" who need to be "squared away" for the first time or who wish to relive their BOOT CAMP experiences. Recruit candidates should request orders from MCRD-PHL, Box 242 Parris, PA 19047-0848. All responses acknowledged but those with photo/phone answered first. (LF4257)

## BONDAGE SLAVE AVAILABLE

into prolonged sessions. Enjoy being gagged, hooded, bound, chained and serving a strict Master. Possible permanent life with right Master. Limits set by Master. No drugs. Box 5394LF

## PITTSBURGH AREA

X-college football player. 31. 6'4". 225 lbs. Accepting applications for the position of my personal slave. Phone and photos are required of all applicants. Beginners are welcome but must demonstrate that they have the proper attitude. Ideal candidates would be between 18 and 35, straight-looking and acting, work out and take pride in their physical appearance. Wimps, fats and ferals need not waste the postage. Discretion assured and privacy promised. Apply to: Master, P.O. Box 55, Juncos, PA 15118. (LF4484)

## WELL-STOCKED BLACK ROOM

in Pittsburgh area, complete with competent, uncultured WM, 180 lbs., 48. seeks submissive young stud into SS, SM, BD, TT, CBT, VA, 3W, JQ, Fr, Gr, A, ZI. All fantasies considered most realized. Requires mind, body and soul. Can't handle it? Luck off! Men only need apply. Box 4408LF

## WET PANTS

41, 5'8", 140 lbs. WM, beard, into pissin' in latex jockey shorts, onto one another bed wetting, all W/S scenes. Your wet pictures get mine. J.L.L. 2698 Harrisburg Pike Lancaster PA, (717) 898-2827. (LF5494)

## WANTED: BONDAGE MASTER

Once you get me under your control you set the limits. 37 year-old bondage slave needs natural Master capable of extended heavy bondage sensory deprivation and behavior modification. Please send orders to PO Box 2091 Philadelphia, PA 19103. Am able and willing to have you dominate. (LF4674)

## LEATHER MASTER NEEDED

Slave 29. 5'4". 155 lbs. hairy moustache seeks Daddy Master. into W/S. S/M. Leather. Uniforms. Toys. HP. VA. SM. CR. F. S. C. C. Lead him to dominate me and expand my limits. horizons. Moustache or beard a must. Photo/phone preferred. PO Box 53373, Philadelphia PA 19105. (LF5655)

## BOOTS B KES C GARS SEX

Hot butch raunchy northeastern Penn. pig boy grovels for hot horny cigar-smoking tattooed Harley rider top demanding no-limits, sleazy roughhouse mansex. Box 5733

## CORSMILITARY

## CONSTRUCTION WORKERS

This bottom is WM 5'9" 160 brown eyes, hair 8" cut, hairy chest and healthy with an equally healthy imagination. I'm into verbal abuse, uniforms, leather toys, bondage, safe watersports, til torture, hot wax, ass play, spanking, boots and open to suggestions. You're a verbal, creative topman (men, into (fantasy) sex. A kick-ass, filthy-mouthed cop with a desire to rape a lone motorist. A hard foot-headed Marine MP with a mean streak a mile wide. A sweaty, raunchy construction worker who knows how to take what he wants

I'm not into scat or heavy pain. I travel New England and New York City. If you're interested, send a raunchy, descriptive letter (photo gets a quicker response) to Box 5079LF

## GWM 25

5'9" 160 brown hair blue eyes, moustache submissive and obedient, looking for Drummer Daddy Master (30 to 45) to help me expand my limits. Will travel possible relocation. Sir, please reply to Box 5265LF

## MASCULINE AND HAIRY

Wants versatile partner into all SM exploration and satisfaction. Desires intelligent, imaginative man in Nashville area who is not afraid of passion and is skilled in the arts of pain and pleasure. I am 33, 5'9", 170 lbs., white and ready. Box 5362LF

## TAKE COMPLETE CONTROL

Exp GWM bottom into all types of ass play. Toys, cocks, FF, VA, humiliation (private/public), Fr-A, Gr-P, W-S, bondage with light disc., TT, CBT. No hang-ups on age race. Pleases: big cocks, blacks, Hispanics, uncultured. Prefer Southeast U.S. but will consider other locations. Revealing photo will return with mine. Box 5186LF

## BUYER OF BONDAGE EQUIPMENT

More than yesterday's torture, less than tomorrow's. When will it end? Will you collapse before your 41-yr-old GWM Daddy gives you the final rubdown with hot oil and commands, "You passed son. Cum." Send age, height, weight, and best and worst scenes endured to date—be candid—to this ruthless 6'4" 205-pounder at Box 5034LF

## PRISON RAPE

Desire to exchange jail or prison stories with others who enjoy writing about their experiences behind bars. No need to be a perfect pant—ever watch or hear a "turn-out"? Make a "punk" out of a "fshi". Drummer Box 3853

## MASTER DAD

WM 50. 6'2". 210. 7" uncultured, moustache and beard, masculine, educated, experienced and versatile with firm but gentle style seeks slave/son for training and permanent relationship. Into leather, uniforms, latex, boots, BD, SM, CBT, ET and most scenes. Have playroom with lots of equipment to tame the slave, son and teach him the meaning of total commitment to a lifestyle of domination and service. Are you ready to turn fantasy into reality with a real man for a lasting, monogamous relationship of permanent life of servitude and security? Send detailed letter, phone number and photo to Box 4985LF

## WHIPPING BOY

Blond, moustache, 37 yrs., 6'4", 175 lbs. well-built, raunchy stud, offers training position to playful, slim, sane and healthy boy-slave (20-33 years) who is eagerly willing to submit his body and soul to innovative rubber/leather uniform Master. Expect application to Box 5453LF Houston area

## DEEPLY DIFFERENT DADDY

Cut and clean-cut. You must be too, with smooth blond ass craving loving attention, gentle and rough. I'm a vigorous, youthful 46, good looks and build 5'8", 165 lbs., handle good-looking boys of all sizes. If you value intelligence and affection, spaced with stinging interludes, send honest photo and letter. Box 5340

## CIGAR-SMOKING DADDY

wanted by south Texas bottom (handsome horny but inexperienced), 5'8", 145 lbs., safe sane and intelligent. Seeks Daddy to break me in right. Show me what I've been missing! Box 5717

## BARE BOTTOM SPANK NGs

Give or take GWM 47. 5'11". 160 lbs. Ready for action. Call (214) 821-0255 (Dallas)

## DEAF BONDAGE MASTER

GWM, 21. 5'7". 120 lbs. deaf full time employee seeks permanent bondage master. I like to be tied by rope, leather belt and chain. My goal is to be a tough leatherman. You must be willing to relocate in Dallas from where you live now. Please send me a photo of you wearing leather clothing and send response to Deaf Leatherboy 3321 Crestview Apt 301 Dallas, TX 75235. Also want to have a weightlifting training while you're training me.

## SERIOUS FF PARTNERS

GWM 52. 5'9". 161 wants FF partners (top-bottom). Member M.A.F.A. Chicago. Safe play practices. Also other interests. Bob (214) 526-735-

## 3-WAY HOT TIMES!

Fantasies can cum true. Two hot healthy G/W studs like to play with hot masculine men. We're late thirties—you just need right attitude. One of us is Top—other is bottom so you call the scene. Reply with turn-ons and photo to get out. Box 5795

## NOVICE SEEKS INSTRUCTION

Tall attractive 34. 6'2". 170 lbs. creative seeks Master who is experienced and gentle for training. Limitations: no drugs, scat, lemons or ferals. Sir, please reply with photo and phone no. to PE P. PO Box 683 Ogden UT 84402

## HOT LEATHER BUDDY WANTED

SLC 22yrs 5'11" 150 lbs. Leo, brn brn moustache firm pecc. Looking for similar hot man for brother friend. I'm stable and healthy. Interests are BB, camping and skiing. Enjoy mutual fitwork, long hot J/O sessions, lockstraps, toys, safe hard workouts. You must be my brother understanding sincere. Little w photo gets response. Box 5817

## HOT VERMONT BOTTOM

42 brown and blue 120 lbs. 5'8" needs Top to train me into all except flatucking. Turn-ons: uniforms, leather, lockstraps, humiliation, slapping, ass, corks and cock toys. Would also like to try W-S, T-T. Wayne D. Bannister RD 2 Rt. 30, Box 2102 Middlebury, VT 05753 (802) 462-3121. (LF4750)

## HOT FF BOTTOM

Looking for a man's man to enjoy great times. Forget slave or lord, just one man looking for another one. If you're into intense sex and a personable fellow let's meet. N. Virginia area. Box 5477LF

## RICHMOND SEX SLAVE

Seeks masters for hot sessions. Almost ANY SCENE. Call Rick (804) 780-0711

## RICHMOND AREA

WM 29. 5'8". 150 lbs. seeks partner into CBT, BD, top-bottom. 25-45. Box 5787

## TITS AND ASS DAD

Seattle area GWM 39 slender smooth body needs wife aggressive dominant endowed Gr A Dad for permanent involvement. My large pierced nipples and hungry hole need frequent attention and punishment. Not into attitude games, tricks or bars. Leather latex bondage preferred. I'm professional, sincere, discreet and affectionate boy. Travel possible. Box 4249LF

## INTERESTED IN BONDAGE EQUIPMENT

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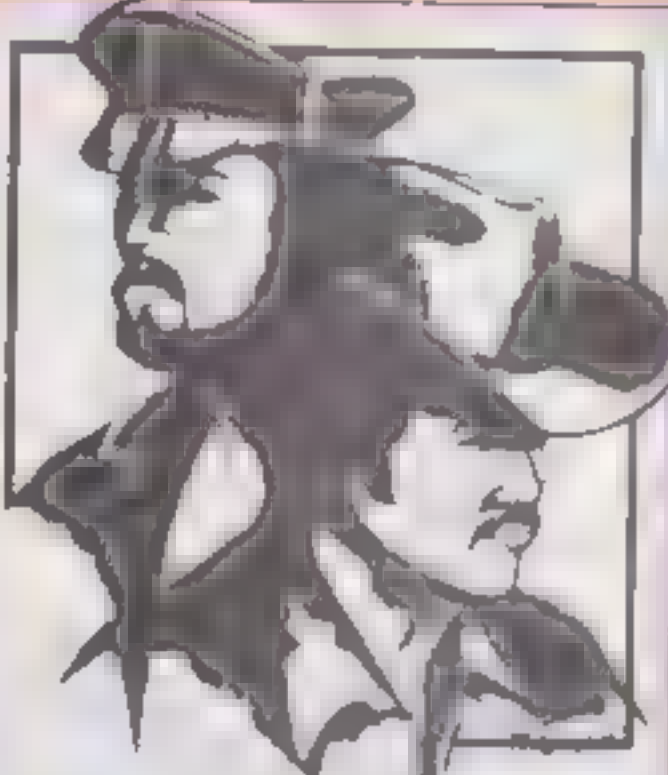
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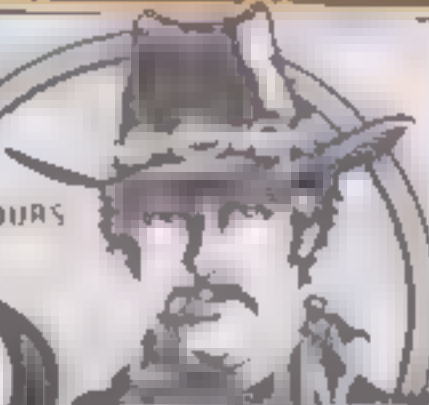
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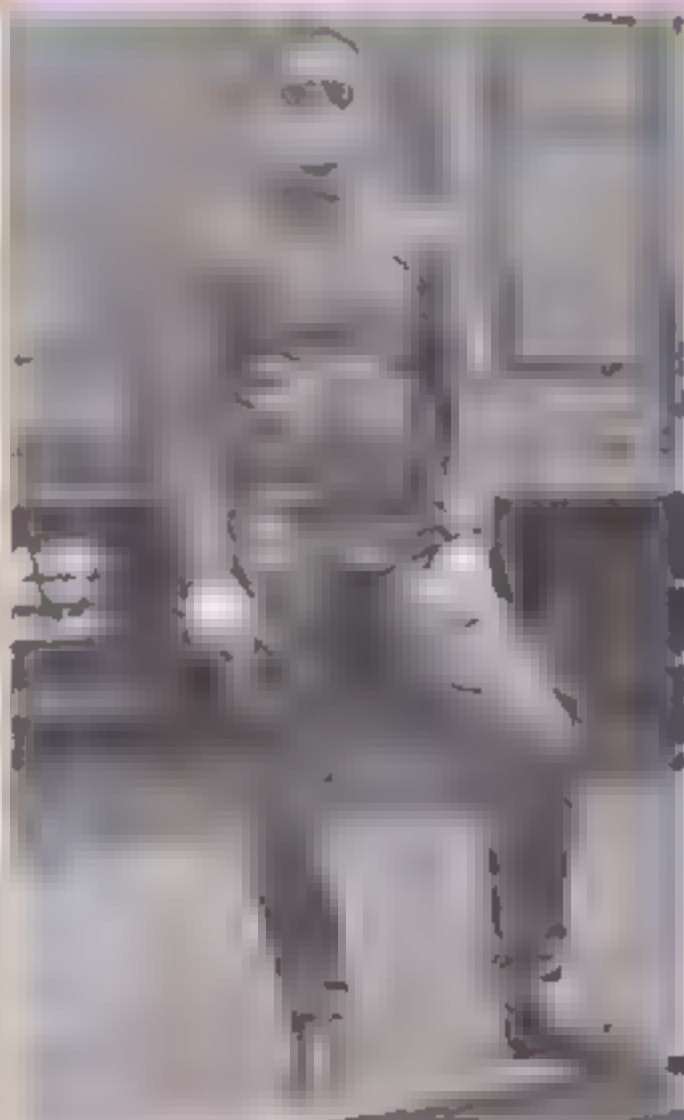
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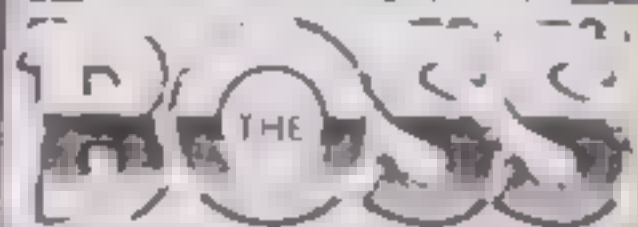


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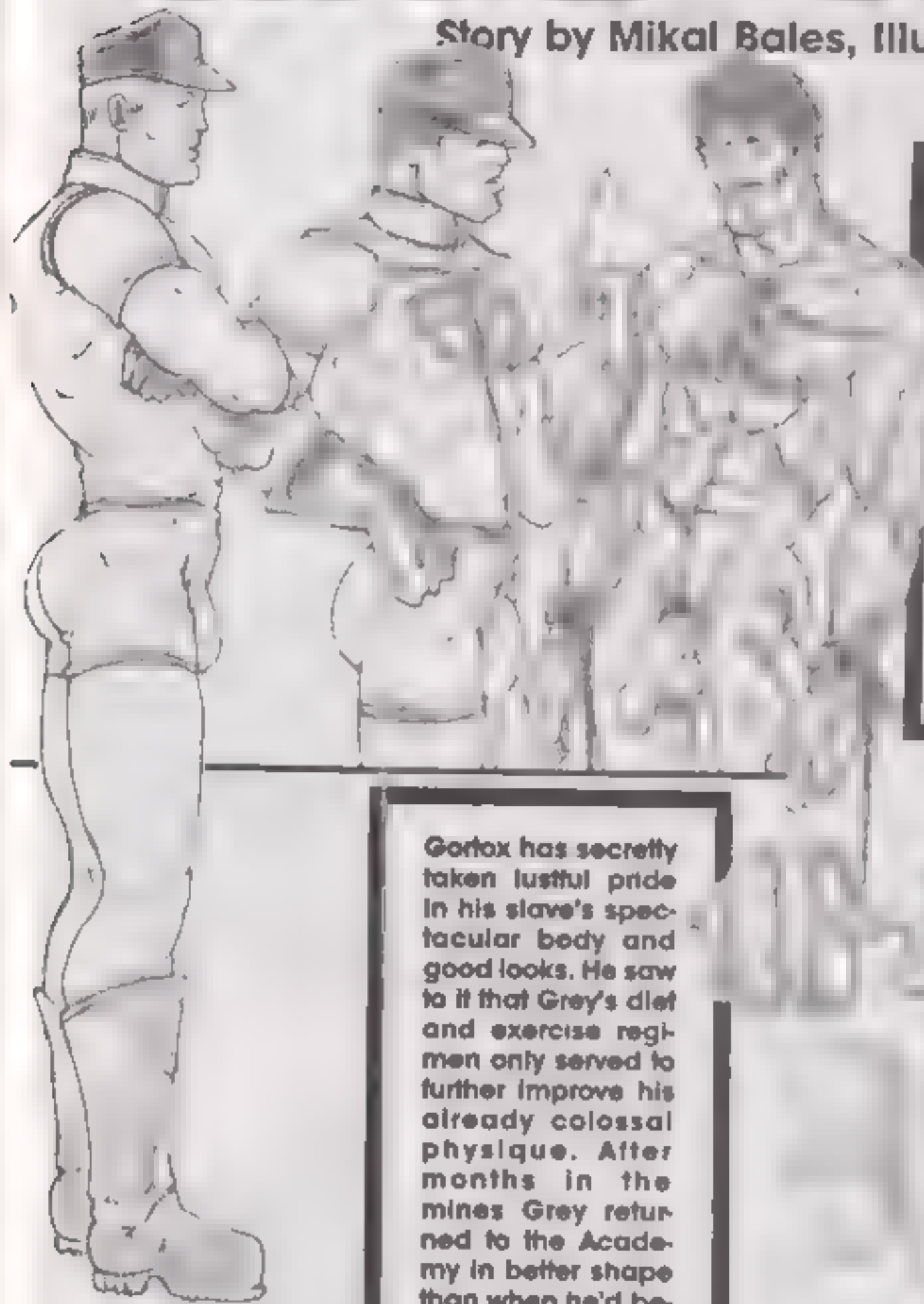


IT'S 2139 AND HELL ON EARTH IS A PLACE CALLED

# SADO ISLAND

Part  
VI

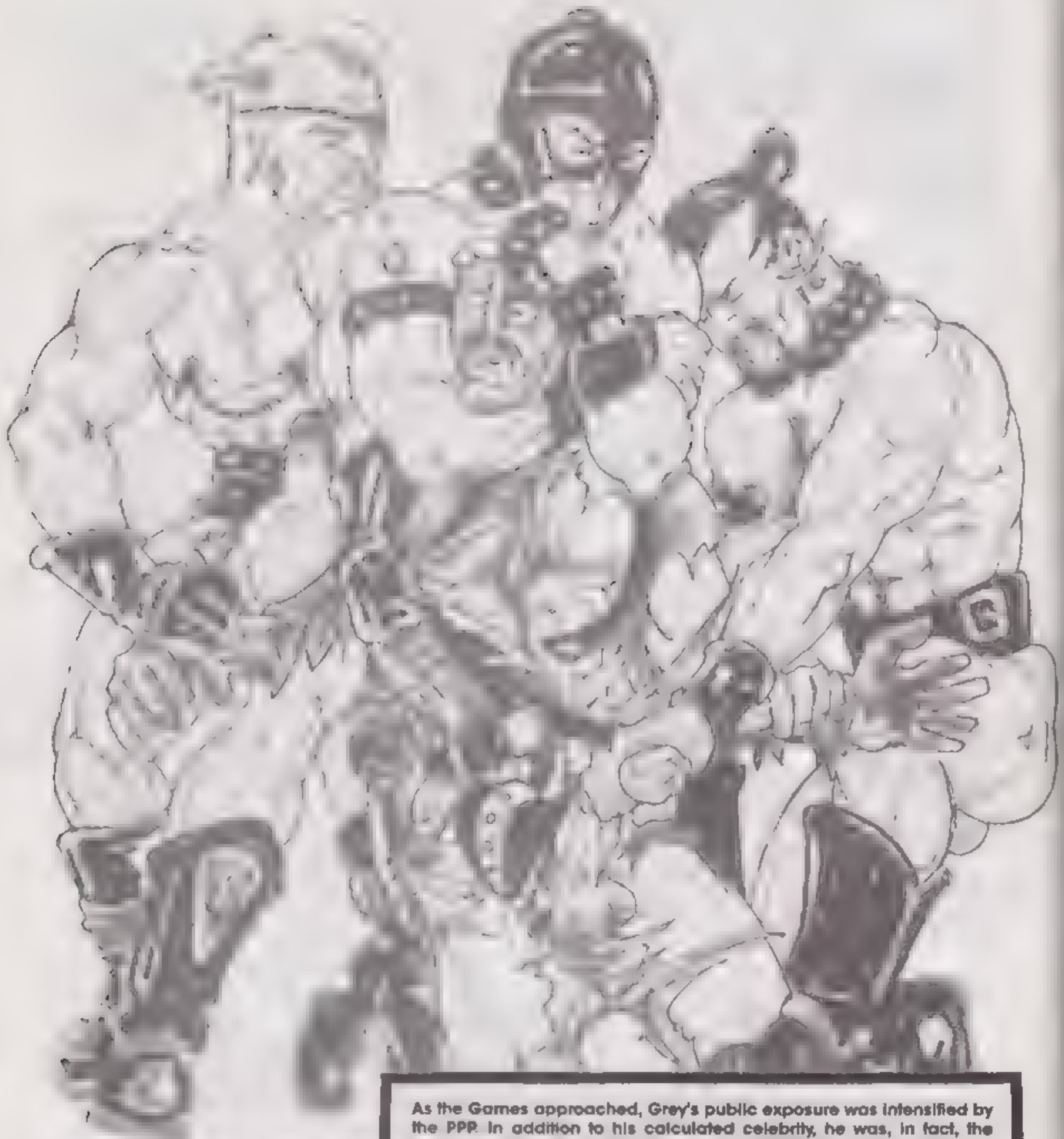
Story by Mikal Bales, Illustrations by Matt



Months passed and Von Sado's terrorist kidnappings continued. The PPP declared Cadet Golden's assassination attempt a failure, his fate unknown. Von Sado still lived. Unbeknownst to Cadets Golden and Greystar, Joe Buck's assassination mission had contained a contingency clause. In the event of Cadet Golden's failure, the Academy's next-highest achieving cadet would assume the mission. Orders were dispatched to the penal mines deep in the bowels of the Planet for Cadet Greystar's release and return to the Academy. Enraged at being interrupted while disciplining his slave, Gortox watched with hatred and a strange sense of loss as PPP lieutenants presented Grey with orders to return to the surface and the Academy.

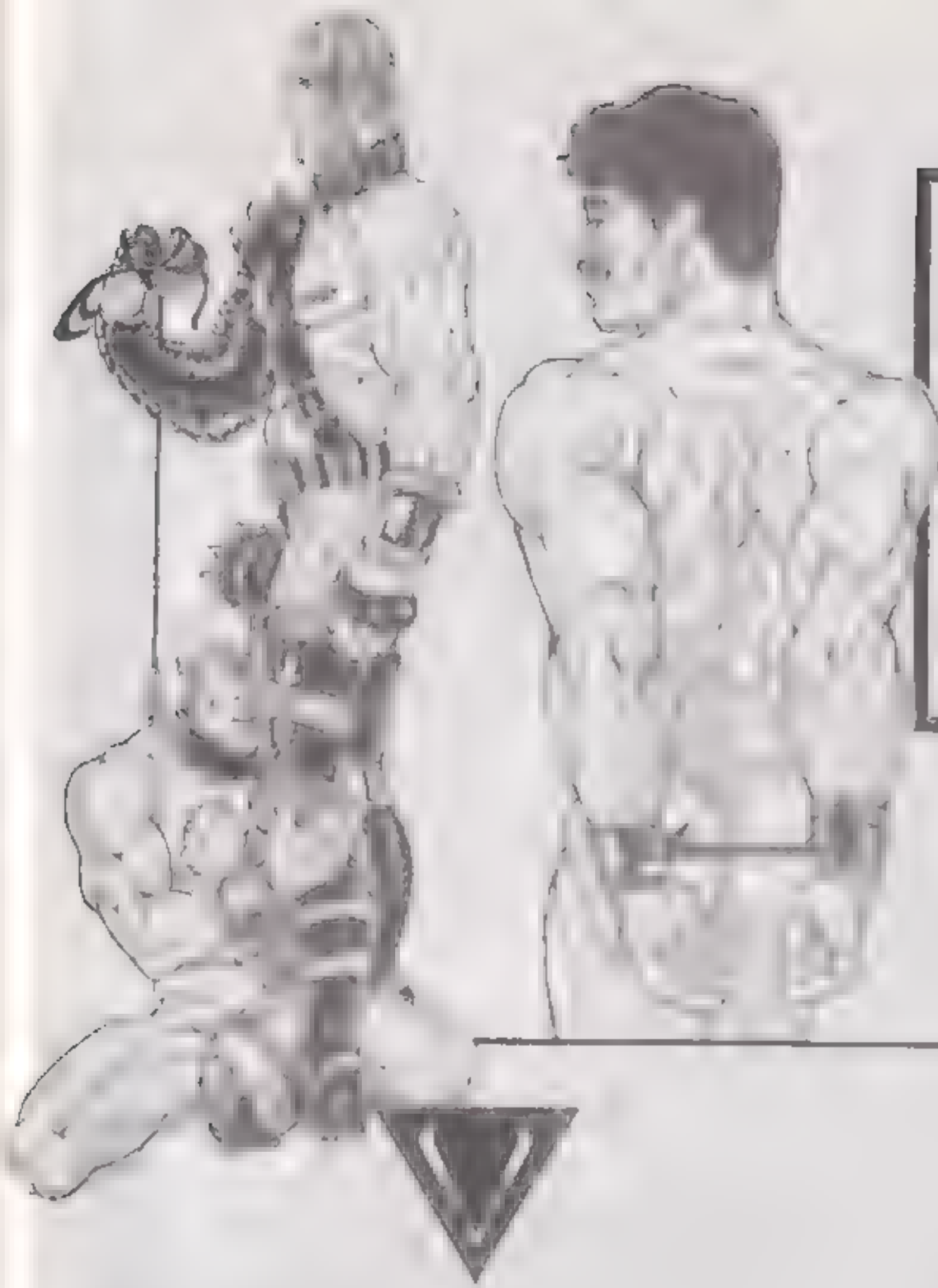
Gortox has secretly taken lustful pride in his slave's spectacular body and good looks. He saw to it that Grey's diet and exercise regimen only served to further improve his already colossal physique. After months in the mines Grey returned to the Academy in better shape than when he'd been expelled, only to be subjected to further physical conditioning by his PPP trainers. The Academy then intentionally set Grey up for a Von Sado kidnapping by highly publicizing his probability of winning every event in the upcoming Games. A media blitz was mounted featuring every detail of his training locations. He was being ripened for Von Sado.





As the Games approached, Grey's public exposure was intensified by the PPP. In addition to his calculated celebrity, he was, in fact, the undisputed favorite in all qualifying competitions. For appearance's sake Grey was still "protected" from Sado kidnapping attempts by an Alpha Alert Security team. But their orders were to allow any Cadet Greystar kidnapping attempt to succeed. One morning, en route to a foreign weapons briefing in his counterfeit Sado Army uniform, Grey was ambushed, as anticipated, by the terrorist guerrillas. Feigning a struggle, he was dragged to a stolen Academy vehicle and given an injection. He knew he would awaken.





Grey's injection rendered him physically helpless and only semiconscious. The process of smuggling him to Sado Island was ingeniously covert and blurred into a haze of disjointed clandestine images. When the drug finally wore off, he was standing naked and bound, in front of the massive black onyx doors opened into Von Sado's throne room. Pushed forward toward the distant dais, Grey's heart leaped to his throat as he recognized the unmistakable musculature of the naked body groveling at Von Sado's booted feet. Joe Buck! Alive! Grey felt life surge back through his being for the first time in many months.

Half out of sadistic pleasure, half to test his brainwashing techniques, Von Sado kicked his near-senseless slave down the dais to land at Grey's feet. Joe Buck's conditioned response was to scramble back to his Master's boots, unquestioningly. Without even looking at Grey, Joe Buck turned to crawl back up the steps. Softly, Grey spoke Joe Buck's name. Through the drugs and the electrodes and the months of subservience conditioning, Grey's voice penetrated Joe Buck's precarious sanity barrier and struck his heart. Caught up in uncontrollable sobbing, Joe Buck wrapped his arms around Grey's legs and buried his face deeply into his crotch.

to be continued...

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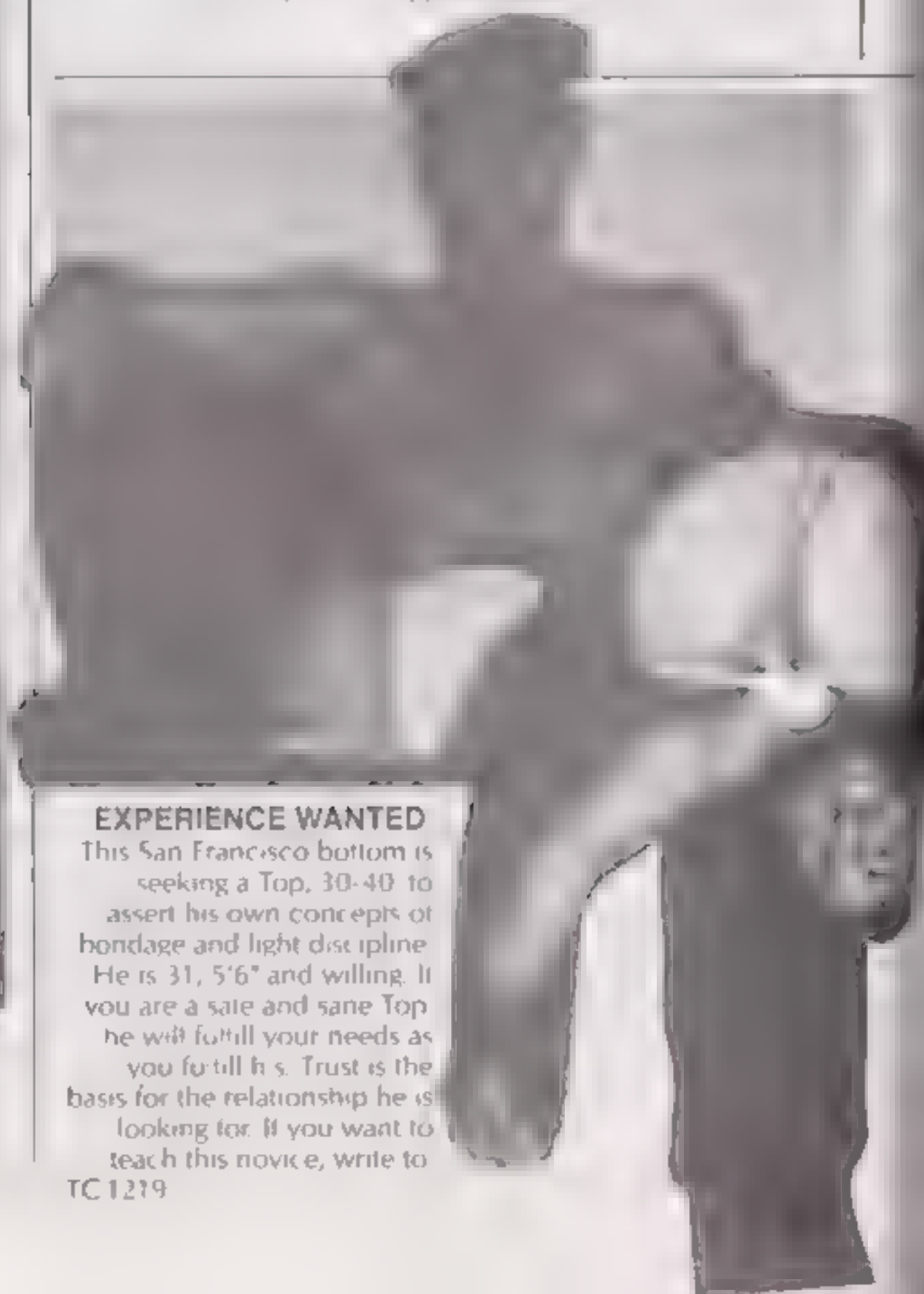
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